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The Nursery



The American
NPSA

THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

23549

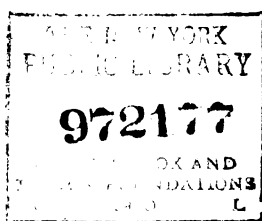
VOLUME XXV.



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RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

THREE little children are playing at railroad train :
One is an engine, the others are cars ;
Very fine cow-catcher made of their papa's cane ;
Engine-bell looks like the tea-bell of ma's.



Dear little Bertie is drawing his wagon
Filled full of playthings, most precious of freight ;
Legs are so little, they hardly can drag on
After the others, whose speed is so great.

Now they are nearing a station (the gateway):
Harry gives warning quite fiercely, " Too-o, too-o ;"
Flossie is ringing the bell in a great way
Till the train stops, having safely got through.

"Hartford — ten minutes for dinner!" says Harry,
"Passengers change here for Saybrook and Lyme;"
Nevertheless but a moment they tarry:
Trains who e'er saw so regardless of time?

"Choo, choo, choo!" Harry says, moving his arm about,
(That is the driving-rod turning the wheel;)
Now they are switched off, and taking a newer route,
Down through the barnyard and into the field.

All at once, just as they turn to come back again,
Harry meets Tip, whom he doesn't expect;
Stopping to pet him, the others collide, and then —
Engine and cars are all hopelessly wrecked.

Terrible accident! yet they don't seem to mind,
Long as the engine and cars meet no harm;
But when they load Bertie's wagon with freight, they find
Flossie's best dolly has broken an arm.

GEORGE H. HEBARD.

CHARLIE AND THE LION.

A LONG time ago — so very long ago, that it was before there was any dear "Nursery" at all — there was a caravan at Cazenovia in the State of New York. A caravan is a kind of circus, without the circus part; that is, it is just an exhibition of wild animals.

A large tent was spread on the broad green; and people came from miles and miles around to see all the strange animals about which they had read in books. There were



great elephants, and saucy monkeys, and bears, and hyenas, and spotted leopards, and striped tigers, and huge serpents, and camels, and buffaloes; and there, too, was the terrible lion, with his great shaggy mane, and savage eyes.

It was a great delight to Charlie, when his papa asked him if he would like to go to the caravan next day. I am sure he thought of it almost every minute till he went to bed. I think he dreamed about it pretty much all night. I know that he didn't have to be called twice to get up next morning; and, as he had a ride of several miles before him to get to the caravan, it was necessary for him to be up very early.

After Charlie was once inside the great tent, and among so many strange sights, he was at first a little timid, and held tightly to his papa's hand; but after watching the frolic of the monkeys, and seeing the huge elephant walk carefully over his master as he lay upon the ground, Charlie marched on alone, and found he could look at the tigers and leopards and bears behind the heavy bars of their cages without the least bit of fear.

Now I must tell you that Charlie was always a very brave boy *when he was perfectly certain there was no danger*. So as he passed by all the caged animals, he found himself growing bolder and bolder. At last he stopped in front of the lion's cage.

The lion lay half asleep, looking any thing but the savage fellow he really was. He was so quiet, that he seemed to Charlie a pretty tame sort of a beast, after all. The little boy's bravery had now reached a point where it had to show itself in some way: so he called out in a loud tone of voice, that must have startled the lion very much, "*Halloo, old lion, who's afraid of you?*"

Whether the lion really felt afraid of a boy who could talk so bravely, I don't know; but I know that the great creature slowly opened his eyes, stretched out, first one paw, then the other, opened his mouth to its widest, and—a great many people were laughing heartily as they looked

after a little boy, pale with fright, who was making his way, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the farther side of the tent.

The lion had only yawned; but all feeling of "*Who's afraid of you!*" had left that little boy a good deal quicker than it came. I think he had passed the very boldest period of his life.

C. T. D.



HERO COASTING.

"HERO, Hero! where can that dog be? Oh, here he comes," says Fred.

"Now, Hero, we will go and have a coast." Hero knows very well what his master means; and, at sight of the sled, jumps up and down, and wags his tail to show his joy.

“Jump on, Hero!” and, at the word, Hero jumps on the sled and sits on his haunches, while Fred runs along as fast he can with such a big load of dog to drag after him.

“Now, Hero, I have pulled you far enough. You must take the sled.” Hero, jumping off, seizes the rope in his teeth, and, with some help from Fred, tugs the sled up the hill. When they come to the top, Hero takes his seat on the front part of the sled, and Fred gets on behind to steer.

Now they are all ready. Off they start in fine style, and, much to the surprise of all the bystanders, glide swiftly to the foot of the hill, without once falling off.

Is not this good fun for Fred and Hero?

J. N. COLE.

DECEMBER.

Now upon the window-pane
The frost begins to fling
Ferns and flowers, and sprouting grain,
In mimicry of spring;
Icicles are gathering, and snow-flakes fill the air;
For the winter has arrived, and there's cold to spare.

Bare boughs are hung about
With drapery of snow;
Little nests, whence birds flew out,
Their hiding-places show;
But in spite of storm and drift, and frosty nights, remember,
The merry, merry Christmas-tree blossoms in December!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

COUSIN ALBERT'S RABBIT.

COUSIN ALBERT was seven years older than John Clay, and John used to look on him as wiser than any grown man. What was there Albert could not do ?

He could make better kites, better bows and arrows, and better bats, than any one, man or boy, in the town. He could play a better game at base-ball, could run faster, and jump higher. Who could swim or skate like cousin Albert ? Who knew so much about dogs and horses ? Who could do sleight-of-hand tricks half so well ?

John was happy if he could pass his Saturday afternoons with cousin Albert, who always had some plan on foot for fun. Let it rain, or let it shine, Albert was equal to the need. Fun of some sort must be had when he was by.

One day John's sister Ruth came home with a story that made John open his eyes very wide. She said that Albert was the owner of a rabbit that could run all over the wall.

"What!" cried John, "over a smooth wall?"

"Yes," said Ruth, "over a smooth wall."

"Do you mean he can walk just like a fly?"

"Just like a fly," said Ruth, trying hard not to laugh.

No sooner had John swallowed this story, and his dinner after it, than off he ran to ask cousin Albert to show him his rabbit.

"Rabbit?" cried cousin Albert, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, don't try to put me off," said John. "Ruth told me all about the rabbit, and how he could walk along the wall, just like a fly."

"A rabbit that can walk like a fly? What in the name of—oh, yes! now I know what you mean," said Albert, trying hard to keep a grave face; for he saw that Ruth had made Johnny the victim of her jokes.



"Come, let a fellow see it," said John. "There's nothing to pay for the sight, is there?"

"Well, Johnny, I'll come round to your house this very evening, and give you a sight of that rabbit," said Albert.

John had to be content with the promise. When it was evening, he lighted the gas, and waited eagerly for the coming of cousin Albert. At last cousin Albert came, holding his hat as if there was something inside of it.

"Now for it!" cried Ruth; and Jenny, Charles, and little Pansy, all cried, "Now for it!" Only Johnny was silent. He began to guess what was coming. "Ruth," said he, "this isn't April-fool day, is it?"

"Hush!" said sister Ruth. "Now, see cousin Albert's rabbit move along the wall."

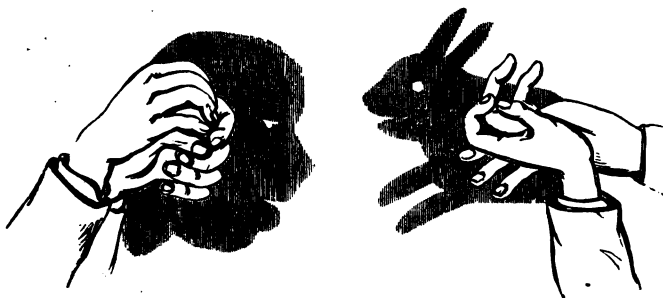
John looked, and saw that cousin Albert had fixed his fingers so as to cast on the wall the shadow of what looked like a rabbit. It soon began to gallop along the wall; at which the children all clapped their hands with delight.

John joined in the laugh, but said to Ruth, "I'll be even with you yet, old lady. Wait a while."

After cousin Albert had made a show of the rabbit, he dressed up as a juggler, and made Johnny's knife vanish before the eyes of all, so as to puzzle even papa and mamma, who had come in to see the fun.

"I wish there were more cousin Alberts in the world," said Johnny as he went up stairs to bed that evening after all had laughed a good deal: "what a jolly world it would then be!"

ALFRED SELWYN.



JACK WILLARD.



JACK WILLARD is only a dog ; but I'm sure you will think he is a very wise dog, when you read what I am about to tell you.

Jack's master has taught him quite a number of tricks ; and, among them, he has learned to go to market alone, and buy his own dinner. Many

persons, knowing this, give Jack money ; and, as he always trots off to market, it often happens that he has a large pile of bones, and eats more meat than is good for him.

Jack's master did not like this, and, fearing that Jack might be made sick, told the market-man not to sell him meat more than once a day, but to take his money and keep it. Jack was very much surprised at first, and no doubt thought the man very naughty and dishonest ; but he soon learned that he could get meat for his money only once each day. Now, what do you think Jack did ?

A gentleman who was very fond of him watched him one day, and saw him go to the stable-yard, where he dug a hole near the ice-house, and buried the money. The next day Jack had no money given to him : so he went to the

ice-house, and dug up the five-cent piece which he had hidden, and bought his dinner. He has often been watched since then, and always carries his extra money to the same spot, and never forgets that he has money in his bank.

This is a true story; and the picture is made from a photograph of Jack himself. He still lives, and still goes to market once each day.

AUNT JENNIE.

DICKY DILVER.

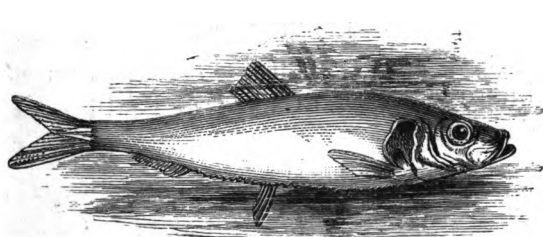
COMING home from school one evening in spring, I found upon the stand a glass fruit-can. Now, you may think that was nothing strange, as fruit-cans are not uncommon at that season. But what do you suppose was in the can? Not peaches, plums, or strawberries; nothing of that kind.

It was filled with pure soft water, in which, darting, and swimming about, was a tiny fish. He had gold and brown scales all over his body, bright shining dots of eyes, a fan-shaped tail, and a fringe of soft fins on each side. Now, wasn't that better than peaches and cream?

The history of my pet is this. Some children fishing in a brook, dipped up in a pail a number of minnows and carried them home. All died except one that was given to me. He seemed to think a fruit-can, with a few stones in the bottom to hide among, fresh water every day, and plenty of food to eat, just as nice as his native stream.

I named him "Dickie Dilver," after the famous personage who "had a wife of silver," and whose story is told by "Mother Goose." He grew apace, and soon became tame and confiding. He would come to the top of the water when I called his name, and seemed to be quite fond of me.

One Sunday morning he was put in a pail of water, that he might enjoy a larger liberty. When evening came, and I wished to return him to his can, how naughty he did act!



It was fun for him, I dare say; but it wasn't for me, as, with bare arm, I dove about in the cold water after him, and

just as I would think, "Now I have you," he would slip through my fingers.

Though Dicky was usually polite, he had one bad habit: that of keeping his mouth open whenever you looked at him. Then he never would go to sleep. In all the weeks that he was a member of our family, I never once caught him napping. But alas! I found him one morning stiff and cold upon the carpet. He had leaped from the can, and died. And so I lost poor "Dicky Dilver."

FRANG.

BABY'S DREAMS.

This is what baby sees in his dreams:
Two sweet eyes like starry beams,
Smiles that loving angels wear;
Baby sees an angel there.

This is what baby wakes to find:
Mother's arms around baby twined.
Open, pretty eyes of blue,
Then you'll see your dreams are true.

GEORGE COOPER



THE GOLDFINCH.

THE GOLDFINCH.

THIS is one of the best birds to keep in a cage. My aunt Jane has one, and I make a great pet of it.

It is about five inches long. I can count as many as five colors in its plumage. There are crimson, and brown, and yellow, and white, and black.

It is very tame, and its song is very sweet. It can be taught to sing the notes of other birds as well as its own.

I have a picture of a goldfinch to copy for a drawing-lesson. After I have drawn it I shall try to put in the colors.



PRAIRIE-DOGS.

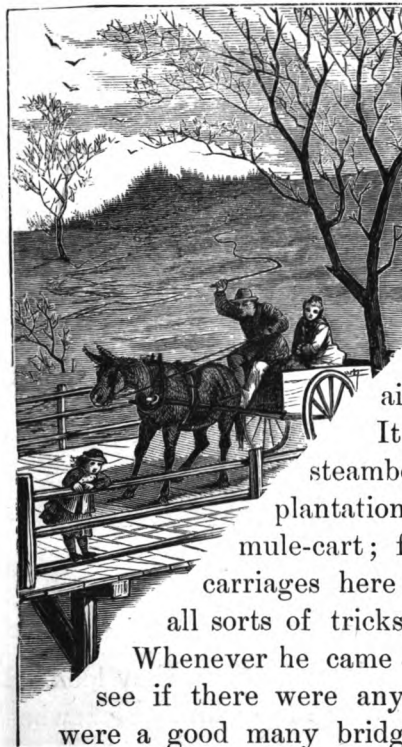
HERE is a picture of prairie-dogs, just as they look in their own homes. They are queer little things, somewhat larger than a squirrel.

Often you will see fifty or more of them sitting on the tops of their houses and gazing around. But, when any person comes near them, they give a feeble little bark, and dart into their holes, without stopping to say, "How do you do?"

To keep them company in their housekeeping, they take as boarders rattlesnakes and owls. All live in the same hole, and make a happy family; for they never disagree.

Sometimes these little prairie-dogs are caught for pets; but they always run away, the first chance they get, to their home on the plains. They like their friends, the rattlesnakes and owls, better than little boys and girls.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE SOUTH.



My home is in the city of Charleston; but I spent my Christmas in the country, on one of the islands of South Carolina. I was very glad to breathe the pure country air once more.

It was very nice to go in the steamboat; but the ride to my aunt's plantation was jolly. We rode in a mule-cart; for hardly any one can afford carriages here now. The mule played us all sorts of tricks, and went at a snail's pace. Whenever he came to a bridge, he would stop to see if there were any holes in it. And as there were a good many bridges on the way, and most of them were full of holes, he would come to a dead halt pretty often. Then the driver had to thump and coax him a long while to make him go along.

Mamma thought this very tiresome, but I enjoyed running along the road until he got started off again. By and by we reached my aunt's house, and my cousins Alice and Frank were delighted to see me.

Frank is a great tease. He began to pull my hair, and pinch dolly's nose, as soon as I got into the house. But he is a good-hearted boy, and I like him. He often shot partridges, which Alice and I roasted before the fire.

One day, while I was away for a minute, Harry, the dog, stole my partridge. To make up for that, Frank brought me a robin which was eating berries on the Pride-of-India tree. Frank thought it would please me, but I should have liked better to see the little bird alive.

Santa Claus came all the way into the country and brought lots of good things. On Christmas day we had a fine dinner, and at night a dance, while old black Jim played the violin for us. It is great fun to see him play and hear him call the figures.

The weather was very cold for our sunny South, and every little pond was coated over with ice, which we might have skated upon as the boys and girls do at the North; but as it was not very strong, and as we had no skates, we did not venture upon it.

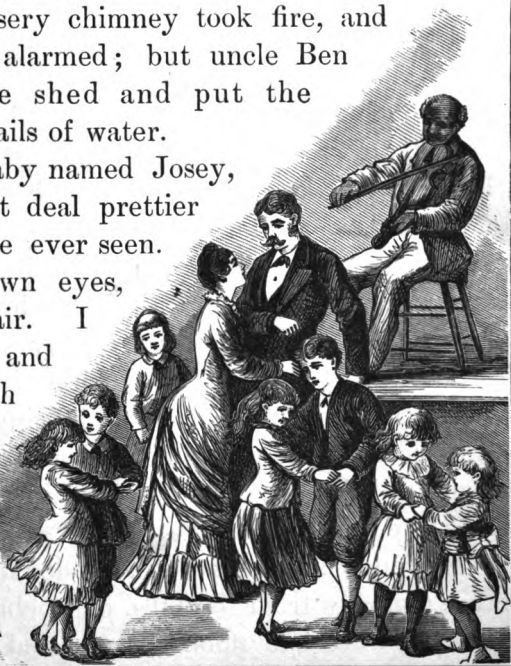
One day the nursery chimney took fire, and we were dreadfully alarmed; but uncle Ben climbed up on the shed and put the fire out with a few pails of water.

My aunt has a baby named Josey, whom I think a great deal prettier than any doll I have ever seen. He has lovely brown eyes, and soft, curling hair. I have just got home, and am so pleased with my visit, that I have written this short account of it for the Nursery.

From

ANNIE.

M



OUR FOUNTAIN.

MY father is an officer in the army, and, when I was a small boy, was stationed at Sitka in Alaska. The winters there are not cold; but the nights are very long, and it rains a great deal.

Soon after our arrival, when we were unpacking our boxes, we found in one of them a long, flexible rubber gas-tube, connected with a standing gas-burner. Of course it was of no use there, as the city of Sitka did not afford the luxury of gas-works: so the tube was laid aside.

After a few days, when we had unpacked our things, and were beginning to be comfortable, my father thought of a way in which he could make use of the gas-tube, and, at the same time, add a new ornament to our little parlor.

Getting a water-tight barrel, he placed it on a stand nailed to the outside of our one-storied house, just over the parlor-window; and just under the water-trough; so that the rain running from the roof would keep the barrel filled with water.

He then fitted the upper end of the tube to a spigot in the lower part of the barrel, so that the water would be forced into the tube. Then he set the gas-stand on a platform placed on the broad window-sill inside of the room, on which he had previously put a sheet of tin, inclining a little towards the outside of the house.

The sash was then shut down, leaving just room enough for the tube to pass under it; and a landscape-painting just the width of the window was placed in front of and close against the sash.

The window-shade was drawn down to the top of the picture; mosses from the hills, and pebbles and shells from the beach, were laid upon the tin, and heaped around the



stand; a miniature fence was put in the foreground; and the work was done.

The valve in the old gas-burner was then opened, and the water spouted up in a beautiful fan-shaped jet, about a foot high, and, falling in sparkling drops upon the moss, was carried by the tin sheet out of the window.

It was a charming ornament; and though, now and then, a bit of dirt or moss would obstruct the flow of the water and send a shower of spray over the carpet, we took delight in watching our little fountain, and felt that even the dreary rain was forced to contribute to our happiness.

P. T. B.

HOW JOSIE SPENT THANKSGIVING.

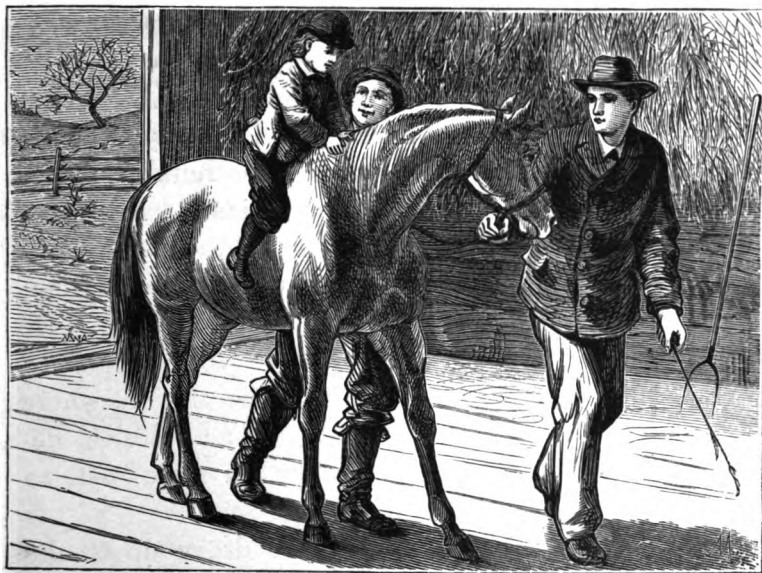
JOSIE is a little boy who lives in the city. He likes very much to visit his grandmother in the country. So when we took the cars for grandmother's home, the day before Thanksgiving, Josie was in great glee. He could hardly wait for the train to start; and when he heard the conductor's shout, "All aboard!" his bliss seemed for a while complete.

But forty miles is a long way for a little boy to ride. He soon began to ask, "Haven't we almost got to grandpa's?" And when the train moved slowly into the station, where grandpa, with his carryall stood waiting for us, Josie's delight was greater than before; and he was in more haste to get out of the car than he had been to get in.

It was almost Josie's bed-time when we drove up to the house, and he had begun to be rather sleepy; but his eyes sparkled as brightly as ever when aunts and uncles and cousins, and, best of all, dear old grandma, came rushing to the door to meet us.

He was up at daylight the next morning, and it was not long before he had been all over the house, not forgetting his aunt Sarah's room, where there are a great many things to amuse children. Then, after breakfast, he went out to the barn, where he found his uncle Josiah, or "Uncle Si" as we call him. Uncle Si took one of the colts from the stable, and put Josie on his back. Mike, one of the workmen, held the little boy on the horse, while uncle Si took hold of the bridle and led him.

But the colt had never had any one on his back before: so he did not know what to make of it. He stood still, looking this way and that, till uncle Si coaxed him a little, and then he walked up and down the long barn and gave Josie a nice ride. This was Josie's first ride on horseback.



By this time Josie's cousins, with their fathers and mothers, began to arrive. Such a meeting as there was! and such a dinner! and such fun all day long! And grandma and grandpapa seemed to enjoy it as much as any of them.

JOSIE'S MAMMA.

THE BOY THAT OWNS EVERY THING.

THERE is a boy who's rather small, —
Not very old, nor very tall, —
Who prides himself on knowing more
Than anybody knew before.
He's very strong, and thinks he can
Do quite as much as any man ;
And I'm inclined to think that Jim
Believes the farm belongs to him.

If you should want to use the horse,
Why Jim you must consult, of course;
And, if he choose to answer "Nay,"
At home you'll have to spend the day.
He owns the whip, he owns the reins,
The barn and all that it contains,
The pigs, the cow, the little calf,
And — oh, dear me! that isn't half.

So very greedy has he grown,
"What's dad's is mine, what's mine's my own,"
He says, as oft with folded arm
He takes a survey of the farm.
'Tis seldom that he cares to look
Inside the covers of a book:
He knows enough — wise little Jim! —
So pray don't mention school to him.

He'd rather be with men than boys;
He has no taste for games and toys,
Yet like a baby cries and groans,
If aught is taken that he owns.
He drives like Jehu up and down
The hilly road that leads to town,
And none dare say, "Why do you so?"
Because he owns the horse you know!

He likes to be the only boss
About the place: it makes him cross
To serve, or do as others say
Who will not let him have his way.

And if, when he is fully grown,
He lives like this, he'll live alone ;
For none will care to visit Jim
Though twenty farms belong to him !

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



"JOE FOX."

"JOE" is not a boy, as you might at first suppose, but a fox. This is how I came to know him. One of my boy-neighbors, who delights in pet animals, found him one day in the fields, where he came upon the mother's hole. The

little fox jumped into Tom's arms, as if he meant to say, "Please take me where I can see a bit of the world."

So Tom took him home, and named him "Joe." You are not to suppose that the queer little fellow was set at liberty among the chickens and kittens. A fox is very apt to be mischievous. So "Joe Fox" was fastened by a long chain to a stake in a part of the grounds where he could dig and amuse himself as he pleased, without doing any harm.

He soon became very fond of Tom, and of one or two other persons, who fed and played with him. He made friends, also, with a tiny King Charles spaniel. The dog and the fox looked at each other sharply when they first met. Then they began to play like two puppies; and, after that, "Blen" the dog, and "Joe" the fox, were great cronies.

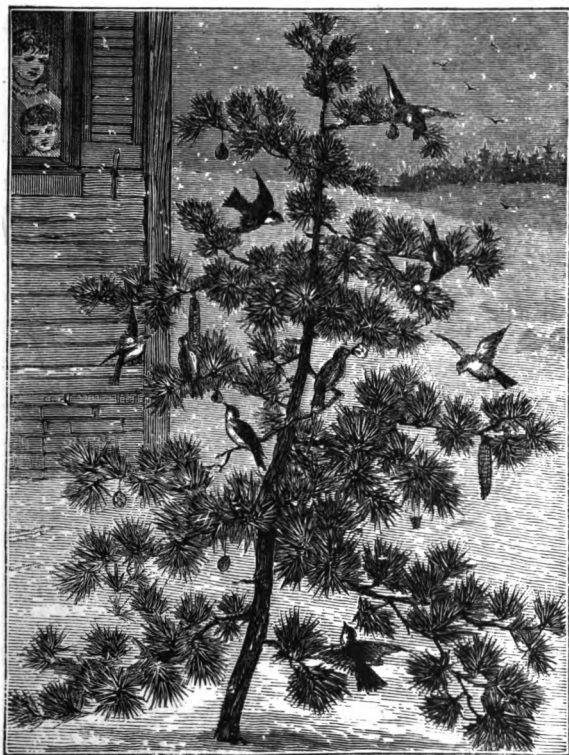
When Blen saw Joe digging up the soil with his nose, he tried to do the same thing; but dogs were not made to live in holes, and Blen only got a dirty face for his pains.

All summer I watched these two friends at their frolics; and sometimes I ran across the garden to say, "How are you now, Joe? Would you like to be set at liberty?"

Twice the little fellow slipped his chain, and took a good run. Nobody supposed that he would come back to the old stake: but he did. Kindness had won his heart, as it is apt to win all hearts.

But, when autumn came, his master decided that Joe must be set at liberty, and learn how to take care of himself before the ground was frozen. So one day Tom said good-by to his pet, and let him loose.

For some time he played around his old home; then he ran towards the woods, and I am sorry to tell you what happened. Some dogs passing along the street, scented him out, caught, and killed him. Poor "Joe Fox!"



THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS-TREE.

FREDDIE, Winkie, and Mabel had a Christmas-tree, hung with flags, candles, and many glistening stars. Cousin Bertha, who had been in Germany, helped mamma dress the tree, and they tried to have it in true German style.

Little Marion and Annie Sprague were invited, and cousin Ernest and his sister Ethel. Flaxen-haired dollies peeped down from the pine-tree upon the little girls; and trumpets and drums, and other toys, gladdened the eyes of the boys. Oh, how they all shouted and laughed, and danced for joy, as their little arms were loaded with the gifts!

But the merry hour soon passed away, and the tired heads of the children were resting on their pillows, with the dollies and other toys cuddled up in their arms.

The next morning how lonely and bare the poor tree looked! But Fred said he would trim it once more, — this time for the winter birds. And now it stands in the yard, fastened up securely, and on its green branches are tied bits of bread, cookies, and seed-cakes, little cups of oatmeal, and ears of pop-corn.

When Fred drives into the country, he is going to get some bunches of unthreshed grain to tie on the evergreen branches, and we expect the snow-birds and sparrows to chirp Christmas carols for us until the May days come again.

MAMMA.



"HOLD FAST ALL I GIVE YOU."

WE were all in our cosey parlor,
On a chill, rainy day;
And the five little folks were playing
At such an odd play!
I think it was "hide-the-thimble,"
Though to me it was new;
But this they said, over and over, —
"Hold fast all I give you!"

It sounded to me like the twitter
Of a nest-full of birds,
Who make a continuous chatter
Like the sound of soft words.

And though I appeared to be writing,
Yet I watched it all through,
Each one taking turn with this whisper, —
"Hold fast all I give you!"

They were quiet as mice in a cupboard; —
So eager, intent,
First this little one, then another,
Round the small circle went;
Palms clasped, as if 'twere a treasure
They were hiding from view,
As to each one the order was given, —
"Hold fast all I give you!"

Since then, when I'm teaching the children,
If a task that is set
Seems dull, or the lesson before them
Is tedious to get,
And I have a trouble to make things
Look easy to do,
I say to the little ones simply, —
"Hold fast all I give you!"

Then I show them how trying will help them,
To find the right way
And the spirit to make work as easy
And pleasant as play.
They are willing and bright; for at lessons
They need but a clew;
So they know what I mean, when I tell them, —
"Hold fast all I give you!"

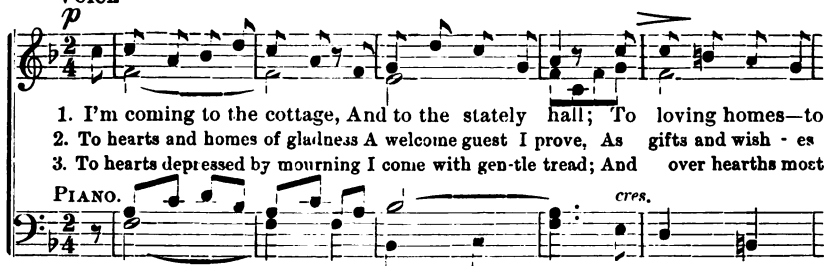
HANNAH LAWRENCE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Music by T. CRAMPTON

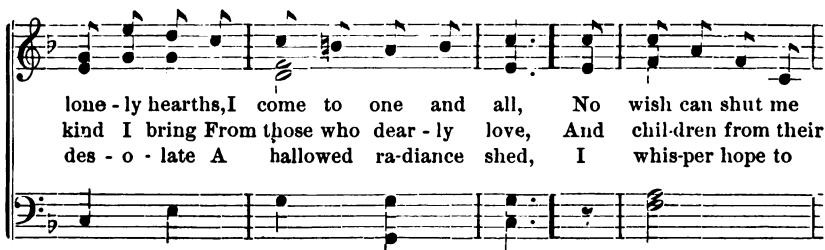
VOICE

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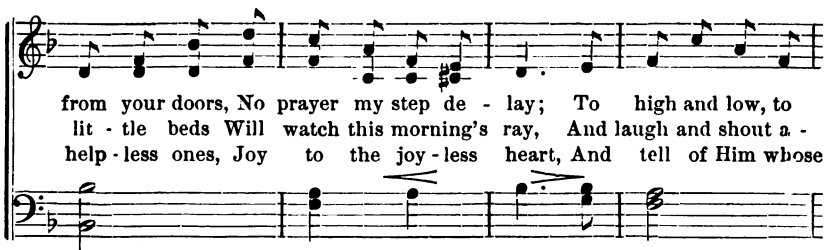


1. I'm coming to the cottage, And to the stately hall; To loving homes—to
 2. To hearts and homes of gladness A welcome guest I prove, As gifts and wish - es
 3. To hearts depressed by mourning I come with gen-tle tread; And over hearths most

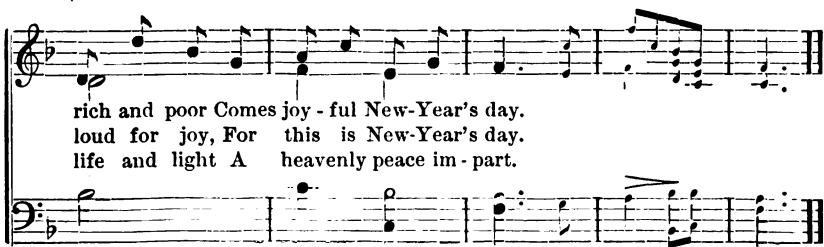
PIANO. *crp.*



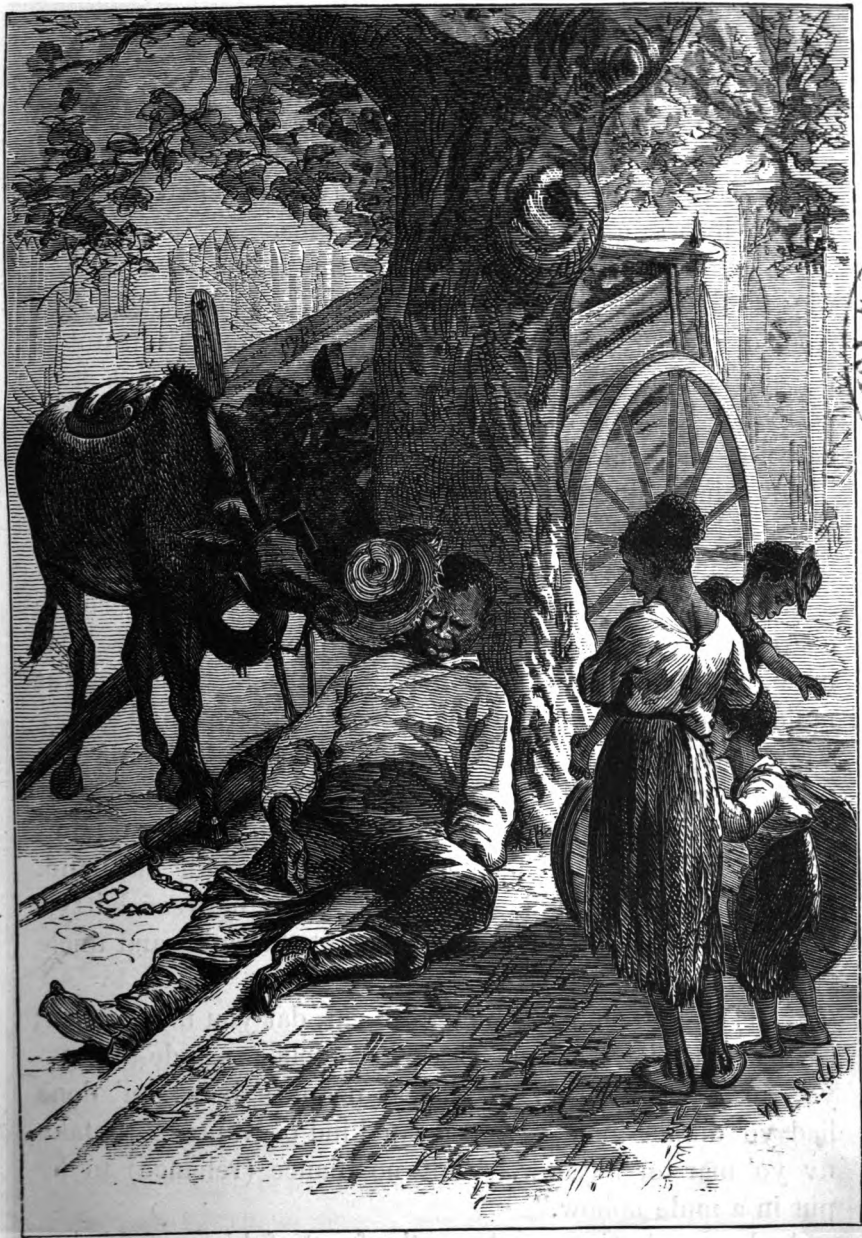
lone - ly hearths, I come to one and all, No wish can shut me
 kind I bring From those who dear - ly love, And chil-dren from their
 des - o - late A hallowed ra-diance shed, I whis-per hope to



from your doors, No prayer my step de - lay; To high and low, to
 lit - tle beds Will watch this morning's ray, And laugh and shout a -
 help - less ones, Joy to the joy - less heart, And tell of Him whose



rich and poor Comes joy - ful New-Year's day.
 loud for joy, For this is New-Year's day.
 life and light A heavenly peace im - part.



A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.



In the Southern States a charcoal-cart is a very simple, home-made affair. There is hardly a nail in it, and it is made of slabs and stubs, fastened together by means of auger-holes and pins.

The charcoal is sold by the barrel, — a curious way, as the barrels are not always of the same size. The front of the cart is removed, the mule or horse taken out of the shafts and fed (if it has not already eaten up the stock of fodder leaves), while the driver of the cart takes the barrel of charcoal into the customer's house.

Sometimes, on a hot morning, the driver, after having delivered his goods, will sit under the shade for a rest, which generally ends in a nap.

In the picture you may see uncle Cæsar, the driver of a charcoal-cart, engaged in this recreation. Kitty, his little mule, has already consumed her allowance of fodder. But mules can always eat. Uncle Cæsar's tattered and dingy straw hat looks, to Kitty, very much like some of the provender given to her. She begins to nibble at it.

Uncle Cæsar feels something moving about his head ; but he thinks it is a fly, which he scares away with his hand. The hat is gradually going off, and is almost between Kitty's teeth, when the children laugh aloud at the sight, and uncle Cæsar wakes up.

"Hi! Ain't you had 'nough to eat, dat you mus' go an' eat my hat?" cries uncle Cæsar. "Nebber see de like uv' yo' since I was born! Mule eat people's hats! an' done had yo' dinner too; 'twas a mean kind o' 'vantage to take uv yo' marster anyhow. Aint no 'liance (reliance) to be put in a mule nohow."

And so uncle Cæsar puts up the front of his cart, hitches

up Kitty, giving her a smart cuff in the flank, tells the children that they have no business "larfin' at ole folks," and drives off, crying, "Charcoal, ladies!" at the top of his voice.

s.



THE CHILD-DIKE.

HOLLAND is a beautiful country, full of green fields, with cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures; but there are few trees, and no hills to be seen. The ground is so flat and low, that two or three times the sea has rushed in over parts of it, and destroyed whole towns.

In one of these floods, about two hundred years ago, more than twenty thousand people were drowned. In

some of the towns that were flooded not a creature of any kind was left alive.

A large part of the water that came in at the time of that flood still remains. It is known as "*The Maas*," and in one part of it there is a little green island, — a part of an old dike or dam, — which is called the "*kinder-dike*," or child-dike, and it got its name in this way.

The waters rushed in over one of the little Friesland villages, and no one had any warning. In one of the houses there lay a child asleep in its cradle, — an old-fashioned cradle, made tight and strong of good stout wood.

By the side of the cradle lay the old cat, baby's friend, probably purring away as comfortably as possible. In came the waters with a fearful roar. The old cat, in her fright, jumped into the cradle with the baby, who slept through all the turmoil as quietly as ever. The people were drowned in their beds. The house was torn from its foundations, and broken in pieces. But the little cradle floated out on the angry sea in that dark night, bearing safely its precious burden.

When morning came, there was nothing to be seen of the villages and green meadows. All was water. Hundreds of people were out in boats trying to save as many lives as possible; and on this little bit of an island that I have spoken of, what do you think they found? Why, that same old cradle, with the baby asleep in it, and the old cat curled up at her feet, all safe and sound.

Where the little voyagers came from, and to whom they belonged, no one could tell. But, in memory of them, this little island was called, "*kinder-dike*," — the child-dike, — and it goes by that name to this day; and this story is told to thousands of little people all over Holland as a remarkable instance of God's providence.

RANDOM ROY.



THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

WHAT is the road to Slumber-land? and when does the baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby,"

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white; a face washed
sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden
hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking
free;

Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient
knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender
Shepherd's ear;

And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of
her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last close to the
mother's breast,

And then the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of
rest:

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the
baby-eyes,

As over the road to Slumber-land the dear little traveller
hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies
go,

To the beautiful city of Slumber-land when the sun is
sinking low.

MARY D. BRINE.



A STRANGE FAMILY.

IN England lately a boy found a nest of young rabbits, not much larger than mice, and took them home to give them to the cat to eat.

The cat had given birth to some kittens two days before ; but the kittens had been drowned. Now, as soon as the rabbits were thrown down to her, instead of at once pouncing on them, and eating them, she began at once to lick them, and showed her pleasure by loud purrings.

Then she took them one by one very gently in her

mouth, and bore them off to the basket which she had chosen as the place for her lost kittens.

The little rabbits were not long in finding the care and the nursing they needed, and which their foster-mother seemed only too glad to give them. Puss fed them well, just as she would have done her kittens.

The rabbits continue to thrive, and the happy family present a pleasing sight, such as is not often seen.

UNCLE CHARLES.



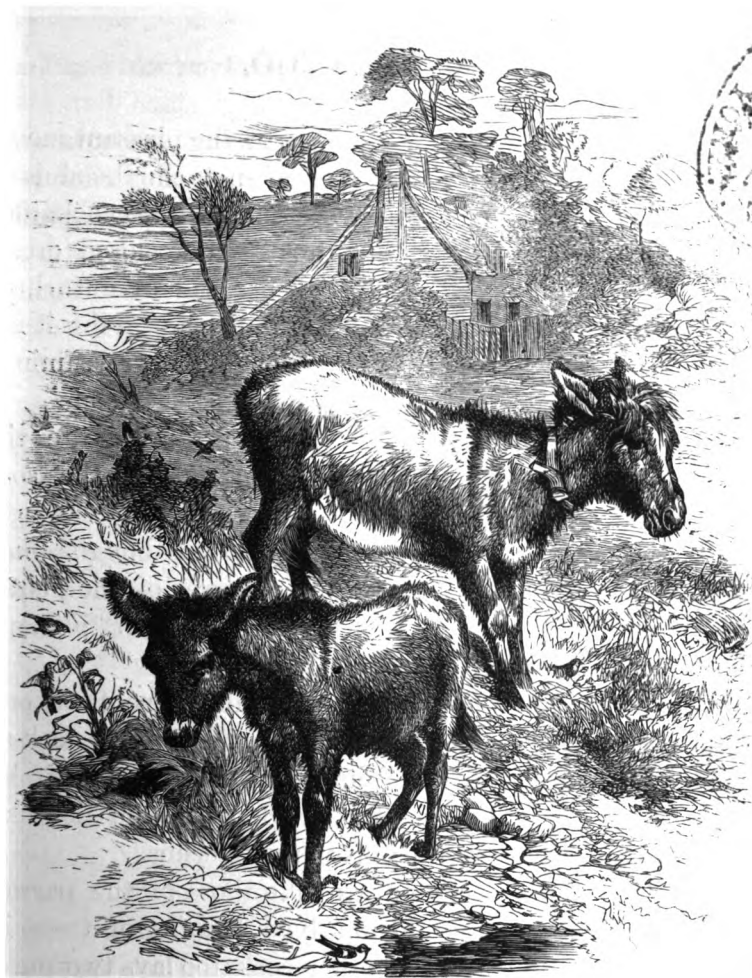
THE DONKEY.

DONKEYS are not often seen in America; but in some parts of Europe they are very common. It does not cost much to keep them, for they will thrive on very poor fare; and so the poor people use them a good deal. The old woman, who goes round to pick up rags and bits of paper, has her donkey with her, with panniers or big baskets slung over his back; and these she fills with every thing of any value that she can find in the street.

It used to make me smile sometimes to see a large man, weighing some two hundred pounds, astride of the back of a poor little donkey that could not have weighed any more than his rider.

Sometimes the donkey, decked out with ribbons, and nicely saddled and bridled, is led round by a little boy who has him in charge, and who lets him out at so much an hour, for little boys and girls to ride.

In the public parks you may sometimes see the boy-keeper leading the donkey with a little girl on its back. If the donkey does not go fast enough, the boy will beat him with a stick. Then, perhaps, the little girl cries out, "O,



don't hurt the poor donkey! I will get right off, if you beat him so."

The donkey has long ears, and is sometimes quite stubborn; but he is not so stupid as he is often said to be. Many good stories are told of his intelligence. He knows when he is kindly treated, and will work much more readily for a kind master than for a cruel one.

ALFRED SELWYN.

THE COCKATOO.



ONE of the pleasant memories of my childhood is a great snow-white cockatoo, with a lemon-colored crest, which he used to unfurl, as if to salute us, waving it up and down, and screaming, "Pretty cock-a-too-a!"

He lived in a large tin cage; and when the soft breezes whispered through the vines and boughs that made a bower of the piazza where he was set, perhaps

he half forgot his Australian home.

But he never learned to love us, although we tried our best to win his good will. He would say, "*Pretty* cock-a-too-a! *Pretty* cock-a-too-a!" and nothing else; as if he thought we doubted his beauty. Perhaps he did not like little boys and girls as well as his parrot cousins.

The habits of the cockatoo are like those of the parrot. Both build their nest in the decayed boughs of trees, in leaf-lined hollows, where the mother cockatoo lays two pure-white eggs.

My cockatoo was a snowy bird; but there is also the pink cockatoo, with tri-colored crest of red, white, and gold-colored feathers, which, when spread, is most beautiful. Another far more rare bird is the great black cockatoo. He, too, is found in Australia. He is very fond of the nuts of the lofty kanary-tree, which have a smooth, hard shell, almost like a case of polished iron.

The black cockatoo seizes one of these nuts in his strong bill, and holds it fast by means of his horny tongue, while he saws a slit in the shell with the lower part of his bill. Then he is ready to eat it; so he takes the nut in his claw, while he bites off a green leaf for a napkin. This serves as a wrapper to keep the smooth-shelled nut from slipping out of his grasp while he picks out the kernel in dainty bits with his curious long tongue.

It is said, that, of all birds, only the black cockatoo has cunning and strength enough to master these mail-clad nuts.

S. P. BARTLETT.

THE QUEER MOTHER.

Six downy chickens

Standing in a row,

Homeless little orphans,

Knew not where to go.

Who had killed their mother?

That I cannot say :

But I know they found her

At five o'clock that day.

"Peep !" said the eldest,

"Peep !" the others cried,

And to wake their mother

All in vain they tried.

Susie heard them calling,

Ran to ask them why,

And her eyes that moment

Made their own reply.

Tender-hearted Susie

Tried to hide a tear ;

Saw her mother's fernery

Standing empty near :

In it placed the chickens,

And above them spread

A nice, soft feather duster,

When they went to bed.

Six little chickens,

Fast asleep and warm,

Underneath the feathers,

Safe from every harm.

There each night they brooded,

Until almost grown :

'Twas the queerest mother

That I have ever known.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

(TO BE SUNG BY AUNTIE.)

"WHAT are you doing, my pretty maid?"

"Using my needle, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;

"Using my needle, sir," she said.

"What are you making, my pretty maid?"

"Making a mantle, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;

"Making a mantle, sir," she said.

"And for whom is it, my pretty maid?"

"'Tis for a princess, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;

"'Tis for a princess, sir," she said.

"What is her name, then, my pretty maid?"

"Her name it is Alice, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;

"Her name it is Alice, sir," she said.

"Where is she living, my pretty maid?"

"Living in Doll-land, sir," she said;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;

"Living in Doll-land, sir," she said.



"Then I won't have her, my pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said ;

"Sir," she said, "sir," she said ;

"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

IDA FAY.

JOSIE'S FIRST SKATES.

JOSIE ELDON lives in a pleasant town near Boston. When he was about five years old, he wanted very much to go out on the ice and skate, as he had seen the large boys do.

One evening, Josie's eyes sparkled with delight when his papa came home and brought him a bright new pair of skates. He wanted to try them at once; and he had them all strapped on before Mr. Eldon had finished his supper.

There were some patches of ice in the pasture back of the house. The ice was too thin to skate on; but Josie would not be contented until his father took him out and helped him to stand upon it, when down he went into the water, nearly to the top of his boots. This satisfied him for that night.

But he kept watch of the weather; and every morning his first thought was to see if the ice was formed. He said to his mother that he did wish Mr. Calvin wouldn't let his old cow be in the pasture, because she would walk on the ice and break it, and once he said, "O mother! there's Mr. Calvin's cow drinking up all the water, and there won't be any ice."

At last, one day, after a very cold night, Mr. Eldon took Josie out for another trial. He found that skating was not quite so easy as he thought for; but he managed to move along awkwardly so long as his father held him by the hand. "Now let me try it alone," said Josie.

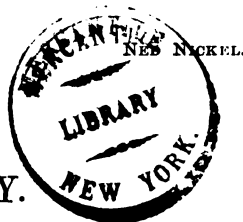
So his father let go his hand, and the next instant Josie was flat on his back. He picked himself up, felt around on the ice with his hand, and said, with great coolness, "Tell you what! it's lucky I didn't break that ice."

But Josie kept on trying, and when Christmas came, and



the ice was thick and smooth, Josie had so far mastered the art of skating, that he was able and willing to go on his "own hook," as he said.

This is a true story, and is told by



A TRUE STORY.

One day in October Willie and I thought we would go chestnutting: so we took our baskets and started for the woods.

Behind our house, beyond the pasture where the cows — Lily, Violet, Rose, Clover, and Harebell — were feeding, there is a grove of chestnut-trees, and the ground was covered with the brown shiny nuts; for there had been a heavy frost the night before, and, you know, it takes a good white frost to crack open the hard prickly burs.

We went to work at once, and soon our baskets began to feel heavy. Willie had just said, "What splendid luck we have had, and how glad I am that we've got ahead of the squirrels this time," when we heard a noise overhead.

We looked up, and there, in a big tree, were two little chipmunks, as the farmers call those pretty striped squirrels, scolding away at us, and saying, in squirrel language, "Look at those two selfish people! They're taking all our nuts. What are we going to do for chestnuts next winter if they take them all!"

But, after watching us for a while, they saw that we were not smart enough to get all the nuts; so they began to feel happier, and to chase each other up and down the tree, and along the ground towards us. The one that was being chased was so excited that I suppose he took me for a tree, for he ran right up to my shoulder, went round my neck twice, and at last stopped on my hands, which were clasped together.

There he stayed for a full minute, looking at me with his bright black eyes, as much as to say, "Why! if this isn't fun. I thought I was running up a tree, and, instead of that, here I am in the hands of one of those giants who steal our nuts. I wonder if the monster will hurt me!"

Then, I suppose, I moved my hands, for down he jumped, and ran pell-mell up a tree, and into his hole; and that was the last we saw of our friend the chipmunk.

L. B. P.





JIM CROW.

ROBBIE had made a nice collection of birds' eggs, and the idea of adding to his little store had become quite a hobby with him. So, one Saturday in the nesting-season, he went out with a party of larger boys to secure some crow's eggs; for in a wood near the village a crow's nest had been found very high up in an oak-tree.

The boldest boy in the crowd was to climb the tree for the prize. This he did, and, to his surprise, he found, instead of eggs in the nest, three well-grown young birds. Quick as thought he had them in his cap, and was making his nimble way to the ground again.

There the little helpless things were shared among the boys, and one became the property of Robbie. He named it Jim, and, carrying it home, had a busy afternoon in getting an old hen-coop ready for its use, and in giving it a good meal.

Jim was a homely fellow, and had such a harsh voice, that he made everybody laugh. When he was hungry, he would open that great wide yellow beak of his, way to the very back of his head, and croak, "Caw! c-a-w!" as loud as he could, and would only stop when he felt bits of bread and shreds of meat falling down into the cavity; and, until he was satisfied, he kept up his music between each mouthful, — "Caw! c-a-w!" — until the boys were glad to feed him at any time, and were sure to give him enough.

Jim grew very fast, his black feathers becoming of such a glossy smoothness that he was really quite beautiful, though his shape was awkward and his voice by no means sweet. He was a thief, though, and was quick to carry off any trinket he could find, — a thimble, a spool of thread, or bit of wax, being his choice.

At first they did not clip his wings, but gave him his freedom, and he rarely went farther than to the near neighbors. But when he came in, one day, having in his beak a bar of soap which was tied up in a paper, and, another day, bringing a bottle of cough-medicine, which he held by the string that served to keep the wrapper in place, Robbie felt it was no more than just to put some limit to his mischief.

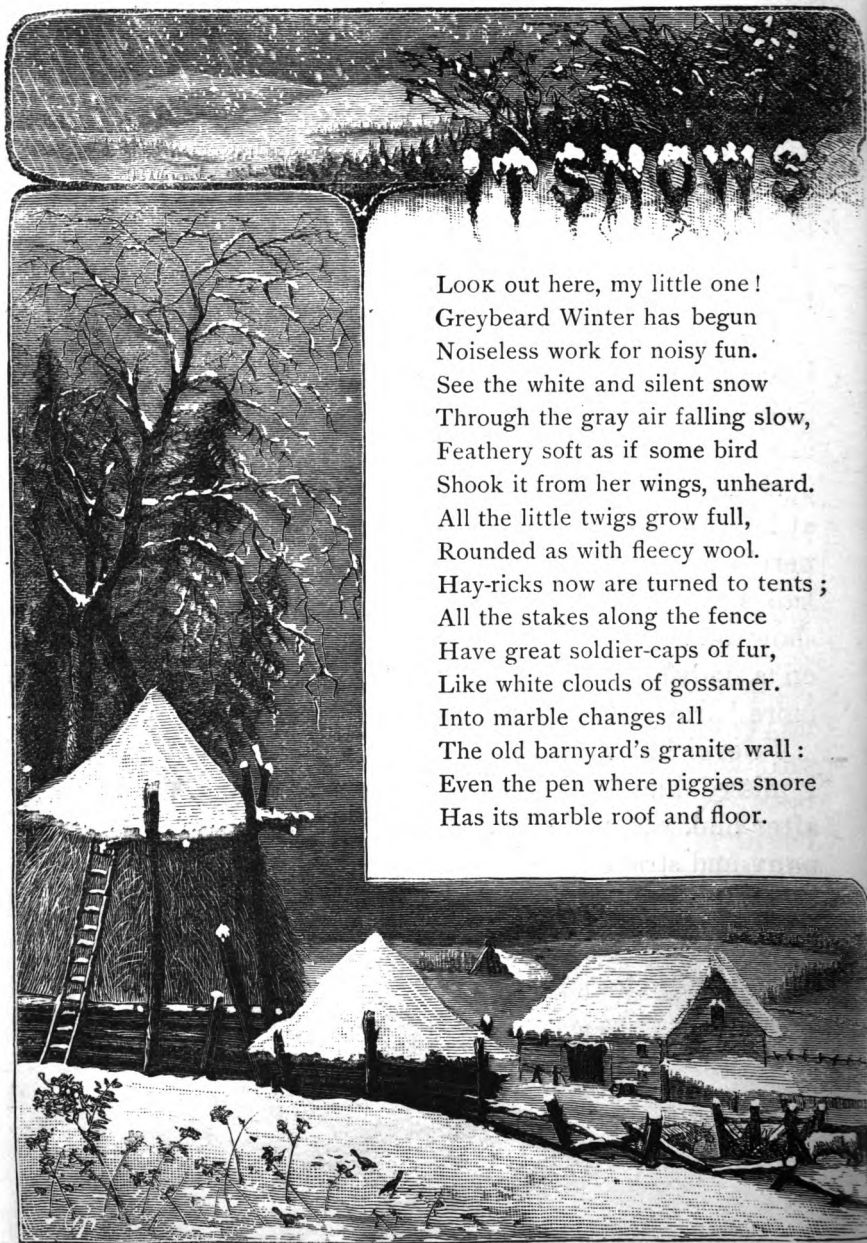
He took pains to inquire, and found that Jim had fallen into the habit of visiting the grocer's and druggist's, as well as other places of business, and of stealing such articles as came handiest there.

So one of the glossy wings was cut, and Jim had to stay at home. But he had his revenge for it; for he would sit perched on the front fence, an hour at a time, and when ladies passed would bristle up at them, and make a great show of attack; and one day he flew far enough to alight on a lady's parasol, to her great fright. But he did no more harm than that.

I never knew just how Jim's frolics ended; for at length I missed him from among the children, and, upon asking after him, was told that he had one day got into bad company and strayed off.

C. D. B.





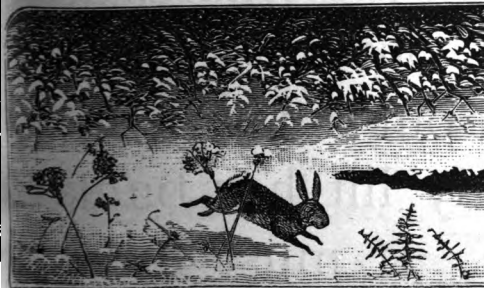
Look out here, my little one !
Greybeard Winter has begun
Noiseless work for noisy fun.
See the white and silent snow
Through the gray air falling slow,
Feathery soft as if some bird
Shook it from her wings, unheard.
All the little twigs grow full,
Rounded as with fleecy wool.
Hay-ricks now are turned to tents ;
All the stakes along the fence
Have great soldier-caps of fur,
Like white clouds of gossamer.
Into marble changes all
The old barnyard's granite wall :
Even the pen where piggies snore
Has its marble roof and floor.

Bare trees now are blooming white ;
All dead leaves are out of sight ;
Gray and old the pine-woods grow,
And their branches droop with snow
Till they touch the shrubs below,
Making dusky rooms green-lined,
Such as rabbits love to find.

Now the nimble snow-bird comes
Round the door to gather crumbs ;
Fearless of the frosty air,
Happy, though the fields are bare
Where he feeds from withered weeds
That hold up their tiny seeds
To his busy bill ; but now
They are lost below the snow
That makes all we look at change
Into figures new and strange.

Fling him out your crumbled cake,
For his true heart's merry-make,
And for that good faith in him,
That, when all the world is dim,
Somehow knows some Being large
Has his little life in charge,
Caring for him just the same
As for us who know His name.

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

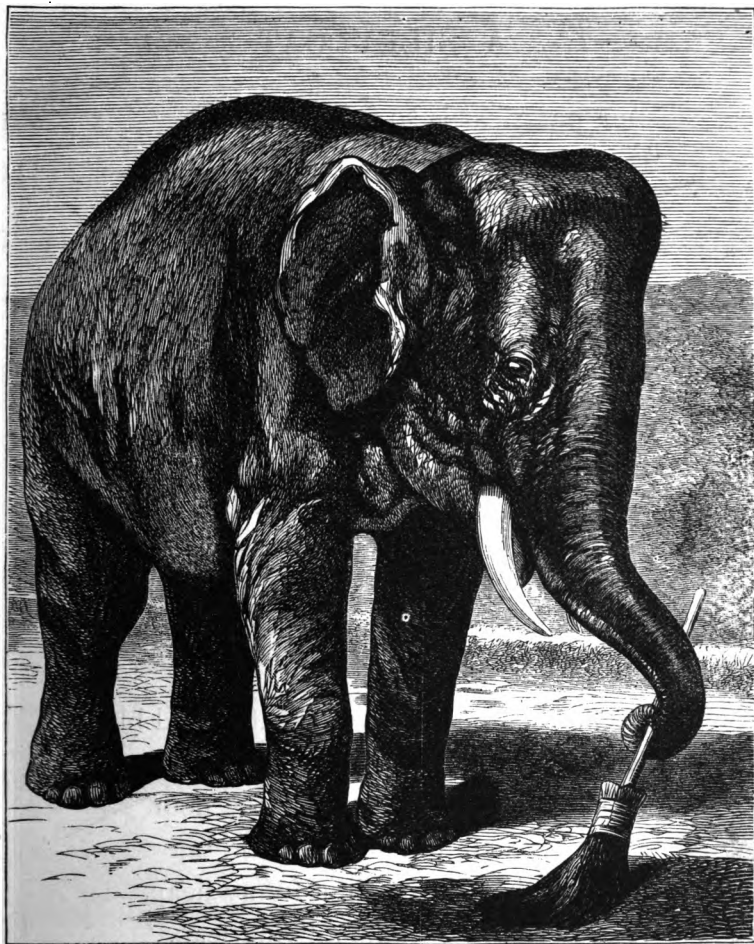


WHAT IS HE DOING?

SEE the big elephant. What is he doing? He holds the handle of a broom by his trunk, and he is sweeping the walk. He can be taught to do many things, and to make himself useful.

I have heard of one who was taught to tend a baby, so that the baby's mother could go off and leave the little thing in the care of the elephant.

He would rock the cradle, or if the baby got out and crept away, he would put out his big trunk and gently lift her back into the cradle. It must have



been a queer sight to see an elephant tending a baby. I wonder that the baby was not scared at its big nurse. A. B. C.

A SILLY CAT.

OUR pussy-cat is so very wise
He seems to look out of human eyes,
And moves his mouth in a curious way,
As if he really had something to say ;
Something you never could quite see through
Unless the language of cats you knew.

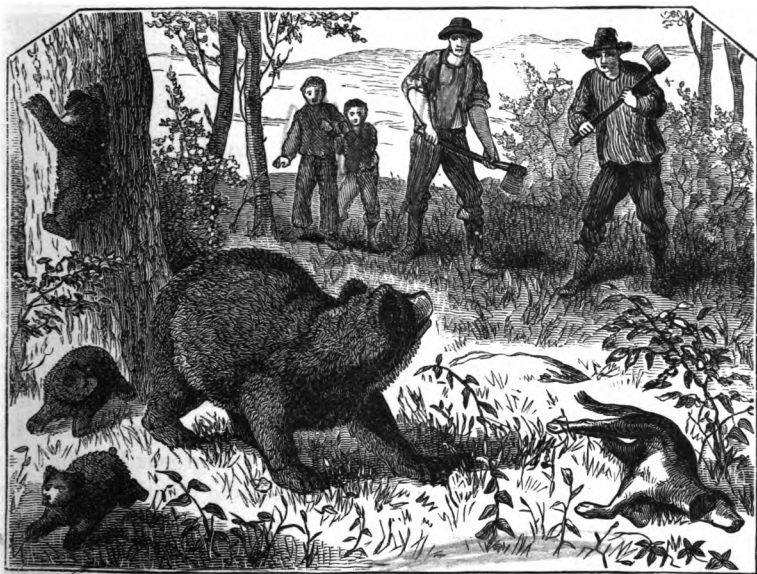
I couldn't begin to tell you all
The funny tricks he began when small ;
So very nicely he gave his paw,
'Twas like no cat that I ever saw :
If you could see him you'd wonder that
I ever should call him a silly cat.

Well, when he was ever so little and black,
And hadn't much of a curve to his back,
He'd step quite gingerly on the floor
Until he came to an open door,
Then gather himself in a funny heap,
And over the sill take a flying leap.

Now, no one else but the mother-cat
Could have taught the kitten a trick like that,
Which he learned so young, and doesn't forget ;
For he keeps on doing her bidding yet,
And his coming he never fails to announce
By startling us all with a sudden bounce.

He's big and black, and there couldn't be
A wiser cat in the world than he ;
Yet when, through an open window or door,
He takes a flying leap to the floor,
Why, even you would acknowledge that
There never was such a silly cat.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



A TRUE BEAR STORY.

“Now I’m ready for that true bear story,” said Liza, as she climbed into papa’s lap ; and papa began it at once, —

“Your grandpa was born and lived among the Cumberland Mountains. One day, when he was about eight years old, he was sent, with a brother a little older than himself, to carry dinner to their father, who,

with two or three of his neighbors, was at work on a mountain road about a mile from their cabin home.

"The boys climbed along the rough way, first one and then the other carrying the dinner-basket. As they neared a large oak-tree, close to which their road passed, they heard two dogs barking very fiercely. When they came to the tree, and looked up to see what the dogs were barking at, they saw a large black bear.

"They ran on towards the place where their father was, as fast as barefooted boys can run. Their hats flew off, and the dinner was dropped long before they reached him. As soon as they saw him, they cried wildly, 'There's a bear down there, — a great black bear!'

"The men took their axes, for they had no guns with them, and started down to find the bear. They soon came to the tree where the dogs were still furiously barking, and saw the bear up the tree growling fiercely, and six little bears with her.

"When she saw the men, she waited a moment, and seemed to talk to her babies. Then she began slowly to back down the tree, and the men ran off several rods, for they saw that she was dangerous. As soon as she touched the ground, she gave one of the dogs a stroke with her paw that sent him ten feet into the bushes, and then she caught the other, and hugged him till he couldn't breathe.

"Keeping her eye on the men all the time, she gave a low growl, and her baby-bears came down from the tree one after another, and scampered, first under the low bushes near, and then off up the mountain side. The mother-bear stood on guard till the last cub was at a safe distance, and then growling defiantly at the men, she started after her younglings. She went about a rod, then turned and growled again; and this she did a dozen times in as many rods, watching closely to see if the men followed her. She kept this up till all were out of sight."

"Any more, papa?" said Liza.

"I might make up a little," replied papa.

"Well, make up a little." So papa went on, —

"When the mamma-bear got her babies far up the mountain, she met the papa-bear, and he said, 'Why, what's the matter with you all?' and she told him how she had got away from the men and the dogs. And he said, 'Go right into the den and take a sleep, and I will watch at the door, and afterwards get you a good supper.'"



“WHAT QUEER THING IS THIS?”

THERE were three little pups, Tip, Nip, and Grip. They had not seen much of the world, and so, one day when a tortoise came in sight, they did not know what to make of it.

Grip barked, and I think, if we could have understood dog-language, we should have heard him say, “Look here, boys, and tell me, if you can, what queer thing this is?”

Tip and Nip ran out of their kennel, and at first were dumb with wonder. What could it be? It had a head,

and it could move along the ground ; but where were its legs ? and where was its tail ? and what did it have on its back ?

Tip put out his paw, as if to strike the queer thing, but Nip, who was a coward, kept in a safe place, behind Tip, and said by his faint little bark, " Oh, don't touch it ! It may bite, you know." And Tip did not dare to touch it.

Grip looked very fiercely at the strange object, and showed all the teeth that he had ; but the strange object did not seem to be a bit afraid. If it had only run away, all three of the pups would have run after it ; but it came slowly on, and, as it drew nearer, Tip, Nip, and Grip were all panic-stricken, and ran back into the kennel.

By and by they ventured out again ; and Grip put out his paw to touch the head of the " queer thing," when, all of a sudden, the head was gone.

This was too much for Grip, Tip, and Nip. They all ran howling into the kennel, and did not come out again till no trace of the " queer thing " could be seen. And yet it was but a tortoise, and could not have hurt them ; nor could they have hurt *it*.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE BABY-BROTHER.

WELL, little baby-brother, what are you looking so wise about ? Do you think of the time when you shall be a big boy like me, and own a sled and pair of skates ? What jolly sport we shall have then !

I will be your horse and I will drag you on the sled, and you shall hold the reins and drive me. And I will teach you how to skate. And in summer we will play ball. What do you say to that, old fellow ?



Baby-brother, you pulled my hair the other day so that I cried out. You look now as if you were fixing your hands to make another grab at my head. But, baby-brother, I shall not come too near. I do not like to have my hair pulled.

There is Emma trying to study; but she thinks more of

you than she does of her book. She will never get her lesson in geography while you are by. And, baby-brother, I shall get late at school if I stay here any longer: so good-by. You are in mamma's own lap, and I think you will be quite safe there. So good-by, all! The school-bell is ringing.

IDA FAY.



MRS. BROWN SPARROW.

"MEW, mew, mew!" Such was the noise from the cellar. What was the matter?

"Oh, come, papa; do come! Kitty has a bird down cellar, — a little sparrow, — and another cat wants it!"

Bessie's papa looked out of the window, and there was a sly old puss whose mouth watered for the poor little victim in the cellar. Down, down stairs, Bessie's papa hurried, and there, against the wall of the cellar, was nestling a little brown sparrow.

"Why, you poor, poor birdie!" said papa. "Go away, kitty, naughty kitty!" He put out his hand and took up the frightened bird. "Ah, the little thing is dying," he thought. He wondered if it could possibly live.

Then he said, "I will try to save it." He took it up stairs into the blue room, — the chamber nearest the blue sky, from whose high window you can look out upon the blue water beyond the city. It may well be called a blue room. Just outside the window is a broad shelf that is called the cornice.

Here Bessie's papa made a nice little bed for Mrs. Brown Sparrow, — paper beneath, and soft linen on top. "Now, Mrs. Sparrow, you may go to bed and get well; but I

fear you will die. This is your hospital," he said. The cover of a basket made a nice roof for the hospital.

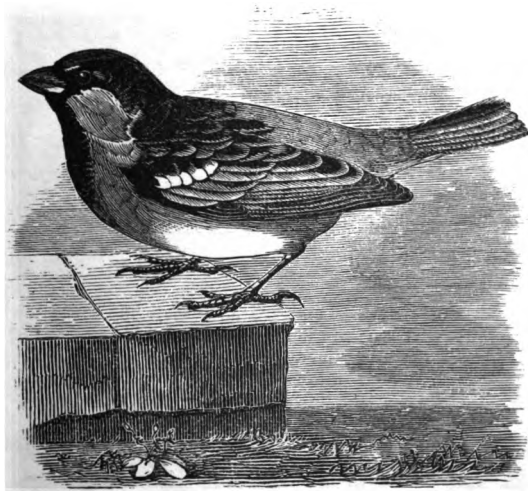
"Let me see, papa," and Bessie took a peep under the hospital-roof. The patient opened her brown eyes, as if to say, "I am doing as well as could be expected." The forenoon passed quickly away. "Chirp, chirp!"

What was that? Mrs. Brown Sparrow singing her death-song?

Bessie's papa went on writing at the table, and soon the noise came again: "Chirp, chirp!"

Why, it was Mrs. Brown Sparrow singing again. The hospital-roof was lifted, and there was the patient, fairly out of bed, and ready to begin life again. She just lifted her wings and was off. Away she scampered through the air, if birds can be said to scamper, making her wings beat merrily, and another bird joining her. Bessie and her papa stood at the window, watching it, and felt greatly pleased that they had saved the little bird's life.

E. A. R.



WINTER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Cantabile legato.

1. Earth is cris - py 'neath the tread, Hills are capp'd with
2. Streams which ran the hill - side down, Leap-ing on the

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo/mood is indicated as 'Cantabile legato'.

dazzling snow, Boys at play, the snow-balls throw:
wa - ter - wheel, Now with ice the mill-shaft, seal,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are aligned under the notes of the treble staff.

Clouds are frown-ing o - ver - head.
Si - lent 'neath its Al-pine crown.

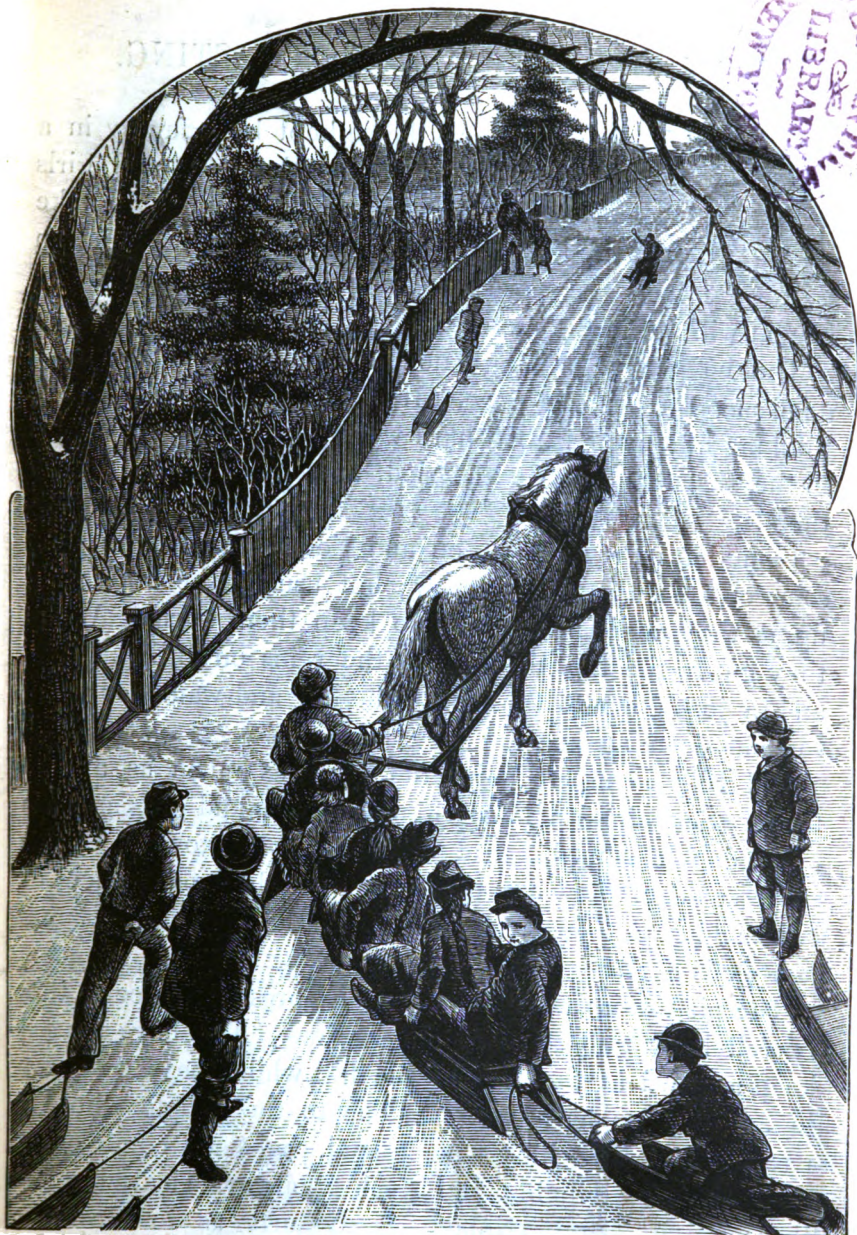
The third system includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo). The melody continues with a more expressive feel.

3

Rivers now are sheeted glass,
Where the lads their revels hold;
Heedless of the biting cold,
See the skaters as they pass!

4

And the poor, the suffering poor,
Give them fuel lest they freeze!
Help them, ye who live at ease;
Rich man, seek the poor man's door!



HOW OLD BILLY GOES COASTING.

HOW OLD BILLY GOES COASTING.



BILLY is an old gray horse kept by a family in a town near Boston. When the boys and girls go out coasting, he goes out with them to take part in the sport; that is to say, the children have the sport, and the old horse does the work, as you will see in the picture.

The boys have a long "double runner," that carries a good many of them at once. It is fine fun to coast down the long hill upon it, but hard work to drag it up again: so they harness Billy to the sled, and he drags it up for them.

Sometimes they all get on and ride up, and even take some of the single sleds in tow; but usually the boys walk up, as they need the exercise to keep them warm. When they get to the top, they throw the reins on Billy's back, and he jogs down to the foot of the hill and waits for them to come down again.

Old Billy seems to enjoy the sport as much as any of them. Sometimes a party of merry boys and girls get on the "double runner," and drive all about town. If the snow is deep, they are pretty sure to be upset once or twice; but they don't mind that, as the snow is soft and nobody is hurt.

The picture is drawn from life, and presents a scene that is well known to some of our readers. The boys always keep a guard at the foot of the hill while they are coasting, so that no harm can be done to the people who are passing by. The hill is steep and the sleds come down with great speed; but the track is always cleared when the word is given. Nobody is so surly as to stop the boys' fun.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE BOY WHO STRAYED AWAY FROM HOME.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

IN the State of Iowa, about nine miles from the city of Davenport, lives a family of the name of Scott. One day the mother, having an errand in the city, went there, and was gone all day.

Coming home in the evening she learned, to her great dismay, that her little Harry, a boy only five years old, was missing; also that the shepherd-dog Carlo, that the child used to play with, was not to be found.

The poor mother, with her husband and several of the neighbors, searched for the boy all night; and the next morning she got track of him as having been seen on the road to Davenport. At once she started again for that city.

Arriving there, she met an old man, who told her that a

strange boy, followed by a shepherd-dog, had been found straying about by a Mr. Green; and he had given them shelter in his house during the night.

"I will go and bring the child to you, if you wish it," said the old man.

Mrs. Scott thanked him kindly, and said she would wait at the house of a friend, which she pointed out, till his return.

It seems, that, the day before, having missed his mother, Harry had thought he could not do better than go to Davenport in search of her. So he started off; but Carlo, the good dog, knew he was too small a boy to be trusted alone, and so went to take care of him.

In the city the little fellow did not know where to find his mother, and soon he grew so tired that he sat down on the sidewalk and went to sleep, while Carlo kept watch over him. There Mr. Green found him and took him into his house.

Here the boy was led into a bedroom, and separated from Carlo. But the dog would not permit this. He whined and growled till they had to let him into the room, and then he stretched himself on the bed by the side of his little master, and seemed well content.

In the morning, after Harry and Carlo had eaten their breakfast, the old man who had met Mrs. Scott came and told the little boy that his mother was waiting for him. So off they started. All at once Carlo left them and rushed forward in a great state of joy.

He had seen his good mistress, Mrs. Scott, standing at the door of a house, and he ran with lightning speed to greet her. He crouched at her feet, jumped, gambolled, tried to lick her face and hands, ran back to the boy, rushed forward to her again, and seemed overjoyed at the meeting of the two.

Was not Carlo a good, faithful dog? The family will never part with him. Harry was taken back to his home; and his father and the neighbors were all glad to learn that the lost boy had been found.

LEONORA.



THE DOVE.

My dove, my white darling, say,
Where were you the whole forenoon?
Did you play under the sky so blue and bright?
Did you eat sweets in the field of pease?
Were you perching on the neighbor's roof?

Or did you bathe in the clear brook ?
Did you see the bright sun as it traversed the skies ?
My little snow-white angel, you,
Where did you then fly to ?

From the German by LEONORA.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN HOME.

THERE had been great storms, and news had come that several fishing-vessels had been lost. The little town of Mayport had been a heavy sufferer; and good Mrs. Allen was very anxious to learn that her husband was safe.

She had two children, Emma and William, and they shared in their mother's hopes and fears. Every morning, as soon as it was light, they would go down on the beach, and mount to the top of some high rock, and sit there till breakfast-time, looking out upon the ocean to see if they could catch a glimpse of their father's schooner.

But week after week passed, and they had watched in vain. Their mother fell ill, and the children began to fear they should never see their dear father again. At last a shabby old man called at the house, and said to Mrs. Allen, "I've some news for you."

"Good or bad?" asked she, looking up, while her heart beat, and the children, with pale faces, gazed anxiously on the stranger.

"Well," said he, "I reckon the news might be worse."

"Don't keep me in suspense; let me know the worst," said Mrs. Allen.

The old man took a long pinch of snuff, and said, "Why don't you cut that girl's hair? It looks like a mop." Emma blushed, and tried to smooth down her locks.



“What do I care for the girl’s hair when my husband’s fate is in doubt?” said Mrs. Allen. “Oh, tell me, sir, what has happened?”

“You’ve a snug little cottage here, ma’am,” quoth the

old man. Here the poor woman began to weep. "Now I call that ungrateful," continued he. "If your girl and boy will run down to the old pier, they will find your goodman just landing from the small boat."

"What! What's that?" cried Mrs. Allen, passing from tears to laughter, and then to singing.

Emma and William darted out of the house without saying a word.

"And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's well?"

That was the song the poor woman sang, and it ended something in this way, for it was a Scotch song:—

"For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a':
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa."

Hardly had she finished it, when into the house burst the honest fisherman, followed by the two children. Such a meeting as it was! Even the cat with her five kittens seemed delighted.

"Why, uncle Phil, what brought you here?" said Mr. Allen, after he had given his wife a dozen kisses and a good hug.

"Oh, I thought I'd just prepare her, so she shouldn't faint," said uncle Phil. "Now I must go."

"No, uncle Phil, you must stay to dinner," said the fisherman.

"That's what I hoped he would say," thought uncle Phil, with a wink of his eye.

So he staid to dinner; and didn't they all have a merry time? And didn't they laugh at uncle Phil's queer stories?

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE COOKY-TREE.

GRANDMA DAY'S house was something like a horse-car, — it had always “room for one more.” Although the number of grand-children kept increasing, there always seemed to be plenty of rooms, plenty of beds, and plenty to eat. As surely as summer came around was the old house filled with children, and many were the merry times they had.

I am going to tell you now what a queer tree they found last summer. You have seen apple-trees, and pear-trees, and peach-trees, and plum-trees; but, of all the trees you ever saw or heard of, this tree bore the most curious fruit.

Said uncle Harry at the breakfast-table, one morning, "What a fine day this would be for a trip to the woods! I should feel tempted to go if I could get any one to go with me." A chorus of voices exclaimed at once, "I'll go!" "Take me!" "Here's your passenger!"

"Well, well," said uncle Harry, "it's most too bad to make you all go." But as all the children said they "would rather go than not," and even aunt Annie said she was willing to go with them, he told them to get ready as soon as they could; and, after a scramble for hats and baskets, they were all ready and waiting when uncle Harry in the big wagon drove up to the door.

While they were crowding into the wagon, nobody noticed that grandma brought out from the pantry a large basket, which uncle Harry slyly hid under the front-seat. The wagon was so full, that Mollie, who sat in the back part, thought it was too heavy a load for old "Billy," the horse: so she held a basket and an umbrella outside all the way, thinking thereby to lighten his burden.

As they rode on, the houses grew more and more scarce, till by and by there was nothing to be seen but rocks and trees and bushes. At last uncle Harry found a good place to stop at: so he drove into a shaded lane, where he tied the horse, and helped the children to alight.

They amused themselves for some time gathering wild-flowers, ferns, and mosses, stopping now and then to chase a butterfly, or scare a squirrel out of a year's growth; but, tiring at last, they sat down under a tree, where aunt Annie with her pencil and paper had begun to take a sketch.

"Oh, dear!" said Bessie, "I wish we had brought something to eat." And then all the children, one after another, declared themselves as "hungry as bears."

"What a pity!" said uncle Harry. "Why didn't we

think to bring something to eat? But there's no help for it. I'll do the best I can for you. Come with me, and I'll show you a spring where you can get a nice drink of water." So, taking a tin pail in his hand, he led the way, with all the children following him.

All at once Freddie exclaimed, "Oh, oh, look!" and, at the same instant, every eye was directed to the most curious sight. What do you suppose it was? Why, it was a tree with cookies hanging on every limb; and what was strange, the cookies looked just like those grandma always made.

Uncle Harry began at once to pluck them off, and hand them to the children, who all agreed that the cookies tasted also "just like grandma's."

When they reached home, they all ran at once to tell the strange tale to their grandparents, who opened their eyes wider and wider, and declared, that, old as they were, they had never seen such a tree as that.

Uncle Harry winked his eye at grandma, and said he shouldn't wonder a bit if they found another some day; and I dare say they will, when summer-time finds them together again.

MRS. F. H. ALLEN.



BE HONEST AND TRUE.

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!

In all that you say
And all that you do.

If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue;

If friends you'd have many
And foes you'd have few, —

Be honest and true
In all that you say
And all that you do,

O eyes that are blue!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do
And all that you say.
At home or abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your
friends,
Or run by the way,
Be honest and true,
By night and by day,
In all that you do
And all that you say,
O eyes that are gray!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are brown!
On sincerity smile;
On falsity frown;
All goodness exalt,
All meanness put down.
As you muse by the fire,
Or roam through the town,
Remember that honor

Is manhood's chief crown,
And wear it as yours,
O eyes that are brown!

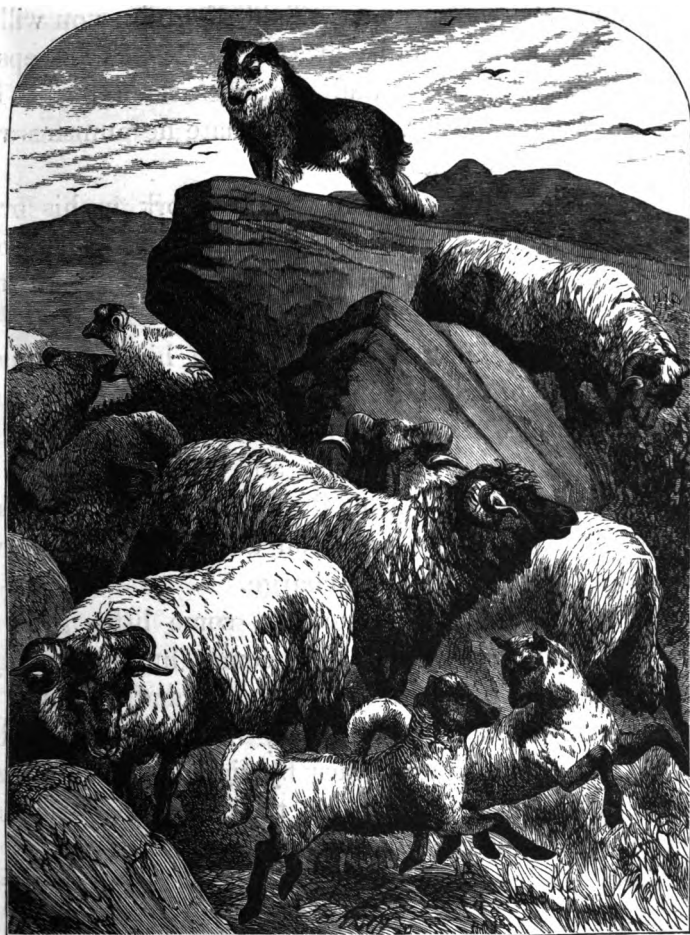
Be honest and true,
O eyes of each hue!—
Brown, black, gray, and blue,
In all that you say
And all that you do.

O eyes in which mothers
Look down with delight,
That sparkle with joy
At things good and bright,
Do never a thing
You would hide from their
sight!

Stand up for the right
Like a chivalrous knight;
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true.
Make the victory sure,
O eyes of each hue!

OLIVE A. WADSWORTH.





THE SHEPHERD-DOG.

THE shepherd-dogs of Scotland are famous for their sagacity. It is said that one of them will do more than ten men could do in driving a large flock of sheep, and keeping them in order. Indeed, the shepherds would have a very hard time of it were it not for their dogs.

If the flock are passing near a field of grain, you will see the dog lead them carefully away from it. He keeps his eye on those who trespass, and overawes them by his bark and his quick movements. The obstinate he punishes without doing any serious harm.

Does it not seem as if reason were at work in his brain? If he had not learned to know the grain from the proper pasture of the flock, how could he know it was not to be eaten?

He seems to feel all the importance of his office, and to know the habits of the sheep even better than his master. If a lamb is too weak to follow the flock, he will call the attention of his master to the fact, and then lead him to find it. Watchful and brave in his duties, he never neglects his work for play. He does not even allow sleep to prevent his taking a proper care of his charge.

Is not such an example one that some little girls and boys might profit by? The dog comes humbly to lay at his master's feet his courage, strength, and talents. He awaits his commands to put them in force. A look is enough. He learns your wishes by signs. He is all zeal, ardor, and obedience. He knows those who are friends to his master, and growls at those who are not.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE ORPHAN CUB.

IN a forest in Italy lived a bear-cub, whose mother had just died. He was very lonesome, and found it hard to supply himself with food. Four little children had to pass through this forest daily on their way to school, — three boys and one girl.



One pleasant morning they came along with their slates and books, singing merrily, when suddenly the young bear came out from the bushes.

With the cry of "A bear, a bear!" the children turned to run. One went one way, another went another way, and they kept stumbling over rocks and stumps. At last they reached home, more frightened than hurt.

They told the people of their adventure, and their father, with two or three other men, went out to hunt the bear. They found him, and brought him home captive. From that day forth he was the children's constant playmate.

Tony, as they called him, was very playful, and they had lots of fun with him, though he was sometimes rather mischievous, and played tricks upon them.

He used to sleep under the children's bed. One day the father killed a kid, and brought it home; and put it in a covered dish on the table. In the night, while every one

was asleep, Tony crept from under the bed, climbed up on the table, knocked the cover off of the dish, and began to devour this dainty dish at his leisure.

When he had finished it, he crept back again to his bed, and went to sleep, just as if he had nothing to trouble his conscience. In the morning great was the hue and cry when the folks awoke, and found their dinner gone. After that, Tony was made to sleep in the stable.

He did not like this, and at meal-times, when he heard the children coming with his food, he would run and hide; and sometimes they would have to look for him a long time before they could find him. At last the children got used to this trick, and would lay his food down and go away.

Tony would then come forth from his hiding-place. But one day the children watched and watched, and still no Tony came out, and they ran for their father to help them find him; but, when he entered the barn with them, there was Tony eating his dinner, and looking as though he had played them a nice trick.

EMMA RAY.



CHICK-A-DEE'S SONG.

CHICK-A-DEE-DEE-DEE !

It is wonderful to see
How the snowflakes never rest
Till they fill each last year's nest.

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee !
Winter's warm enough for me ;
Other birds can hardly know
The fun of flying through the
snow.

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee !

God provides for such as we,
Berries wait upon the stem
Till we come to gather them.

Though the storm is often rough,
We have always found enough ;
Sometimes there's a shower of
crumbs,
When the chick-a-dee-dee comes !

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



DRAWING-LESSON.

OLD PRINCE.

WHEN I was a little girl I lived on a farm in Ohio, with my uncle Jo. One summer, uncle Jo started "out West," to see his brother in Illinois. The prairie State seemed a great way off then, and it seemed as if uncle Jo was going out of the world, when, with tears in our eyes, we all bade him, "Good-by."

In a few days a letter came. Uncle Jo had arrived safely at Rock Island, and had been out a few miles into the country. In his letter he said he did not think that we could guess what he was going to bring home; but that if each of us would guess some object, and name it in a letter to him, the one who guessed right should have a half-interest in it. "It was something very choice," he said, — so choice, that he would have to bring it home all the way in a buggy or on horseback.

What could it be? Uncle Jo said it "grew" in Illinois; but whether it was bird, beast, fish, or flower, he would give us never a hint.

Papa guessed it might be a prairie-wolf, as uncle Jo was always trying to capture and tame wild animals. Mamma said she thought it was more likely to be a prairie-dog. Cousin Ellen said it must be some one of the prairie-flowers that uncle Jo had described as so varied and beautiful.

Little Jo guessed it was nothing but a bushel of corn; for uncle Jo had nearly gone wild over the vast fields of corn that he had seen in the West. And Matt, the daintiest darling of all, said she thought it must be a little prairie-chicken in a cage. The letter, with all their guesses in it, was sealed up and sent to uncle Jo, and we waited with great anxiety for the day of his return.

In about two weeks the long-looked-for day came. Uncle

Jo had written to us at different places on the road, and we knew about what time he might be seen coming over the hill. Little Jo and Maud kept picket-guard on the gate-post, and now and then Ellen ran out to see for herself; while mamma and papa, just as anxious as the little ones, peered from the west window often as the sun began to cast long shadows under the trees in the door-yard.



At last, over the brow of the hill came a carriage, and its occupant leaned out and waved a white handkerchief. We all knew it was uncle Jo. Little Jo and Maud leaped from the gate-post, and ran to get into the carriage with him. Mamma and papa and cousin Ellen acted like three children as they hurried to the big gate, and held it open for him to drive into the yard.

Who wouldn't be happy with such a welcome? Uncle Jo seemed very happy; and, after the greetings were over,

the children began to hunt around in the carriage for the wonderful thing he had travelled so far in a carriage to bring. But they searched in vain, for they only found his lunch-basket and valise ; and, unable to stand it any longer, little Jo burst out, with a tearful eye and quivering lip : —

“ You told a story, you did ; you said you were going to bring home something, and you didn’t do it, now ! ”

Little Jo hadn’t noticed papa and uncle Jo standing apart, with the large and beautiful horse who was now unharnessed, and freely cropping the grass in the yard. They hadn’t noticed his glossy sides, and large bright eyes, and flowing mane ; but when uncle Jo put both the children on his back at once, and led him around, and told them *that* was their present, and showed them how gentle and kind the beautiful creature was, they laughed through their tears, and declared it the nicest and grandest thing they had ever even dreamed about.

This was a great many years ago. Prince was young and strong and fleet then, — a true “ son of the prairie.” He is old now, but noble still. I intended to tell you some of his pranks and capers ; but it will make this chapter too long. If you will look sharp, you may in a future number read something more about “ Old Prince.”

MRS. C. M. FAIRCHILD.



LILIES GREAT AND SMALL.

THE dear little lilies of the valley ! who does not love them when they come peeping out of the ground in early spring, — first the green leaf, then the bud, and then the little white bell-like flower, filling the air all around with its fragrance ?



But besides these there are many other lilies, — the pure white pond-lilies which grow in ponds, and have such a sweet, delicious odor, like that of new-mown hay ; the calla-lilies, of which, perhaps, your mother has one at her window ; if so, you must well know how beautiful the flowers are.

I once saw a very large calla-lily plant : it had five blossoms and three buds. And then, near it, I saw the bright orange-red tiger-lily, and ever so many more. Here is a picture of a lily. Can you guess to what class it belongs ?

When in bloom, the lily attracts a great many bees, butterflies, and humming-birds, that come for its sweet honey. Sometimes a very nice perfume is made from lilies, especially from the pond-lily. They are also used in making certain kinds of medicine; but I fear it must be very bitter, even when the lilies themselves are sweet. I hope we shall never have to take any.

LEONORA.



"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THERE is an emperor in our house, — Emperor Frank the First. He rules us all, but not exactly with a rod of iron. We must get up in the morning at just the hour that his Imperial Highness chooses. We must not read or write without his gracious consent.

Emperor Frank is not yet quite a year and a half old, and, if he goes on in this way, what will he be when he is twenty-one? The worst of it is, that he rules us with smiles. If he would only be cross and frown, we might rebel, and say, "No, your Imperial Highness, we will not get down on our knees and be made a beast of burden of, so that you may have a ride."

But, the minute we make a speech like that, Emperor Frank will laugh and crow, and clap his hands, till down on our knees we have to go. Sometimes when we are trying hard to read the newspaper, Emperor Frank will make known his wish to be taken up in our arms. "No, your Imperial Highness, I am busy," says papa: "I want to read the news."

Then the emperor will reach out his hands, and give papa



such a sweet smile, that the poor man has to throw down his newspaper, and cry out, "Come here, you darling!"

What can we do with such a tyrant? "Mother," said papa, "is it not time for Emperor Frank to go to bed?" — "Yes, it is quite time," said mamma. "Then take him off."

But, as the emperor bent over from mother's arms to kiss papa for good-night, the little tyrant gave a look so sweet

and good-natured, that papa held him by the arm, and would not let him go for some minutes. "Oh, this will never do," at last said papa; "take him off."

So mamma took Emperor Frank off smiling to bed. Surely we must raise a rebellion. It will never do to be tyrannized over in this way, — to be ruled by smiles. And yet I fear it would break our hearts to miss our emperor's smiling face.

PAPA FRANK.



BESSIE AND POP AT THEIR STUDIES.

OUR cat Pop is very shy. She will let no one touch her but Bessie. And who is Bessie? She is a dear little girl not five years old.

When she takes her bound volume of "The Nursery," sits down on the floor, and begins to turn over the leaves, it is a funny sight to see Pop run up and sit down by her side, as if to join her in looking at the pictures.

Sometimes Pop will try to turn over a leaf herself, and then Bessie will help her to do it. Bessie is so gentle, and her touch is so soft, that the shy old cat is always ready for a frolic with her, and never runs when she stoops down to pet her.

At one time Pop had a bad habit of killing birds. Bessie talked to her about it, and told her how very naughty she was. But I fear that Pop did not quite understand what she said; for the next day Pop tried to catch a robin. Patrick, the coachman, saw her in the act, and emptied a pail of cold water on her back.

Poor Pop! How she did scamper, and shake the drops from her wet fur! Since that time she has let the birds



alone, and now Bessie likes her better than ever ; for Bessie is fond of the birds, and loves to hear them sing.

The likenesses of Bessie and Pop in the picture are very good ; but I think that Bessie's is the better of the two. She is a sweet little girl, and likes to play as well as she likes to read.

IDA FAY.

WHO ARE THEY ?

A BLUSTERING fellow goes prowling about ;
He tosses the snow with a scuffle and shout,
And pinches the toes,
The ears, and the nose,
Of each little darling, wherever he goes.

He rattles the shutters, and bangs at the door;
He dashes the thundering waves on the shore;
 And whistles with glee
 To sailors at sea,
And laughs down the chimney, "Ho, ho!" and "He, he!"

The timid birds hear him, and hide their wee heads;
The mooly-cows shiver in barns and in sheds;
 And sweet flowers say,
 " At home we will stay
Till this noisy fellow keeps out of the way."

A bright little maiden is soon on his track,
And gently, though firmly, she orders him back.
 Oh, fair she appears
 In smiles and in tears!
She calls to the flowers, " Come up, pretty dears !"

The birds hear her voice, and they twitter with glee;
And pink little buds peep, the bright sky to see;
 The grass twinkles out,
 And lambs skip about,
And, oh! the glad children so merrily shout !

Now, who is this blustering chap — can you tell?
And who is this maiden who robes hill and dell,
 Whose whisper, so arch,
 Wakes oak-tree and larch? —
Why, she is Miss April; and he, Master March!



My own little darling is this,
But too sleepy to smile for a kiss.
To Drowsy-land he's on the way;
Good-by, little baby! Day-day!

OUR LITTLE HOME.

SEE the little wren. She makes her nest in some hedge, or in the clefts of old apple-trees. She enters it by a small hole at the side. She lays from seven to ten very small eggs; whitish in color and speckled with red dots.

The wren feeds on insects and worms, and is not afraid to come quite near to the homes of men. Like the robin, the wren will begin to sing gayly even before the warm weather of Spring is near.

Do not let the old cat hurt the birds, for it is pleasant to have them about one's house,



and to hear them sing. How merry they seem on a pleasant Spring morning!

A. B. C.

ARTISTS' WANDERINGS.

I SUPPOSE many of the little readers of "The Nursery" who live in or about Boston have been in to see the paintings at the picture-stores. I wonder if they ever thought how the artists, who painted these pictures wander about during the summer months, making sketches from which to paint during the winter.

These wanderings bring the artists into some strange and beautiful places as well as some very wild ones. Only about sixty miles from the city of Columbus, in the edge of Knox County, Ohio, there is as wild a country as one can imagine. The beautiful Mohican River, clear and shallow as a mountain-brook, winds around between hills, almost perpendicular (which you know means straight up and down), and so high, that if you could pile four or five of the highest stores on each other, and then get on top of the pile, you would not be so high as the tops of these hills.

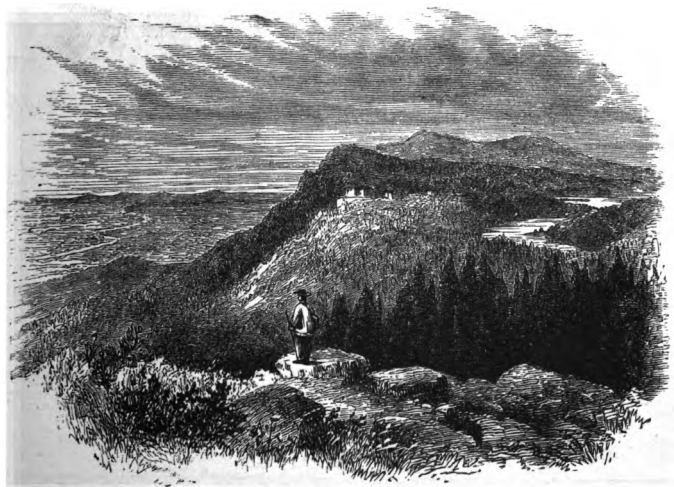
When I was there last summer, I stopped at the house of an old farmer who was born right there sixty-nine years ago. He is a good old man, and I know you would like to hear him tell stories of his young days, when Indians were his friends and neighbors. The river makes a big ox-bow bend right where his farm lies; and just across the river is the place where the Indians had their lodges, while close by is the old Indian "lookout," on the top of Alum Rocks, about as high as the dome of the State House in Boston.

The old man took me over there in a log-canoe; and as we drifted down the swift running stream, he stood in the bow with a "gig," or fish-spear, and every few minutes, *whiz!* he would drive it into the water, and every time would bring up a fish, and knock it off into the canoe.

He loved to talk of those days when the Indians lived there, and he showed me the trees which had fifty years ago formed the door-posts of their lodges. There, too, was a portion of their hominy-block, where they used to pound their corn. If you could see the place, you would say they certainly had a good place for a camp, because, from their lookout, they could see the deer as they came into the valley, for miles both up and down.

You would think it very wild there yet; for all along, in the soft mud and sand by the river, you could see the fresh tracks of foxes and coons; and the morning I came away from there, a flock of wild turkeys flew down off the high hills, and went to eating corn below the barn. If you would like to hear from me again, I will tell you more about this and other places, and some queer stories about coons, and what they do.

UNCLE JAY.

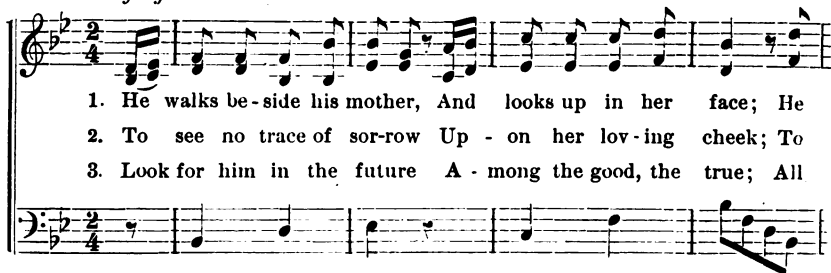


THE LITTLE CAVALIER.

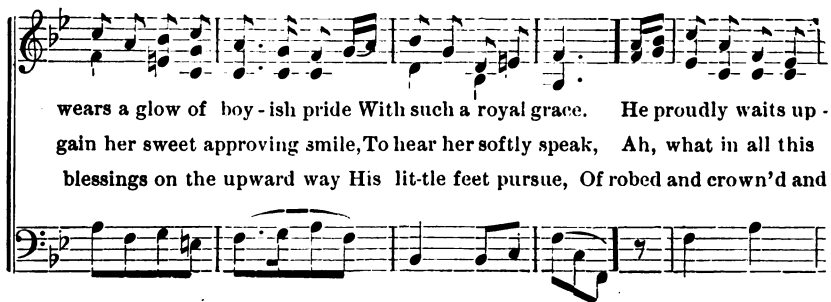
Words by GEO. COOPER.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

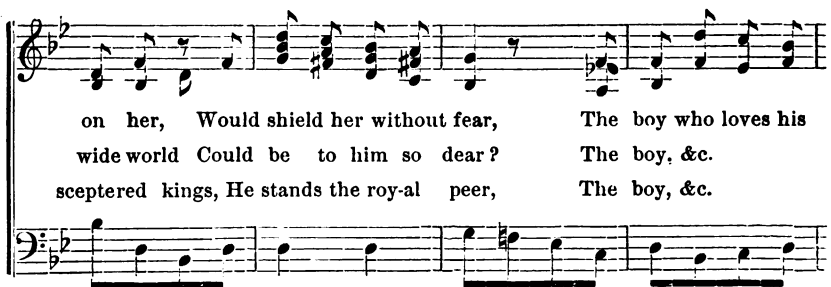
Cheerfully.



1. He walks be-side his mother, And looks up in her face; He
 2. To see no trace of sor-row Up - on her lov-ing cheek; To
 3. Look for him in the future A - mong the good, the true; All



wears a glow of boy-ish pride With such a royal grace. He proudly waits up -
 gain her sweet approving smile, To hear her softly speak, Ah, what in all this
 blessings on the upward way His lit-tle feet pursue, Of robed and crown'd and



on her, Would shield her without fear, The boy who loves his
 wide world Could be to him so dear? The boy, &c.
 sceptered kings, He stands the roy-al peer, The boy, &c.



mother well, The little ca-valier.



ISN'T IT COLD?

ISN'T IT COLD?



“HEY call this thing a warming-pan,” said Frank as he stopped short in his tramp over the snow, put down his basket, and began breathing on his fingers to warm them. “If it is a warming-pan, I wish it would give out some heat for my poor fingers.”

Frank had never seen a warming-pan before ; and perhaps many of my young readers have never seen one. But when I was a child, some sixty years ago, almost every family had its warming-pan. Life without a warming-pan was thought to be a doubtful blessing.

You see what it is, — a sort of big brass basin with a lid to cover it, and a long wooden handle. Into this basin, on a cold winter night, my mother would drop a few live coals from the hard-wood fire on the kitchen-hearth ; then she would close the lid, and, going up into my little sleeping-room, would warm my bed for me nicely by drawing the pan up and down over the sheets.

A merry time it used to be for us children when it was cold enough to have our beds warmed. What delight to jump in between the sheets, and not to have to shiver as we stretched out our legs ! The old warming-pan shall not pass away without at least one honest sigh for it from uncle Charles.

But what has become of poor Frank all this time ? We left him standing there in the cold, and breathing on his fingers. Soon he took up his basket, and trudged on over the snow. A warming-pan, and a basket of old bottles, nails, clothes-pins, and other trumpery, had been given to his mother, and he had been sent to bring them home.

When his mother saw him at the door she said, “You

dear little half-frozen fellow! you shall have your bed well warmed to-night to pay you for this." And so, when bed-time came, Frank learned for the first time the use of a warming-pan; and he cried out, as he settled himself down between the sheets, "Isn't this jolly? Hurrah for the warming-pan!"

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE POLLIWOG'S DREAM.

THE little minnows went swimming about,
Now darting in, and now darting out,
While a baby-frog sat up on a shelf,
Winking and blinking, and sunning himself.

Down in the water, a polliwog
Floated along like a bit of a log,
Till all of a sudden, with flash and gleam,
It seemed to wake from an ugly dream.

"Polliwog, polliwog! wait a bit,
And don't go off in a crazy fit,
But tell me truly — I'd like to know —
What dreams you have that trouble you so."

"Well, if you must know," said the polliwog,
"I dream quite often that I'm a frog,
And I feel my fingers and toes begin
To poke their way through my ugly skin."

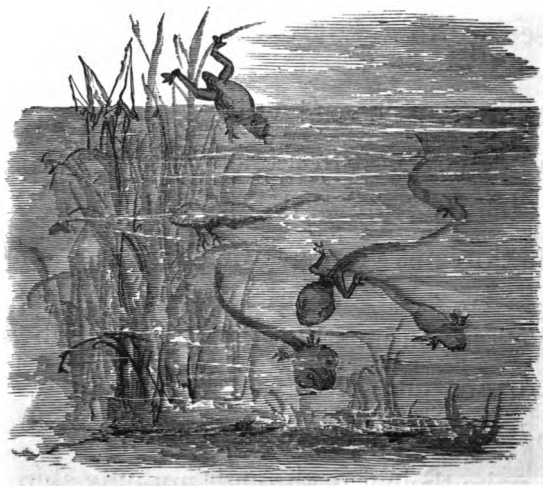
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“ But I wake with a sudden start, to find
The same long tail stretching out behind,
And the same short-waisted jacket, I know,
That I ought to have thrown off long ago.”

Next day I stood by the pretty tank,
And watched the fishes that rose and sank,
And was startled at seeing another frog,
And not a sign of a polliwog.

How did it happen? When and where
Did he hide the clothes that he used to wear?
The froggies look wise as if they knew
Just how the polliwog's dream came true.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





MY KITTENS MEEK AND SLEEK.

SLEEK is two months older than **Meek**, and is a very playful kit. **Meek** is only six weeks old, and is much more gentle than **Sleek**. I have put a ribbon around **Sleek's** neck, and she seems to be quite proud of it.

Sleek had one bad habit; but I think I have cured her of it. I will tell you how it was. Whenever I brought a dish of milk for the two kittens, **Sleek** would rush at it, put her forefeet in, and lap it up so fast, that poor little **Meek** could hardly get a chance to taste it.

I scolded **Sleek**, and tried to drive her off with the spoon; but still she was greedy. At last I shut her up in a dark closet every time she tried to keep **Meek** from lapping the

milk first. After I had done this five times, Mistress Sleek began to see what I wanted. She is now a reformed kitten, and would grace the best society.

It is quite funny to see her when I put down the milk for Meek. Instead of rushing to put her paws in the milk, as she used to do, Sleek now sits down quietly at the side of the dish, as if it was no concern of hers that milk had been got for her.

She waits till I say, "Now, Sleek;" and then, like a polite, well-bred kitten, she puts her mouth down gently to the dish and begins to lap. She never puts her paws in, and never tries to drive Meek off. See what good training will do! I think I have reason to be proud of my two kittens.

MABEL GARDNER.



WHAT IS THE STORY?

How much I would give to know what papa is reading to those two little girls seated in his lap! What is the book he has in his hand? I think I can guess what it is. But on what page is it open? I think I can guess that too; for the book seems to be open at the middle. Then this must be the story he is reading: —

Mary, Ruth, and Jane, three little sisters, thought they would try to make up a story by each writing just one line, or less than a line, on a slate; and this is the way it turned out, —

Mary. — Once there was a boy who fell down stairs —

Ruth. — And thought he had broken his leg so badly, —

Jane. — That they sent off at once for the calf to set it.

Mary. — The calf did not know much; but he thought —

Ruth. — He knew enough to mend a broken leg; and so, —

Jane. — Calling the pig and the lame goose to help him, —



Mary. — He set out, but had not got farther than the pond —

Ruth. — When a savage dog —

Fane. — Sprang at his neck, —

Mary. — Missed it, and fell into the pond.

Ruth. — “A miss is as good —

Fane. — As a mile,” said the calf : so on they went —

Mary. — Till they came to the house —

Ruth. — Where the poor boy with the broken leg —

Fane. — Was dancing a hornpipe.

Mary. — “This will never do,” said Dr. Calf ; “let him —

Ruth. — Stop that, and keep still while I and my friends here —

Fane. — Saw off his leg with a shingle.”

Mary. — “You clear out !” said the boy.

Ruth. — “But I want my fee,” said the calf.

Fane. — “And I want mine too,” grunted the pig.

Mary. — “And I sha’n’t go till I get mine,” hissed the goose.

Ruth. — But just then —

• *Jane.* — The dinner-bell rang, —

Mary. — And the calf, the pig, and the lame duck, —

Ruth. — Were so frightened —

Jane. — That they ran off to the barn-yard, —

Mary. — And hid themselves under an old cart.

“What a queer story!” said one of the little girls to her papa. “Yes, it is what we call a nonsense story,” said he. “The fun of it lies in the fact that the little girls wrote down right off the first thing that came into their heads.”

IDA FAY.



FINDING THE BUMPS.

Now tell me, my own baby-sister,
What bumps do you find on my head?
You’ve felt it all over so wisely,
With your little soft fingers outspread!

In my brain do you find any music?
Am I good at a tune or a glee?
Or is it your private opinion
I never a singer shall be?

Can I fight? Can I cipher? Oh, tell me!
Am I fit for the pulpit, the bar?
Will it be my desire to travel
From you and my dear ones afar?

Now say, little sister: you’ve studied
The bumps right and left, up and down:



Do they bid me be painter, or poet?
Was I born for a deacon? a clown?

Oh, stop there, you strong little baby!
To play such a trick is not fair:
Do you think, little maid, I've no feeling?
Oh! how she is pulling my hair!

EMILY CARTER.

THAT DONKEY.

A REAL INCIDENT.

AT my friend Mrs. Brown's on Brady Street there is a household of boys and girls. The two youngest are twins, about four years old. They have an elder brother, Tom.

One day last autumn Tom was standing at the gate when an emigrant-wagon came in sight, and lagging on behind it was a big boy with a donkey. Such a wretched looking little beast as it was! — so thin and so shaky! It seemed as if it could not move a step farther.

The more the boy whipped him, the more the donkey kept still. At last, turning to Tom Brown, the big boy said, "Look here, fellow, you may have this fine, brisk donkey for fifty cents. You'll never have another such bargain offered you."

The idea of getting a live donkey for fifty cents was almost too much for Tom. "Wait a minute!" he cried; and then, rushing into the house, exclaimed, "O mother, give me fifty cents, and ask no questions. O mother, do! I can't tell you what it is for, but do give it to me quick!"

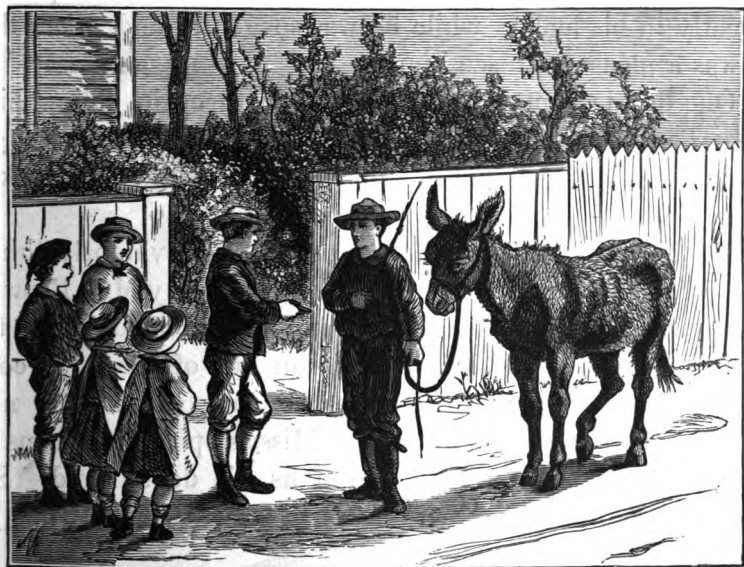
Mrs. Brown handed him the money; but, as he ran off with it, she followed to see what was going on. At the gate she saw the donkey, and the big boy panting with the effort of beating him, and learned that Tom wanted the money to buy the poor beast.

Mrs. Brown interposed. "It will never do, Tom," said she. "That donkey is nothing but skin and bones and bruises. He will die before morning, and then you will have a dead donkey on your hands. Give me back the money."

Sadly Tom gave it back, though his lip quivered, and a tear came to his eye; for he felt great pity for the poor

beaten beast. Turning to the big boy, he said, "You see I must give it up : my mother has taken back the money."

The big boy scratched his head a moment, as if in doubt ; then he made another effort to urge on the donkey ; but it was in vain, and he said, "Look here, fellow ! I'm bound to have a trade of some sort. Just look at that beast ! Is it speed, you want ? Look at those legs ! Is it beauty,



you want ? Look at those ribs ! Fellow, do you own such a thing as a jack-knife ? "

"Yes, a first-rate one. Here it is," said Tom.

"Well, I'll not be hard on you," said the big boy. "You may have the donkey for the jack-knife."

Quick as a flash Tom handed him the jack-knife, and the big boy placed the rope that held the donkey in his hands.

Mrs. Brown looked from her window, and there, to her dismay, was the poor donkey limping into the yard, followed

by a troop of shouting boys. He had been beaten so badly that I think he must have been very glad at this change of masters.

"Oh, what an addition to the family!" thought Mrs. Brown; but she was an indulgent mother, and so made the best of it.

The poor beast was well housed and fed, and rubbed down. In two months he had grown fat, and had improved greatly in his looks; while he was so gentle and good, that it was a pleasure to see him.

One day last month the twins took turns in riding him, and Tom never had to use the whip to make him go. Sometimes a boy would get on his back, while the donkey drew one of the children on a sled.

He is now a very useful donkey. He evidently thinks he did a very bright thing in refusing to go by Mrs. Brown's gate. He has fallen into good and tender hands; and the boys and girls all have a deal of fun out of him. It costs but a trifle to feed him; and Ned, as they call him, is now the happiest donkey west of the Mississippi. He seems to regard each one of the children as his dear friend. See how love wins love.

AUNT AMELIA.





A WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

LOUIE and her brothers enjoyed their life in the country so much that they were not ready to go back to their city home when summer was over, but begged to be allowed to stay with farmer Brown. Their mother objected at first; but their father said, "Let them stay if they are well and happy. I warrant they will be glad enough to come home long before the ground freezes." The result was that they staid.

They had glorious fun all through the autumn. But there came a day when the clouds hid the sunshine from the earth, and rain fell in torrents. The family gathered around the table in the sitting-room, reading stories, and

playing games, to pass away the time. Louie slipped up to her own room to write a letter. It began as follows:—

“Darling mamma, I feel ready to cry, but am keeping up on account of the boys. It is *so* dreary, and the rain makes *such* a noise on the roof! does it always seem like this in the country? But we *have* had nice times, getting nuts, and, oh! ever so many things,—I can’t remember them all now,—and it is real nice here. But, mamma dear, if I could *only* be at home to-day, and get in your lap just a minute, and have papa call me ‘his girl,’ and kiss me—oh, I believe I’m going to cry”—

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Ned’s curly head thrust in. “Lou, don’t stay up here. Mrs. Brown has a kettle of molasses boiling into candy, and we’re picking out the nuts. Come along.”

Then he went clattering down stairs, whistling cheerily. Louie dried her tears, and followed to the kitchen, where Will stood over the fire with a long wooden spoon, and Jamie close at his elbow, coaxing for a taste. Louie’s homesickness vanished at once, and she was soon pulling out sticky rolls with Tommy; and such looking hands and faces as they had you never did see.

On Christmas morning the frost was thick on the windows, and Louie could not bear to step out of bed on the cold floor; and, as she touched her fingers to the ice in the pitcher, she could not help thinking of her cosy room in the city, and of the warm water always ready to flow into the marble wash-basin.

But she wanted to be a hardy little plant, and, dressing briskly, was soon down stairs, and watching the opening of a great box from home, which farmer Brown had just brought from the railroad-station. The good man had driven a mile before breakfast to get it, and his face was beaming with delight as he watched the merriment of the little folks.

“O Willie! that train of cars is mine, and I’ll let you all play with it!” screamed Jamie. “Hallo! I say, won’t we have jolly trips on the hill with these sleds! Hurrah for rapid transit!” And with a great bang Ned came flat on the floor with his sled, tipping over every thing that chanced to be in his way.

The Christmas days passed, and soon after Mrs. Leslie came up to the country to take her children home. Louie was quite ready to go, but Ned felt so badly about going, that Louie had to play checkers with him to cheer him up. All the boys wanted to stay longer. No promise of city pleasures, not even of dancing-school and concerts, could lighten their woe at the thought of leaving the dear old farmhouse, where they had cracked nuts and jokes around the blazing log, and nearly frozen their little noses running around in the snow.

Tommy Brown was winking pretty hard too, at the thought of being left all alone, when Mrs. Leslie gave his brown cheeks a kiss, and said, “You dear boy, we are going to take you with us.”

And one fine morning the steam-cars whisked them all away. And when their papa saw the bright eyes and plump forms of the children, he said they were sensible little folks to prefer the country to the city.

C. A. N.

THE RABBITS.

Run, little rabbits, homeward run!
For Ralph is out with dog and gun,
And, by your footprints in the snow,
Will track you, wheresoe’er you go;

And, if he spies you in the brush,
Upon you then his dog will rush ;
Or he, with gun now charged with shot,
May shoot you dead upon the spot.

Run, little rabbits, swiftly run !
And hasten home ere set of sun :
Your children all are looking out,
And wondering what you are about
To stay away from home so long,
Playing the forest-trees among :
Their ears they raise, the dog they hear,
Filling their little hearts with fear.

Run, little rabbits, danger flee !
Don't stop to face your enemy,
Lest Ralph and dog, now close behind,
Your peaceful home too soon may find ;
For they can track you in the snow,
Can track you, wheresoe'er you go.
Then scamper home, and close your door,
And then they cannot track you more.

RUTH B.





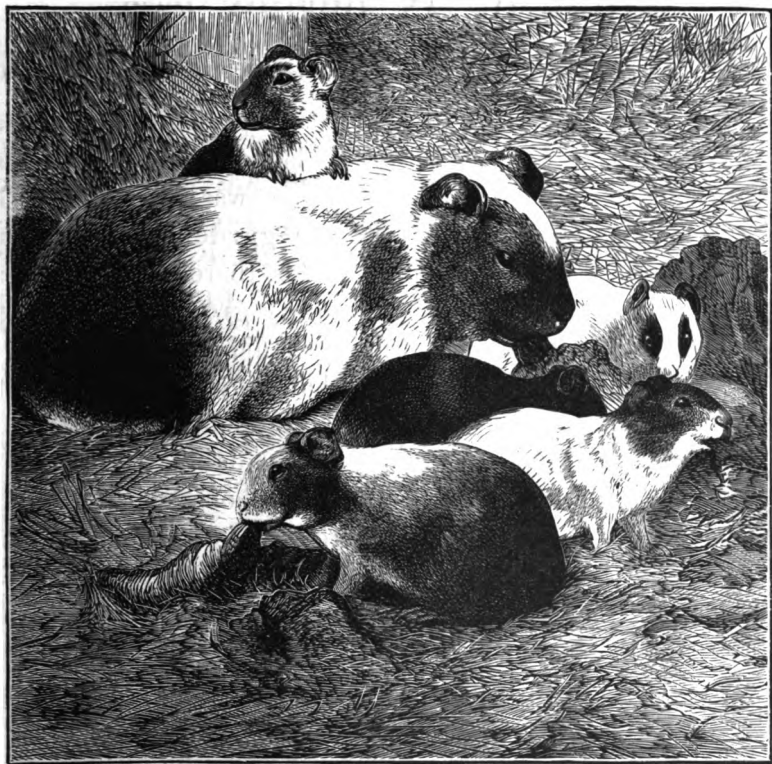
DRAWING-LESSON.

THE GUINEA-PIG.

THE guinea-pig is a queer little animal, about ten inches long. Its color is sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes fawn-colored. It should be fed on grain and bran.

If you keep guinea-pigs as pets, you should take care to give them a warm, dry place to live in; for they are quite tender. Some farmers think that rats will not come where guinea-pigs are kept, but I cannot say that this is true.

I hope, if you keep birds, or pets of any kind, you will take care not to forget to feed them. I have known boys and girls to let poor little birds starve by



failing to keep them in food and water. If you have a pet be sure to take good care of it.

The guinea-pig is not a native of Guinea, as you might think from its name; but it comes from Brazil.

A. B. C.

STORY OF AN OREGON CAT.



WHEN we lived in the country, years ago, we had a large gray cat, whose name was Tittlebat. In the gardens and grain-fields there were a great many ground squirrels: they did so much damage, that we were very glad to have them killed.

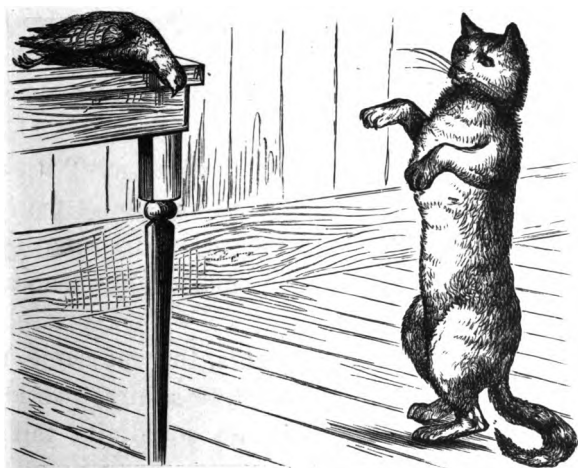
One day Tittlebat came to the house with a squirrel in his mouth; and his master, of whom he was very fond, praised him for killing it. A short time after this, the cat came marching in at the front-door, bringing another squirrel, so large, that when he held it up as high as he could, its tail dragged along the ground. He showed by the way he walked that he was very proud of his capture, which had evidently cost him a hard fight; for his head was hurt in several places.

Tittlebat was very high-spirited. He could not bear to be scolded. If he was driven out of the house, he would often go away and stay in the woods for a week at a time.

One day a man who lived with us brought in some grouse that he had killed, and laid them on the kitchen-table. Soon after, on going into the kitchen, he found Tittlebat on the table, eating the birds. The man shouted, and made a great noise to scare the cat, who jumped down, and ran off to the woods, where he staid several days.

He came back, as usual, after a while; and one day the man again brought in some grouse, and put them on the table as before. I was in the sitting-room, and, hearing a little noise in the kitchen, I went to the door, which stood ajar, and peeped through to see what was going on.

There stood Tittlebat, erect on his hind-legs, six feet or more from the table, with his nose stretched out towards it,



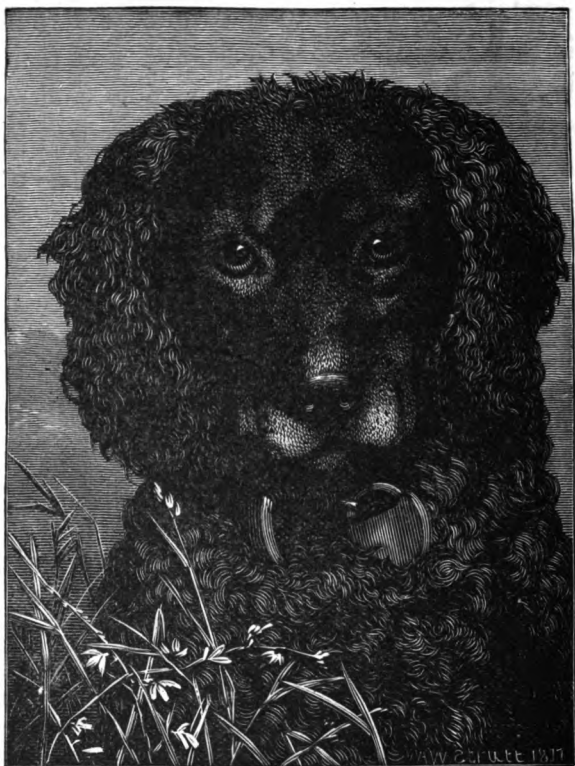
and such a wistful, longing look on his face, that I could not help laughing right out.

When he heard me, he dropped as though he had been shot, streaked out of the door, and was off to the woods for another week or so. Don't you think this cat had a tender conscience?

But alas for poor Tittlebat! He strayed away too far one time, and was probably killed by a cayote (a little wolf very common here), as we found his remains on a hill a mile from our house, after having missed him two or three months.

BELLE W. COOK.

SALEM, OREGON.



THE SMARTEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

I HAVE a dog called Guard, a spaniel, who, my little ones say, is "the smartest dog in the world." I think the readers of "The Nursery" will say so too when they read this story, which I can vouch for as every word true, strange as it may seem.

One day last month, as I was overseeing the manufacture of some ropes, I had the misfortune to have my foot and ankle badly hurt, — so badly indeed, that I sent for a carriage, and drove at once to a doctor's office. Guard followed

me, and stood watching the doctor with great interest while he dressed and bound up the foot. For a week after this I went every day to the doctor and had my foot re-banded, Guard always going with me.

Some days after my foot was quite well, the doctor was surprised, one morning, at seeing Guard walk into the office alone, holding up one of his paws. On looking at the paw, the doctor found a nail in it, which he took out; then he tied up the paw, and the dog limped away. But the next day he came again, and had his foot tied up as before. He did the same thing every day for a week, just as I had done.

Now, my little readers, if you do not think Guard the smartest, perhaps you will think him the handsomest, dog in the world, when you look at his picture, which you will see at the head of this story.

GUARD'S MASTER.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD.

ONCE, walking in a forest wide,
Two little darlings I espied.
The leaves had not begun to grow,
And chill winds wandered to and fro;
Yet strange! beside a giant tree
No sweeter faces could there be
Than those that looked up timidly,
With teardrops in their deep blue eyes,
While I looked down with glad surprise.



I thought of those two children sweet
Whose story little folks repeat, —
The poor, forlorn babes in the wood, —
And then I spoke in kindly mood:
“ Dear little darlings ! oh, how fair,
All, all alone in this cold air !
The night may bring us snow and frost :
Tell me, my pretties, are you lost ? ”
They seemed to nestle closer then,
And, though I gently spoke again,
They gave no answer to my words,
But were as mute as songless birds.

I bore them homeward tenderly,
And called my little ones to see
The pretty darlings I had found.
Oh ! how the merry shouts rang round !
Perhaps you may have guessed my pets ? —
They were the first spring violets.

GEORGE COOPER.





THE DOG AND THE CHICKS.

OUR Rover is such a wise dog, that he knows he must guard all the chicks and birds about the house. If he sees the old cat go after a bird, he runs at her and barks till he drives her off.

The hens all like him ever since he drove away a strange dog that had tried to kill a little chick.

Once some little chicks lost their mother, and Rover was told that he must take care of them. This he did as if he loved the task. Susan would go out three times a day and feed the chicks, and when it was bedtime Rover would lie down by their side, and watch them.

Some dogs are much more sensible and loving than others, and I think I never saw one quite so good as our Rover.

JULIA MORRIS.



You've heard about little Miss Muffett, —
The maiden who sat on a tuffet,
Who was frightened away from her curds and whey
By a spider who came to snuff it ?

Well, she was a sweet little midget ;
She wasn't set all in a fidget
By having to stay two minutes from play
To pick up the dishes for Bridget.

She was ready, and handy, and nimble,
With scissors and needle and thimble ;
And always so true, the very maid knew
“ Miss Muffet could never dissemble.”

She read from her own little primer
To grandma, whose eyes had got dimmer ;
And tripped with a laugh to bring her her staff,
For a walk in the sunny noon-shimmer.

The pet of the school and the teacher,
At play there was none who could reach her ;
But, once in the house, she was still as a mouse,
And recited as glib as a preacher.

Coming in from her work or her races,
She hung up her things in their places ;
The mud of the street was put off from her feet,
And the carpet knew none of its traces.

She trained up her dolly so wisely,
It would do as she bade it, precisely,
And to show it the way, at her work or her play
She served her own mother as nicely.

To the finch and the wren in the thicket,
The squirrel, the toad, and the cricket,
She'd chatter and laugh ; and the clumsy red calf,
When she offered a finger, would lick it.

But ah! just one grace was denied her,
She would never show love to a spider:
She even would broom the wretch from the room,
To spin in a world that is wider.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

MARY'S EXPERIMENT.

MARY is a little girl about seven years old. One day she heard her mother tell about a boy who put his tongue on a hammer one cold morning. When he took it off, the skin of his tongue came off too.

Mary thought a great deal about that boy and his tongue. The next day she asked her mother if she might go out and play in the snow. Her mother was willing enough that she should go: so Mary put on her cloak, rubbers, mittens, scarf, and fur cap, and went out with her sled.

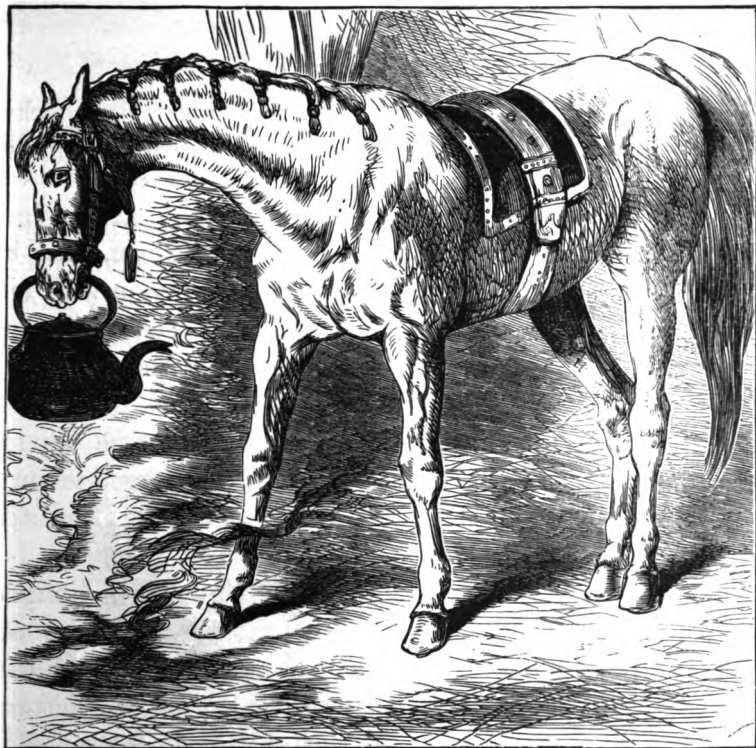
It was a cold morning, and Jack Frost was about. Pretty soon Mary came in for the fire-shovel to dig in the snow with. About half an hour after, she came in, crying, "O mother, my tongue is bleeding; and it smarts dreadfully!"

"Poor little girl!" said her mother: "what is the matter?" Mary stood crying, and holding the end of her tongue between her thumb and finger.

She did not like to tell what had happened; but at last she said, "I was thinking of that story about the little boy, and wanted to know whether it was true: so I touched the tip end of my tongue to the shovel, and the skin came off. *I wanted to try a 'speriment!*"

This is a true story. Take my word for it, and don't repeat Mary's experiment.

A. G. G.



THE CIRCUS-HORSE.

AT Astley's Circus in London there was once a horse that could do many queer things. He could ungirth his own saddle; he could wash his feet in a pail of water; he could fetch and carry a tray with the tea things on it; and he would even take a kettle of boiling water from off a blazing fire.

This horse was so gentle and clever, that his owner grew very fond of him, and took great care of him; so that when he had lost his teeth from old age, and could not chew his corn, he was fed with bread. He lived to a great age for a horse, being forty-two years old when he died.

TEDDY'S FISHING.

TEDDY stuffed a biscuit into each of his jacket-pockets, put his little straw hat upon his head, and said he was ready.

It was a lovely morning, so sunny and warm, that his aunt had said she would spend the whole forenoon with him in the park. Now, there was nothing that Teddy liked so well as this. He was never tired of roaming about through



the shady paths, while his aunt, within call, sat reading on one of the rustic seats.

This morning, however, he had a new idea, and that was, that he would combine fishing with his other sports. He did not know that this was against the rules; and, when his aunt had got nicely seated under a wide-branching tree near the pond, Teddy bent up a pin, and out of the tangles and bunches of string which he always had in his pockets he made a nice long line. Then he tied his line to a stick, sat down on the bank and threw out his hook.

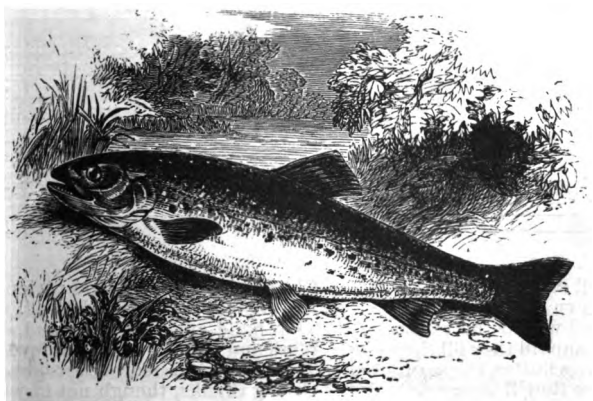
Poor, little innocent city boy! He did not know it ought to have some nice morsel on it to lure the fish with. He expected them to come right up, and bite at the bare hook. He waited patiently, but did not feel even a nibble. So intent was he upon catching some fish, that he waded right into the water in search of them.

Just then a huge policeman, brass buttons and all, walked up behind Teddy. A smile lighted up his grim face as he watched the excited little fellow. At that moment Teddy happened to look round, and, seeing the dreadful figure of the policeman, he dropped his fishing-line, and ran, pale and frightened, to his aunt, who had hard work to keep from laughing.

The policeman, seeing Teddy's alarm, said, "I guess you haven't broken the law very much, my little man," and then walked pleasantly away.

But Teddy gave up his fishing for that day, and amused himself by throwing crumbs to the swans and ducks. Next summer when he goes to the country, we are going to fit him out with a fishing-line and some good bait; and I am sure that such a patient little fisherman will have good luck.

C. D. B.



THE ROBIN'S HOUSE.

Words from The Nursery.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Moderato. mf

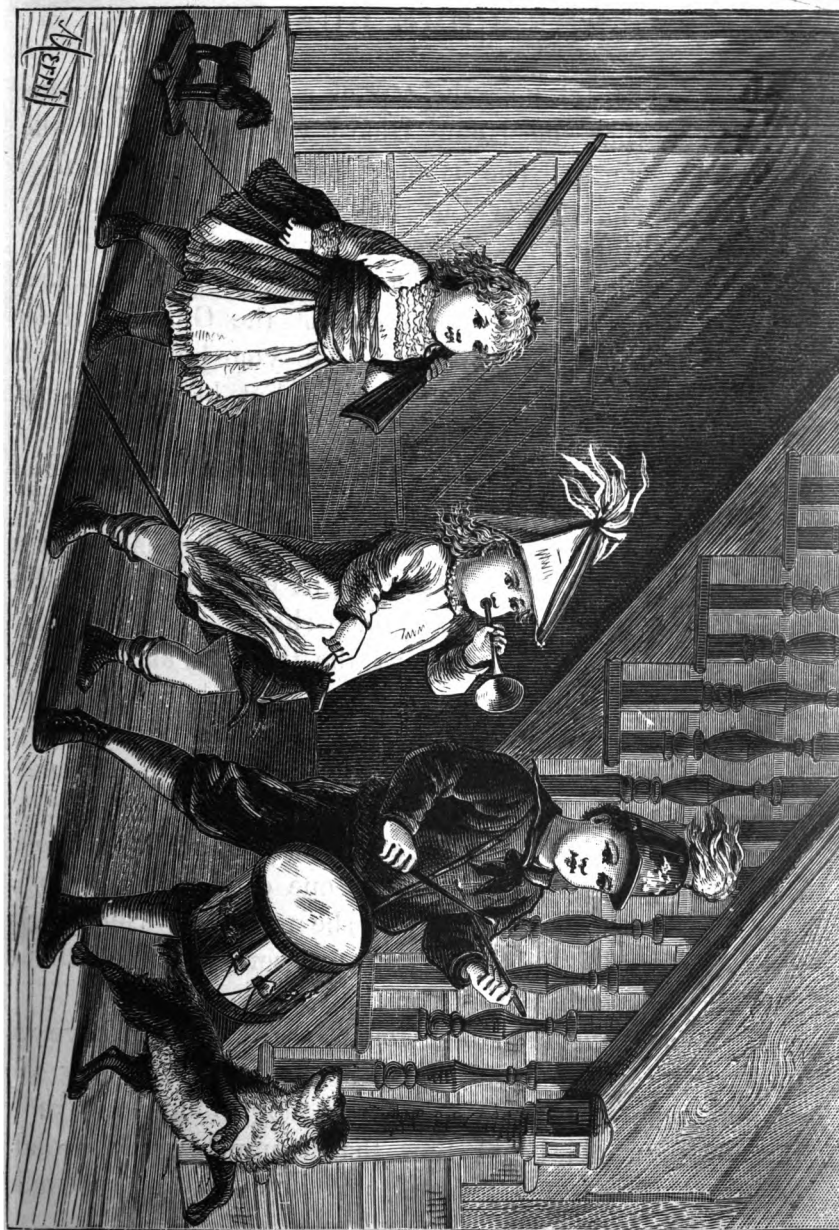
1. What sort of a house has bir - die,—My rob - in with rus - set vest ? Oh,
 2. And what sort of eggs has bir - die,—My rob - in of rus - set hue ? Four

she has a house of sun-dried clay, Bound to - geth - er with bark and hay;
 days did she count them, one by one, Count and think then she ad - ded one;

Hair - lin'd within, in a cunning way, For a warm and co - sy nest.
 Till one fine morning the sum was done With four eggs of love - ly blue.

3
 Soon robin will see her birdies,
 With little brown jackets on;
 Then grubs and worms the very best,
 Make them plump till they fill the nest;
 Then their wings flutter, they cannot rest,
 And to-morrow they'll be gone.

4
 Oh, happy and brave and patient,
 Are robins, red-breasted birds!
 They build, and they brood, and wait so long,
 Work and watch, with their love so strong,
 Then their full hearts over-flow with song,
 Giving thanks, though not in words.



THE HOME GUARD.



ARK! I hear the tap of a drum. That means that the Home Guard will soon be on the move. The Home Guard is a troop of five, and you will do well to get out of the way when you see them on the march.

First there is Grip. He is a dog, but a brave one, and, if you were to lay a hand on one of the Guard, I think that Grip would bark till you let go your hold, and took to your heels. Grip does not bite; but his bark would scare a lion.

After Grip comes Charles, — the boy who drums. You should hear him beat the roll-call: it would stun you, if you were not used to loud sounds. Charles wears a fine cap with a plume in it, and a gilt eagle in front. He is so brave that the cat runs when she sees him coming.

Next comes Oscar. He blows the trumpet, and blows it so loud that all can hear. He rides a fast horse, of which he is quite proud. He looks fierce. In a close fight I think he would be hard to beat. His cap is made of paper, with gilt bands. It sets off his curls in good style.

Number four is Jenny. She bears a gun, and has a sash round her waist. She is the only one of the troop who is armed. That shows how brave she must be. She would have to do all the fighting if the foe were to attack them. She has a horse that brings up the rear.

Now you have seen our Home Guard. What have we to fear with such a set of braves in the house? If any one should come to harm us, how that dog would bark! how that drum would beat! how that trumpet would sound! how that gun would go off! and how that horse would neigh! So look out, all tramps!

UNCLE CHARLES.



MAKING CALLS.

THERE'S a lady of fashion, but she's very small;
On each of her neighbors she daily must call:
The hat of her mother she puts on with care;
She stands at the mirror and fixes her hair;
Then two or more shawls o'er her shoulders she'll pin,
And tie a big bow 'neath her wee dimpled chin;
Her toilet complete, she sweeps grandly away,
For this, you must know, is her grand calling-day.

She goes to a corner, and climbs on a chair,
With just the most stylish and elegant air.
She smiles, and she asks herself, "How do you do?"
And answers, "I'm quite well, and dolly is too."
She then makes a courtesy, bids "Good-by!" to all,
And in the next corner makes some other call.
Oh, she's a wee woman, as bright as the May! —
Do all little girls go a-calling this way?

GEORGE COOPER.

REKA AND THE CALF.

"Is it ours, mother, is it really ours?" asked little Reka, as she rushed into the parlor.

"Is it ours? Is what ours? What are you talking about, child?"

"I mean the calf, — the pretty little calf in the field."

"Yes, my dear, the pretty little calf is ours."

"Oh, I'm so glad, mother! Can I have it for my own, please? I will take good care of it."

"Yes, Reka, the calf shall be yours. Run and tell your father at once; then he will not give it to any one else."

Into the next field ran Reka, where she found her father. with his rake in his hand, hard at work.

"It's mine, father!" she shouted, long before she reached him. "It's mine! It's mine!"

"What's yours, my little girl?" he asked.

"The pretty little calf. Mother says it shall be mine."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to feed it. and take good care of it. Can I have it? Please say *yes*: that's a good papa!"



.. Well, then, my darling, *yes*. The calf is yours. But mind and take care of it. Don't forget."

"Oh, I shall remember," said Reka, running off to feed the calf. After she had fed it, she named it Dewdrop, and tied a blue ribbon round its neck.

In the evening, when the cows were milked, three quarts of milk were put into a small bucket. Reka took it and

fed the calf; and, while she did so, Reka's sister put her hands on the calf to keep it still. Just behind them, looking over the door, was the old red cow, its mother.

This went on for several days. Reka thought she should never grow tired of playing with the calf and feeding it.

But one day she went to take tea with her friend Susan at the next farm. A fine time they had, playing with their dolls, and looking at pictures. It was quite dark when Reka's sister came across the fields to lead her home.

Just as they drew near to the house, they heard a calf bleat, and Reka cried out, "Oh, my calf! my poor Dewdrop! She has had no supper. I quite forgot it. Oh, I am much to blame. Let us haste, or she may starve."

"Why, you dear silly little Reka," said the sister, "I fed the calf an hour ago. There is no danger of her starving."

"I am so glad," said Reka; "for I promised I would take care of her."

After that the little girl did not forget to feed Dewdrop; and it grew to be the handsomest calf on her father's farm.

DORA BURNSIDE.

THE FIELD-MOUSE.

ALICE will perhaps remember the story papa told us last summer about a nest of field-mice which he found while, with his men, he was digging a ditch. The mother-mouse, after running away with some of her little ones, came back for a missing one, and carried it off by the back of its neck, just as pussy carries her kitten.

Now I have to tell you a tale or two (this, you must know, is not the way in which mice spell their tails) of some mice that I know about.

And first of all, I must tell you that the field-mouse, a pretty creature with a coat of brown and a vest of white or light gray, makes its tiny round nest of blades of grass, or wheat, or straw. Nests have been found that had no door or opening in them; and the wonder is, how mamma-mousie could feed her babies; for, besides the want of a door, there is this trouble, that her house is not large



enough to hold her and her baby-mice at the same time. But she knows how it is done.

It has been guessed, that, just at meal-times, she makes a window by pulling aside the blades of grass opposite the mouth of each little one, and when it is fed, draws together the grass, or shuts the window, you would say.

And now for the stories. The first was told me by a good doctor, who once had in his house a field-mouse as a pet. It had a box filled with cotton for a nest, and was given the best of care.

But mousie must have pushed his toes out from under the cover some night when he was dreaming; for he came

to think that the room was too cold, and he must look for warmer quarters.

So one morning he was missing from his box; and not only that, but the cotton was gone too. There was but one room into which the mouse could get from the one in which he had lived. That was the library; and how was the doctor ever to find his little pet among so many books?

The search was begun at once; and after a little while mouse was found snugly stowed away in the warm nest that he had carried with him, behind some books upon an upper shelf. Was not that a bright trick? and can't we almost fancy him creeping out at night, after the folks were in bed, and gravely sitting down by the register to warm his small feet? It wouldn't take much heat, you know.

The other story is — But I see mamma looking quite anxiously at the clock, and little brother has been winking very hard to keep his blue eyes wide open: so we will save the rest till another evening.

FLETA.

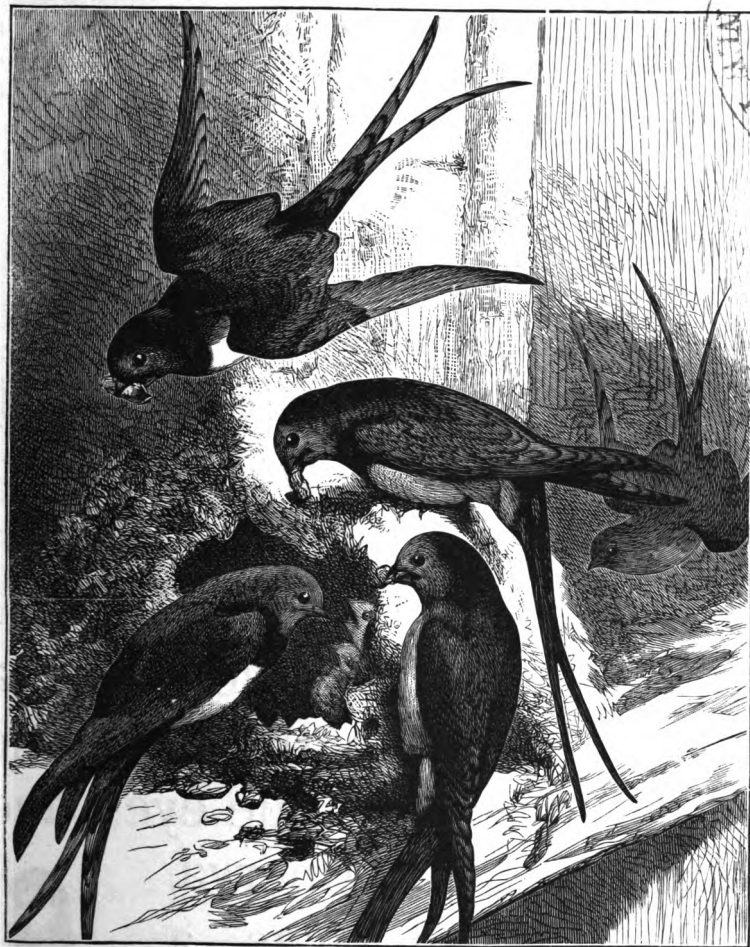


THE REJOICING SWALLOWS.

THE swallow is the friend of man. It is no rare thing to see ten swallow-nests under the roof of a farm-house. This bird is very fond of its young, and it will help other swallows when they are in trouble.

A nest, holding young swallows, had been built in the west corner of a window facing the north. It fell down in a rain-storm, and fell so that the young birds were left exposed to the pelting storm and the strong wind.

To save the little birds from harm, the good man of the house kindly threw a cloth over them. As soon as the



storm was ended a troop of swallows flocked to the place with loud cries, to see what harm had been done. Then the good man took off the cloth.

When the swallows found that the little ones were all safe, they seemed to be wild with joy. First they fed them, and then they set to work to raise an arched earth-work over the nestlings, so that the nest might be secure.

What could human beings have done more to help a neighbor whose house had fallen? The fall of the nest had been sudden, the plan of fixing it was new, and the work was well done and effectual.

UNCLE CHARLES.



THE DOLL SHOW.



MINNIE, Nelly, Maud, and Jane were four little girls, each one of whom owned a doll.

Minnie's doll was a blonde, with handsome golden curls and blue eyes, and her name was Minerva.

Nelly's doll was a tidy looking brunette, with black eyes and brown hair, and was called Mabel.





Maud's was a young infant, with bright blue eyes which would open and shut; but it was a bald-headed little thing. Its name was Fanny.

Jane, being a little tot only three years old, had a very old rubber doll, named Betty.

Poor Betty was pretty well battered up; but Jane was fond of her, and took just as much comfort with her as the other girls did with their more fine looking dolls.



One day these children had

a doll-show. For some reason Jane could not attend; but she dressed Betty in her best, and sent her to the show, saying that she "should 'spect her to take a prize."

After the show was ended, and Betty was sent back, Jane asked who took the prize. She was told that Fanny took the first prize, Minerva the second, Mabel the third, and Betty the last.

"Oh, well," said the good-natured little Jane, "I don't care; for the first is the worst, the second the same, and the last is the best of all the game."



HIGH AND LOW.

TIB is a poor old cart-horse. He was lowly born. His harness is old and worn out. He never had any thing better. He drags heavy loads, and, though he does his best, his driver sometimes beats him with a whip.

Nap is a fine, fast horse. He comes of a high breed. He is kept in a warm stable, and well fed. His harness has silver mountings, and is clean and bright. He never

had to drag a cart, or stand before a plough. But here you see Tib and Nap having a good time over some sweet, fresh hay. Nap is not proud, and Tib is not cross; and so they agree very well.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE BIRD AND THE BUTTERFLY.



Butterfly. — I hope I shall not disturb you on your cosy nest, Mistress Bird. I just want to take a little sip of the honey in some of these flowers.

Bird. — You are entirely welcome, Miss Butterfly. I cannot see why you and I should not be good friends.

Butterfly. — I like to hear you say that; for just now a bad little boy took off his hat, and tried to catch me with it. At one time I thought he had got me.

Bird. — You alarm me. If there is a bad boy about, he may drive me off my nest, and rob me of my five blue eggs.

Butterfly.—That would be too bad. If he comes this way, I'll tell you what I'll do to save you: I'll fly in this way till he sees me, and begins to chase me; then I will lead him away off, far from your nest.

Bird.—Thank you, you dear, kind butterfly. I will do as much for you as soon as my young ones are hatched. I will fly right in his face if I see him chasing you.

Butterfly.—I know a hornet that would sting him if I asked her to.

Bird.—He would deserve to be stung; but I think we shall not need the hornet's help.

Butterfly.—Well, good-by, Birdie dear! I'll see that you are not harmed.

Bird.—Good-by! A friend in need is a friend indeed.

UNCLE CHARLES.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

A DUET FOR A BOY AND A GIRL.



He.—A little bird sits on the maple-tree,—

She.—On the maple-tree.

He.—He sits there a-singing to you and to me,—

She.—To you and to me.

Both.—He sits there a-singing to you and to me.

He.—A neat little nest on the bough I spy,—

She.—On the bough I spy.

He.—Three little blue eggs in the hollow lie,—

She.—In the hollow lie.

Both.—Three little blue eggs in the hollow lie.

He. — Never fear, birdie; your secret we'll keep, —

She. — Your secret we'll keep, —

He. — If you will but let us take one little peep —

She. — Take one little peep.

Both. — If you will but let us take one little peep.

He. — We'll drive the bad boys and the kittens away, —

She. — The kittens away.

He. — And under these branches the cat shall not play, —

She. — The cat shall not play.

Both. — And under these branches the cat shall not play.

He. — Hark! Still he is singing. He gives his consent, —

She. — He gives his consent.

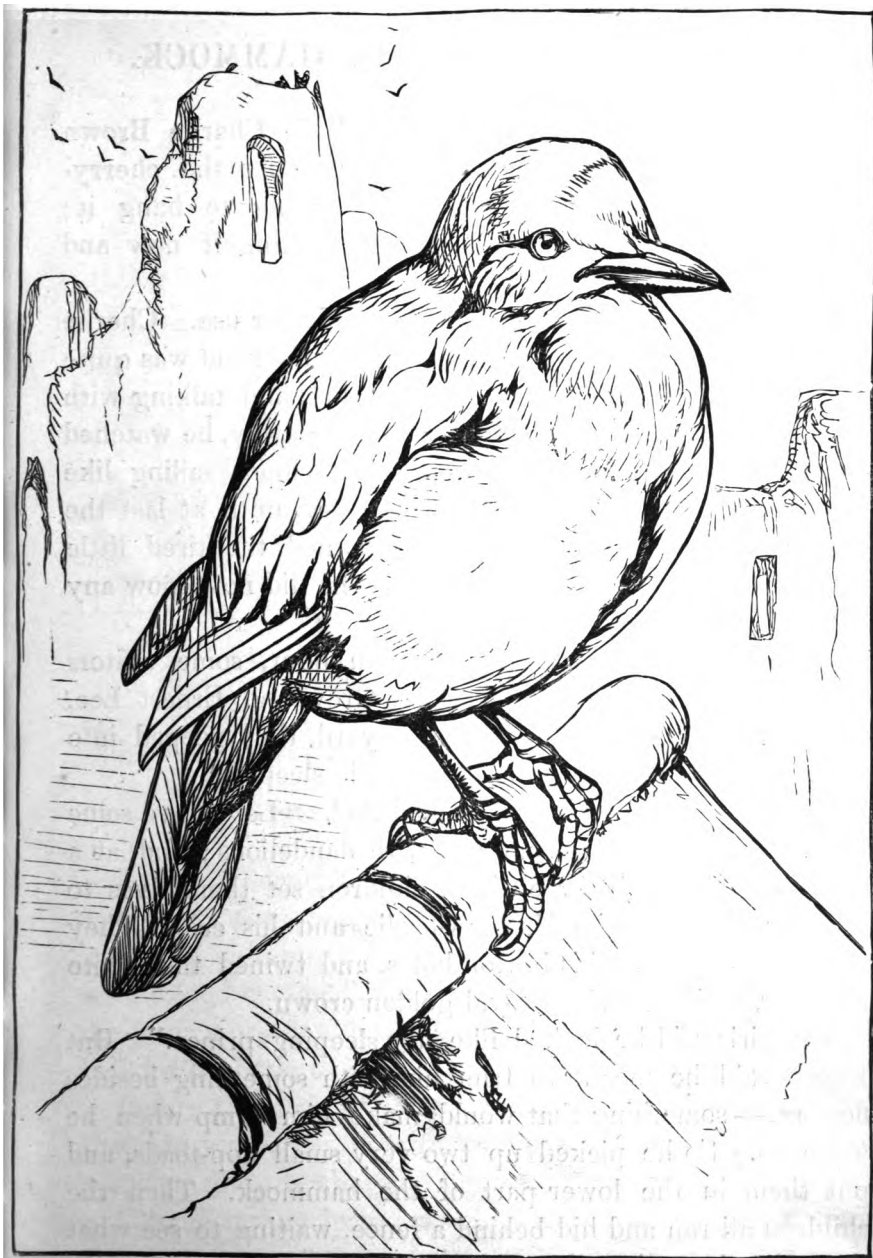
He. — One peep, you dear birdie! No mischief is meant, —

She. — No mischief is meant.

Both. — One peep, you dear birdie! No mischief is meant.

EMILY CARTER.





DRAWING-LESSON.

CHARLIE'S NAP IN THE HAMMOCK.

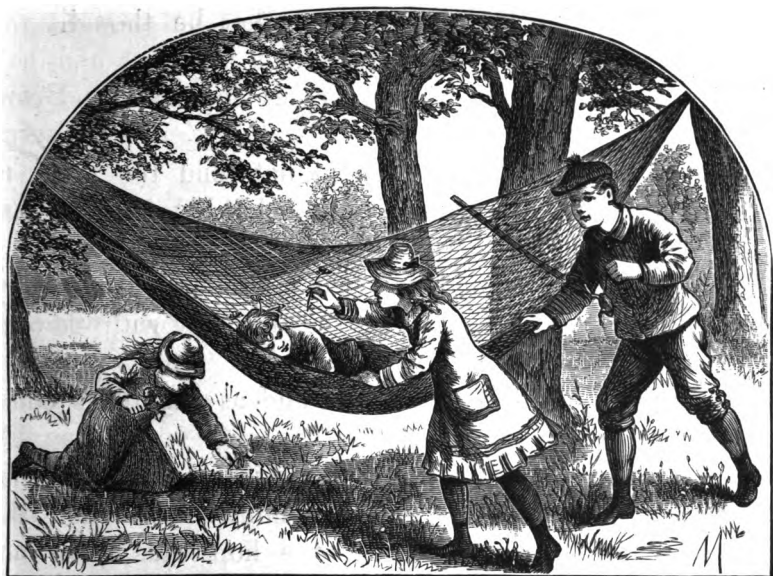
ONE warm day, the last of May, little Charlie Brown wanted to have his hammock swung under the cherry-trees. His brother Dick was very willing to hang it; for he liked to take a good rest in it himself now and then.

After some talking, it was made ready for use. Charlie tumbled into it so completely, that his curly head was quite out of sight. There he swung, laughing, and talking with Dick for a while; but after Dick had gone away, he watched the birds flying about, he watched the clouds sailing like boats of gold and pearl over the blue sky, until at last the gentle swaying of the hammock soothed the tired little fellow, and, the first thing he knew — he did not know any thing! He was fast asleep.

After he had slept nearly half an hour, some visitors came, his friends Ethel and Daisy Grey, and Ernest Lee. Not seeing Charlie in the house or yard, they peeped into the hammock, and there found the little sleeper.

“Oh, don't wake him yet!” said Ethel. “Let's have some fun!” The grass was spangled with dandelions; and, at a hint from Ethel, all three of the children set themselves to plucking them to trim Master Charlie and his crib. They put the flowers into his button-holes, and twined them into his curls, making a right royal golden crown.

The girls said he looked like a “sleeping prince.” But Ernest said he meant to trim him with something besides flowers, — something that would make him jump when he woke up. So he picked up two very small hop-toads, and put them in the lower part of the hammock. Then the children all ran and hid behind a fence, waiting to see what the “sleeping prince” would do when he woke.



As they peeped over the top rail, they began to sing an original chorus, —

“Wake up, wake up, and open your eye :
Wake up, wake up ; but don't you cry.”

To their surprise, before they were half through their song, they saw a robin dart down toward Charlie's head, and peck vigorously at one of his curls. Charlie sprang up with a loud cry, and there was the bird flying off with two dozen or more fine flaxen hairs in his bill to help fill a soft bed for his little ones.

Before Charlie could get his hand to his head to feel if the skin was taken off with the hair, a young hop-toad gave a spring towards him, and lighted on his nose.

Charlie sprang from his swinging-couch, without noticing the shower of gold that fell from his head ; and, finding his

mamma in the house, he exclaimed that he thought the witches were after him. He was half laughing and half crying, when the three young rogues appeared, and confessed that they were the witches.

"But," said little Daisy, "we did not send the robin to pick your hair off." — "No," continued Ethel, "he did that of his own accord."

Charlie's mamma smiled, and said she thought it was very pretty in the girls to trim her sleeping boy with flowers. She did not approve of the hop-toads. "But," said she, "I know Ernest was only in fun, and as the toads could not bite, there was no harm done."

Charlie was a good-natured little fellow, and was not vexed with Ernest more than a minute; and then the four children ran out to see if the hop-toads were not more frightened than Charlie had been.

AUNT MIRIAM.



UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

THE birdies are merrily singing;
And under green leaves she is swinging:
From a high forest-tree
Hangs the swing, you may see,
And the breeze a sweet odor is bringing.

Hold tight to the ropes, little lady:
All about us is pleasant and shady,
And we will not go
Where the sun scorches so,
But will stay in the grove here, my lady.



You sit the swing well, I am thinking,
Your eyes, as you rise, never blinking;
You are brave, little girl;
But your hair's out of curl,
And soon at the glass you'll be prinking.

ROBBIE AND THE SQUIRRELS.

ROBBIE is a little boy six years old. His papa is having timber cut from his woodland at the pasture farm. Fifty thousand feet of chestnut and oak logs are to be brought down to the saw-mill; and, as it is good sledding, the teams are going all day long.

Robbie heard the men who are employed to cut down the trees, talking about the animals which they have disturbed in their snug winter homes. He took great interest in what one of the men said about the squirrels.

Poor things! There they were, so happy and warm, in the house which they had fitted up with so much care; there they were, high up in the tree, never dreaming any harm could reach them, when there came a loud thump that shook their house to the very centre. It was not like any sound they had ever heard in the woods before.

They listen. Hark! the noise comes again. They tremble, and nestle close together in the corner. Stroke follows stroke. What can it be?

The papa-squirrel peeps out, and rushes back with fright. He has seen strange creatures all around. Suddenly the tree falls with a fearful crash. All is confusion. Out run the little squirrels. They skip, leap, fly — this way, that way — any way to escape those dreadful giants who have thrown down their house.

Now it happened that one of these dreadful giants was a kind man, who felt grieved at the distress of the little squirrels. So he cut out that part of the tree which contained their nest, and stood it up against the tree, hoping that the poor little things would come back, and find their house all ready for them.

This is the story that the woodman told; and it made

Robbie very anxious to go to the woods where the men were at work, and see the nest that the squirrels had left. He asked if he might go with the men ; but his papa said it was too far for a little boy to go in such cold weather.



One bright, mild day, Robbie came running in to his mother and said, "Put on my overcoat, cap, mittens, and tippet: I am going to the woods."

Supposing that he was joking, his mother only said, as she tied his tippet, "Don't go too far, little boy."

"Good-by, mamma," said he ; and, calling his dog Pomp,

off they went up the hill. The road lay across a large plain. Midway there was just one old red farm-house ; but, after passing this house, Robbie found himself trudging over a vast sheet of snow, with no human being in sight. Still on he went, until he entered the forest ; then he began to feel very lonely.

He looked at his dog, and thought that the dog must feel just as he did ; and then he had a vague fear that the dog might turn about and run home. What should he do if he were left alone ! He took off his tippet, and tied it about Pomp's neck, leaving one end to lead him by ; then on he went again, calling his dog by all endearing names, and patting him often to keep up his own courage.

At last he came to two roads, and did not know which to take. Just as he was on the point of taking the wrong one, his papa came walking down the other. What was his surprise to see a child in that lonely place ! He quickened his pace, and, as he came near, he was still more surprised to find that it was his own little boy whom he had left safe at home in the morning.

How glad Robbie was to see his papa ! And how joyfully old Pomp wagged his tail and barked ! They were all so happy that papa hadn't the heart to scold the little boy for running away, but lifted him up tenderly and carried him home. Pomp was the first to reach the house. When Robbie's mamma saw that the dog was alone, she was quite alarmed. But his actions soon told her that all was right ; and soon Robbie and his papa came in sight.

Robbie was very cold and tired by that time. He thought over what his father had said to him about going to the woods, and felt that he had done very wrong in going without leave. His father's kindness made him feel it all the more. I do not think he will ever do it again.



UNDER THE OLD UMBRELLA.

Mary. — It's chilly, Tom. I do wish it wouldn't rain so.

Tom. — Never mind the rain, Mary. We have on good warm clothes, and this big old umbrella keeps off the wet.

Mary.—What's the use of it's raining so, I'd like to know? We can't play out of doors now.

Tom.—Do you hope to pluck violets next May? Do you like strawberries and cherries? Is this little girl fond of green peas?

Mary.—You know I like violets, and strawberries and cherries too, and roses too, and all sorts of flowers and fruits; yes, and green peas too.

Tom.—Oh, you like them, do you? But not enough, perhaps, to spare the sunshine for a day or two, and put up with a walk under a fine old umbrella?

Mary.—But why can't we have sunshine and flowers without the rain? I like blue skies. I don't like these foggy, rainy days.

Tom.—Why can't we have clean faces without washing them? Why can't we have corn without planting seed? Why can't we learn without studying?

Mary.—Oh, now you're talking like the schoolmaster.

Tom.—I'm glad to hear it; for he talks well. Were it not for these plentiful showers, sister, the earth would be dry and dusty as the warm weather came on.

Mary.—And then we should look in vain for violets and strawberries and green peas. I see it all, Tom. I was foolish to complain—foolish.

Tom.—But you're wise in owning your mistake. So I'll not play the schoolmaster any more. There! I'm Tom once again.

Mary.—Play what you will, Tom; for you play your parts well. But here we are near home; and there's mother watching for us from the window.

Tom.—Yes, and I can see the blaze of a good warm fire. Come, that's something on a rainy day.

Mary.—Something that all poor people don't have,

Tom! So let us be thankful, and not grumble because of a little rain. "Water for me! bright water for me!"

Tom. — Hurrah for the old umbrella!

Mary. — Yes; and hurrah for the rain! Every drop is saying, "Spring, violets, spring! Grow, berries, grow! Laugh, farmers, laugh!"

Tom. — Hurrah! That's the right talk, sister. The rain falls because it is wanted; because we should all suffer if the earth was not made fit for the crops.

Mary. — Hear him, hear Tom, all ye rain-drops, and keep on falling, falling!

ALFRED SELWYN.

EDWIN'S SECRET.

EDWIN.

I've a secret to tell you, dear mother,
So stop in your reading, and hear;
I've kept it from sister and brother;
'Tis only for you, mother dear.

MOTHER.

A secret? Oh, that is delightful!
Come, Edwin, and tell it me, quick;
'Tis nothing, I hope, sad or frightful,
And I know you'd not play me a trick.

EDWIN.

To make you feel sad, it would grieve me,
And make me feel sadder than you;
No trick it is, mother, believe me, —
'Tis good and — what's better — 'tis true.



MOTHER.

Come here, then, my own little charmer —
Come tell me this secret so gay:
But stop! Wait a bit till I'm calmer,
Now, Edwin, what is it? O, say!

EDWIN.

'Tis this, mother dear, in a whisper:
Now do not suppose it a jest.

MOTHER.

What is it, you sweet little lisper?

EDWIN.

I love you — I love you the best!

IDA FAY.



MINSTER CHURCH.

THIS queer-looking old church stands on the crown of a hill in the island of Sheppey, at the mouth of the river Thames, in Kent County, England. The island was once very famous for its sheep, whence it derived its name, "Sheppey," meaning *sheep-isle*.

The church faces the entrance to the river, which is always thronged with vessels going to and from the port of London; and it thus attracts the attention of thousands of travellers from all parts of the world.

Its history is very interesting. As long ago as the year 575, one Gregory, who was then prætor, or governor of Rome, seeing some captive English youths exposed for sale as slaves, was so struck by their beauty that he exclaimed, "*Non Angli sed angeli si forent Christiani!*" (Not English but angels if they were only Christians!)

This Gregory was afterwards made Pope, and one of his first acts was to send Augustine to England to preach the

doctrines of Christ. The conversion of Ethelbert, King of Kent, and his subjects, soon followed. Their old Pagan temples were torn down, and Christian churches were erected on their sites.

One of the first of these was MINSTER, a word which itself signifies a church. The original church was destroyed long ago. Very little if any of the present building dates back farther than the time of Henry I, (A. D., 1100). It comprises two large aisles each terminated by a chancel, a belfry-tower surmounted with a wooden covering, and a southern porch.

Just outside of the western entrance to the belfry, is a portion of the old abbey, now a farm-house. Adjoining the building is the old church-yard, and inside of the church may be seen the tombs of several old crusaders and other famous men of Kent.

Our illustration is from a sketch recently made, and gives a correct view of Minster Church as it now appears. T. C.





MAY.

THE pink Mayflowers find heart
To follow their own sweet will;
The crocus takes an early start;
And the whiteweed wears her frill:
Through the mould and darkness, day after day,
Green blades and blossoms are groping their way.

Dewy violets appear;
Where the wild nook shines,
In the golden atmosphere,
Toss the columbines;
Thrush and jay are trying trill and roundelay,
For the spring is flying and the month is May.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



GOLDEN FISHES.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

VOICE. *Allegretto. mf*

1. Oh, the golden fish-es, How they dart a - bout! Larger than a
2. Oh the golden fish-es, How they gape and stare! Gulping in the

PIANO.

minnow,
wa - ter

Smaller than a trout,
As they gulp the air.

Dress'd in gorgeous scarlet,
Now then let us feed them

Gay at a - ny
Tiny crumbs of

rate,
bread,

Like a flashing var - let
Drop them on-the wa - ter,

Powder'd up in state.
Gently o-ver-head.

3

Darting, gliding, diving
In the depth below,
Wait a moment—patience—
They'll come back I know,
“Pretty golden fishes,
Come up to be fed,”
There I see you coming,
Brown and white, and red.

4

Swimming all together,
Crowding side by side;
How their eyes are staring,
Mouths are gaping wide!
Darting, diving, gliding,
Beautifully red,
Pleasant 'tis to see them
Coming to be fed.



RIDING THE HORSE TO PLOW.

RIDING THE HORSE TO PLOW.



FOR the first time in his life Charles is riding the horse to plow. He is quite proud of it. Only a few days ago there was snow on the ground. The wind blew from the east. It seemed as if Spring would never come.

Now the snow has melted; the soil is right for the plow; the wind blows mild from the south-west; some little violets have spread their leaves; and Spring seems to have hurried up all at once to re-clothe the trees, and to make the birds and the children glad.

Charles has left off his shoes and stockings, and put on his straw hat. It seems but the other day that he was dragging his sled over the snow. Winter staid long; but the Sun saw that poor Spring was being cheated of her rights: so he sent forth his warm rays, and then old Winter had to run for it. Off he went, with the water streaming down his cheeks.

He may try to come back for a day or two; for he is sly, and does not like to go. But the Sun is now high and strong; he is not afraid that Winter can do any more harm.

So the good farmer, who holds the plow, is going to sow the field with peas. Charles feels glad to be of some use in the world. He likes play, but he likes work too.

Good luck to the plow! Do you ever think how much you owe to it? We might dig a little with the spade; but the plow, drawn by a good horse, can turn up the earth ten times as quickly, and at much less expense. The wheat for our bread, the peas, the beans, and the greens for our table, the food for our cattle,—how scarce they would be but for the plow! Then once more, and to conclude, I say, “Good luck to the plow!”

UNCLE CHARLES.

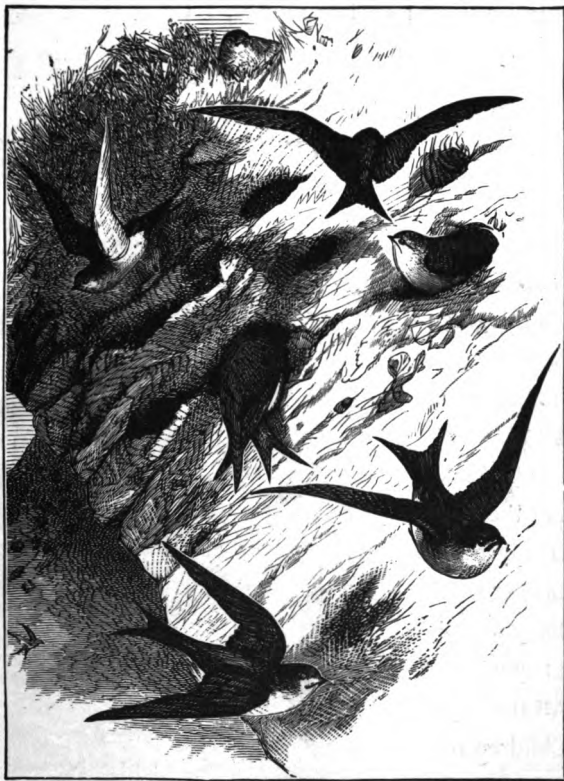
SAND-MARTINS AND HOUSE-MARTINS.

THIS is a true picture of sand-martins. The sand-martin is a kind of swallow. It is of an ash color above, and white beneath; but its throat has round it a ring of mouse-colored feathers.

It is generally seen about rivers, where it makes its nest in the sandy banks, and always above the high-water mark. Sometimes it will find a place for its nest in the crevices of old walls.

The house-martin builds, not in chimneys, but in the corners of windows, and under the eaves of houses. It seeks for places that make a roof for its nest. In this it differs from the common swallow.

In New South Wales there is a kind of house-martin very tame and familiar. In the fine season it has been known to place its nest under the corner of a mantel-piece in a sitting-room. Here it would hatch its eggs, and rear its young.

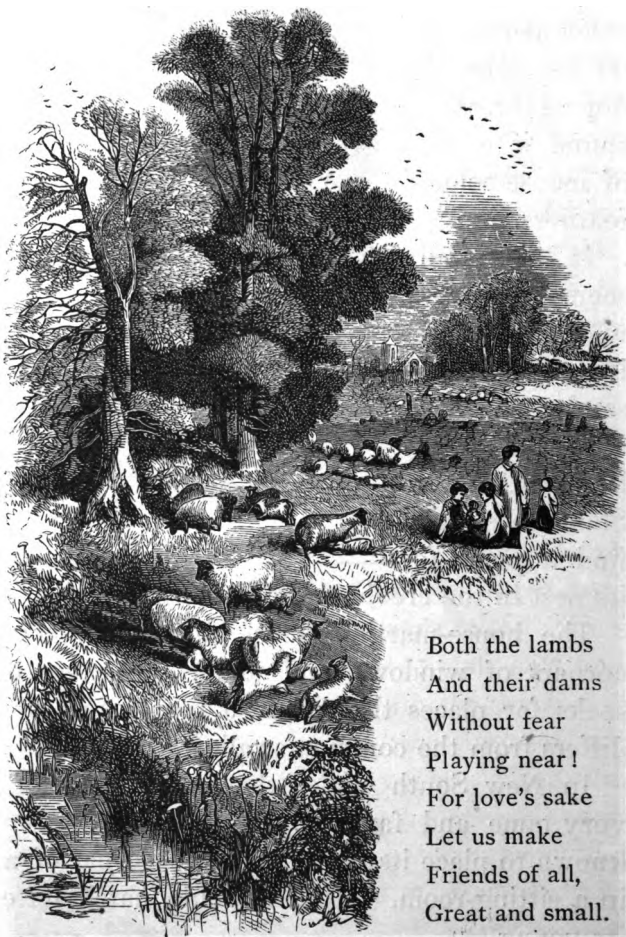


Of course the children of the house were good, and did not harm any of the little birds. The sand-martin is the smallest bird of the swallow tribe.

DORA BURNSIDE.

THE LITTLE LAMBS.

LITTLE lambs
With their dams
On the green
Now are seen.
Will they play
All the day?
Yes, I think,
Till the sun
Has begun
Down to sink,
They will play,
They will run
All the day.
Children too,
You may view
On the green.
Skies are blue,
Fields are clean,
All is fair:
Lambs and boys
Have no care,
In their joys.
They agree
Well, you see;



Both the lambs
And their dams
Without fear
Playing near!
For love's sake
Let us make
Friends of all,
Great and small.

IDA FAY.



WAKING THE FLOWERS.

HARK, how the blackbird whistles !

Hark, how the song-sparrow trills !

What are they calling, with snow-flakes falling,

And April cold on the hills ?

And what is the chick-a-dee saying ?

And what do the bluebirds mean ?

You'd think by their playing, they all were come
Maying,

When hardly a border is green.

Ho, ho ! they are as wise as merry ;

They know what the sun is about ;

And all without worry, they twitter and hurry,

Inviting the flowers to come out.

“ Come, come, come ! ” says the robin,

“ Wake up, wake up, you blooms

That low in the ground lie, sleeping so soundly,

Shut in your little dark rooms.”

“ Quicker than winking and thinking,

Up, up ! ” the blackbirds say,

“ Tulip and lily, and sweet daffodilly,

Awake for the coming of May.”



“Up with the sunrise, myrtles,
Open your eyes of blue!
Fleur-de-lis, violet, quick to your toilet!”
The bluebird is calling to you.

Chick-a-dee talks to the wind-flower, —
“Ho, brave little fellow, awake!
The north wind, blowing, may bite you in going;
But the sun has a kiss for your sake.”

Song-sparrow twitters in singing, —
“Peep from your leaf-hidden nest,
Sweetly salute us, darling arbutus,
Baby on April’s breast!”

So all the singing prophets
On the leafless April limbs,
Wake every flower in meadow and bower,
With their merry morning hymns.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.





MY CAT AND MY KITTENS.

SOME time ago I had a gray cat named Mottie. She had two kittens that she thought a great deal of. One was black, and the other was gray-and-white. One day, when they were big enough to run about the house, Mottie got

tired of playing with them, and tried to coax them up stairs to bed.

She would run up a few steps, and then call them to come up after her. But the kittens wanted to play, and would not come.

Then Mottie sat down, and seemed to be thinking what she should do next. Pretty soon she came out into the kitchen, took a piece of meat out of her dish, laid it on the first step, and called the kittens again.

They smelt the meat, and in this way she coaxed them up, one step at a time. When I went up, a little while afterwards, the kittens were fast asleep on the best bed, and Mottie sat purring beside them. Wasn't she cunning to get them up in that way?

The gray-and-white kitten we called Daisy. She is the one under the little girl's arm in the picture. She was so pretty that we kept her, and gave the mother away. Daisy was a great pet, and used to follow me around, and cry to be taken up, just like a baby.

She seemed to know how pretty she was; for she would sit in front of a looking-glass, and there wash and smooth herself, and seem quite proud of her good looks.

STILLWATER, MINN.

NELLIE FENDERGAST.



JOHN AND THE WOODCHUCK.

MR. CURTIS lived in a farm-house in the valley of the Connecticut. Every spring, when the river overflowed its banks, and flooded the broad meadows, the woodchucks would leave the low ground, and dig holes in the knolls, which were out of reach of the water.

Several times each year, Mr. Curtis, aided by his dog

Croon, would dig out a woodchuck. Croon would give the little fellow a hard shake ; and when this happened there would soon be one woodchuck less in the world.

It was necessary to thin them out in this way, or in a few years the crops would have been ruined.

Ann, Ruth, John, and Charles had heard Mr. Curtis tell



how he had dug out the woodchucks : so, one fine spring morning, they planned a surprise for their parents.

One by one they started off for the meadows : Ann had a hoe ; Charles, a pick ; Ruth, a shovel ; and John, a short round stick. They were going to catch a woodchuck.

As the children cautiously crept into the meadow, through the culvert, under the railroad track, they saw Mr. Woodchuck himself, calmly seated at the door of the nearest hole, as if waiting to receive them.

How glad they were ! They felt sure that they could

steal upon him, and capture him without a struggle. But suddenly his little head turned, his bright eyes flashed; and before the children had time to say, "oh!" he was safe in his own little house.

They began at once to dig for him, although John insisted, that if they would keep still, and leave him alone, he would soon call out the woodchuck. Ann, Ruth, and Charles laughed heartily at the idea of calling a woodchuck out of his hole, and went bravely on with their digging.

By and by they came to a little grassy nest, which the woodchuck had evidently used for his bed; but still there were no signs of Mr. Woodchuck himself.

At last the children got so tired, that they concluded to give up the search. But John was not satisfied to leave, until his own plan had been tried. "Just go off, all of you, into that corner by the fence," said he, "and don't make any noise, and see if I don't call him out."

So they all went as John directed, and kept very still for three minutes; while John stood at the entrance of Mr. Woodchuck's humble abode, and called softly, "Woody, woody, woody! Woody, woody, woody!"

Then Ann and Charles and Ruth began to laugh, and say, "John, the woodchuck will never come to you."

"Of course he will never come, now that you have laughed so loud," said John; "and, besides, you have almost frightened him to death by trying to dig him out. It's of no use. We may as well go back to the house."

To the house they all went. When Mr. Curtis heard what they had been doing, he said, that, just as soon as the woodchuck heard them digging, he too had begun to dig with his little sharp claws, throwing the dirt behind him.

"If you had dug all day," said Mr. Curtis, "you could not have dug so fast nor so far as he did."

But John always thought that if the other children had kept quiet at first, and allowed him to politely call Mr. Woodchuck, "Woody, woody, woody! Woody, woody, woody!" he would have come out, and allowed himself to be captured.

S. A. M. M.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

LITTLE Boy Blue, with his bright red horn,
Went out in the early summer morn
To watch the sheep, the cows, and the corn.

And he blew a long blast, clear and shrill;
And Echo, far away on a hill,
Caught it, and tossed it till all was still.

And Boy Blue laughed as he heard it die,
Like a lark-song lost in the deep blue sky:
"I'll send you another," he said, "by and by."

Oh, how he ran with his nimble feet,
When Brindle, guessing that corn was sweet,
Would twist off a leaf, with her tongue, to eat!

And he wound his horn like a Robin Hood,
To scurry the sheep that came from the wood
To see if the meadow-grass was good.

When the cows fed soberly on in their place,
And the silly sheep had gone their ways,
The butterflies gave him many a chase;

Till, tired of watching, and tired of play,
He just sat down by the sweet new hay,
But still he watched in a drowsy way.



Ah well! I know, I know it is true,—
But you mustn't scold my little Boy Blue,—
He was fast asleep before he knew.

Out of his fingers the bright red horn
Has slipped, and there's mischief there in the corn,
And the grass of the meadow is trampled and torn.

Caught napping, like many an older one!
Kiss him awake; let him pipe and run;
Wiser next time, he will leave his fun,
And save his strength till his work is done.



“JUST A LITTLE BIT.”

Tom. — Just a little bit of that cake, Grace, before you put up the plate!

Jane. — Yes, just a little bit, Grace! I've been playing out of doors, and I'm hungry.

Grace. — Your mother says you must never eat cake between meals. You may eat a little fruit now and then, but no cake.

Tom. — But when a fellow is hungry, you know —

Jane. — And when a girl has been playing, you know —

Grace. — I know that your mother's rules must be minded: so don't tease.

Tom. — Oh, how strict you are!

Jane. — You were born to keep school, Grace.

Tom. — Yes, or to drill raw recruits.

Grace. — And all because your mother told me not to give you cake! Would you have me mind her, or not, Master Tom?

Tom. — Well, Grace, you must obey orders, I suppose. But I'd like a bit of that cake.

Grace. — And what do you think I ought to do, Miss Jane, — mind you, or mind your mother?

Jane. — Oh, now, when you come to that, I give up. Mind mother, of course.

Grace. — Well, since you both think so, here's the cake: now help yourselves.

Tom. — I sha'n't touch a crumb of it, Grace.

Jane. — And I sha'n't even look at it, Grace.

Grace. — Then, since neither of you will touch it, I will put it away.

ALFRED SELWYN.



MY ISLAND HOME.

I LIVE on an island in the Gulf of Georgia, near Puget Sound, in Washington Territory. Our family is the only white one on it. The island is eight miles long and about one mile and a half wide. Our house is on the west side of

it, a full mile from any neighbor ; but I don't get lonesome, for there is plenty of work to keep me busy.

On the east and north the island is covered with timber from one hundred to two hundred feet high, and from one to ten feet thick at the base. Wild licorice is found in great plenty here; and there are about thirty kinds of mosses. Besides that, there are shells, agates, and other pretty stones.

If any of the readers of "The Nursery" would like some of the mosses, I will gladly send them some, if they will furnish stamps to pay the postage.

Our nearest neighbor has a dog by the name of Shepherd, and he is the smartest dog I ever saw. When his master is through eating, he says, "Now, Shepherd, go and get your dish." Out Shepherd will go, and bring in the dish that he is fed in.

We live on the shore of the bay : so we can go down to the beach as often as we please. There are lots of ducks here almost all the time. There are a great many ferns and flowers too.

Now I will give you my address; so that, if you want any mosses or ferns, you may know where to send for them.

SEBOME, WHATCOM CO., W. T.

FLORA J. FONDA.



A PIG AT SEA.

"CAN pigs swim?" asked little Rupert one day. Rupert lives in Woolwich, Me., and his uncle John is a sea-captain.

"Swim! Yes, indeed, young man!" exclaimed uncle John, who was at home with grandma and aunt Mary on a short visit.

"Oh, can they truly, uncle John?" cried Rupert, open-

ing his great blue eyes very wide; and Belle, Sue, and Jamie joined in the exclamation.

"Yes, 'Honest true, black and blue,' as Sue says, they can. Now listen, every one! It was a great many years ago that I was an eye-witness to the fact that a pig can swim. I was then only a second mate. We were on our way home from Liverpool, and were, I think, about seven miles out at sea, when what should we see but a pig, — a live pig."

"Just like ours?" asks Jamie doubtfully.

"Yes, just like yours, curly tail and all, sir," replies uncle John promptly. "He was swimming towards the ship. He was fat and hearty, and we took him on board."

"How funny! I wish 'The Nursery' folks knew that!" said Belle, who loved the dear little magazine.

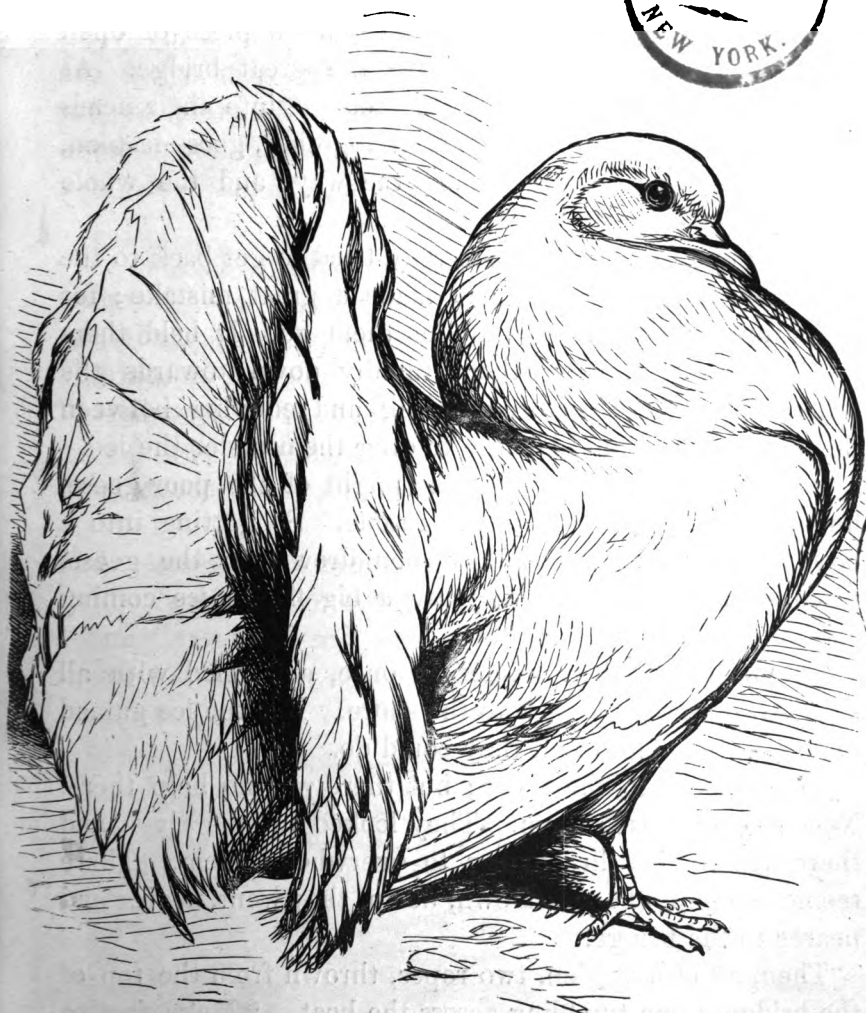
"Perhaps auntie will write and tell them about it to please you."

"Will you? oh, will you?" cried four little voices. And auntie said, "Yes," of course; for who could refuse?

"Tell them it is a real true story," said Rupert, "and I know they will like it." So I have told you this true story.

AUNTIE BELL.





DRAWING-LESSON.

A GOOSE CHASE.

ONE day last winter, when the Mississippi River in front of Davenport was frozen over, there was a piece of open water in the swift current, above the great bridge. At sight of this, a flock of tame geese took it into their heads to have a swim. So, after talking together, goose-fashion, the boldest, with a screech, led the way, and the whole flock plunged into the river.

It was fine fun. But, when they tried to get back to the land, they found that they had made a great mistake; for the strong current would not let them go. It held them fast, and was drawing them rapidly down towards the bridge, where the water, whirling and eddying between the stone piers, would be sure to drag them under the ice.

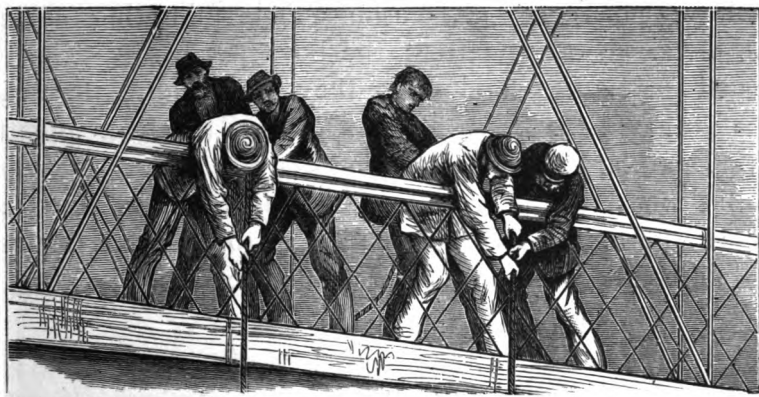
Some boys on shore, seeing the plight of the poor geese, humanely resolved to go to the rescue. So getting into a boat, and pulling lustily, they soon drew near the geese, when, on looking round, they saw a big floe of ice coming right down toward their boat.

The boys saw their danger at once, and tried with all their strength to pull back to the shore. But the ice gained upon them in spite of all they could do.

They looked to the shore; but there was no help there. Nobody could reach them. They looked up the river, and there was the ice threatening to overwhelm them. There seemed to be no hope. Down, down, they went, nearer and nearer to the bridge.

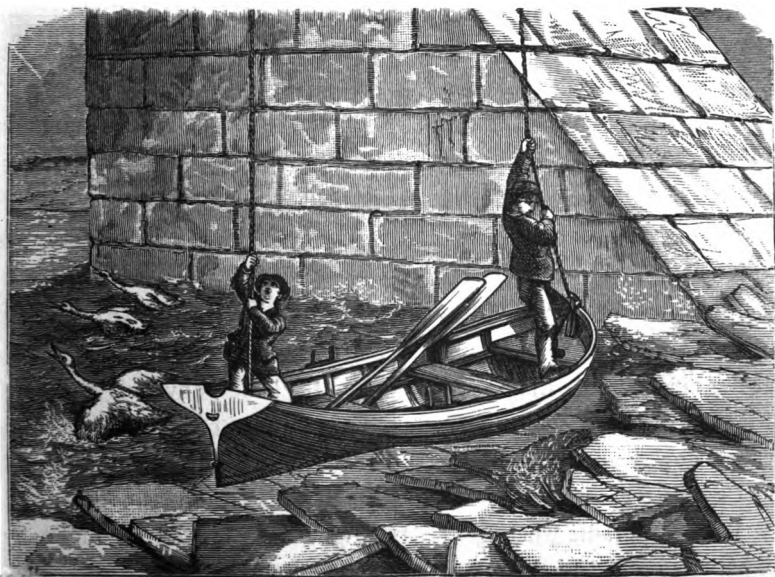
Then, all of a sudden, two ropes, thrown from the top of the bridge, came tumbling across the boat. "Make fast to each end of the boat! Lively now!" said a hoarse voice on the bridge.

Quick as thought, the boys obeyed the order. T



were just in time, for the next moment they were under the bridge.

“Now then, pull all together!” said the same cheery voice. Six stout bridge-men had hold of the ropes. Up went the boat, right out of the water, — up, up, up.



Down came the ice, crashing and splintering against the piers. But no matter; the boys were safe. The ice passed under them, and there they swung until the water was clear again. Then the men lowered the boat into the river, and the boys pulled for the shore.

But what became of the poor geese? Alas! they had been forgotten. They were no longer to be seen; for they had all been drawn under the ice and drowned. H.



THE BABY'S CRADLE.

For a little baby, long years ago,
Was a wonderful cradle made,
That was carved with grace,
And, in many a place,
With beautiful gems inlaid.

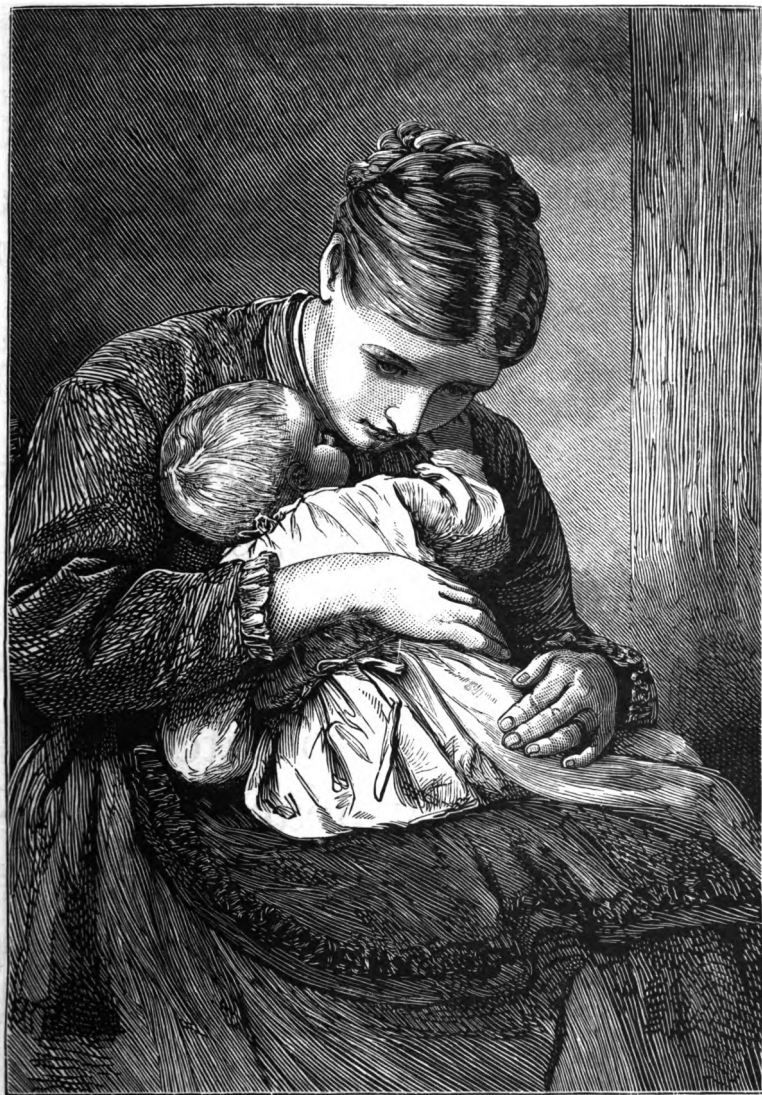
There were silken tassels, and
golden bars,
And curtains of filmy lace,
And pages to sing
To the baby king
Who came of a royal race.

But the nicest cradle that e'er was
made,
Though downy and soft and deep,
Could never compare
With the cradle where
My baby is rocked to sleep.

For in the shelter of loving arms,
And clasped to a loving breast,
With never a frown
He will nestle down
Like a bird in its soft-lined nest.

Oh, never was hollowed a couch so
meet
For the baby's delicate charms!
There he loves to creep,
And soon falls asleep,
Encircled by mother's arms.

And the little baby, long years ago,
Though born of a royal race,
And with great parade
In his cradle laid,
Might have longed for my baby's
place.



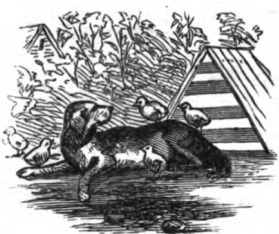
For close to my heart I hold
him fast,
And lullabies softly sing:

And I envy not
Any queen her lot
As I cradle my baby king!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

PICTURES FOR HARRY.

My dog Prince is a good dog. He is kind to the little chickens. When he lies down, he lets them run all over his back. He likes to feel the pat, pat, pat, of their little soft feet.

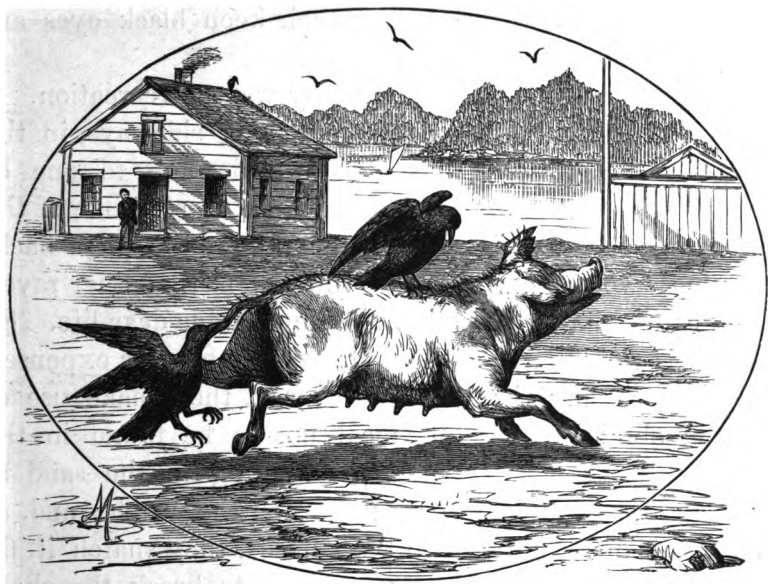


One day the chickens went out into the field to catch bugs. By and by they heard a noise.



It was only the buzz of a bee; but it gave them such a fright that they all ran back to the pen as fast as they could go.

W. O. C.



THE SITKA RAVEN.

IN the January number of "The Nursery" I told you about the fountain that we made in Sitka. Now I want to tell you about some funny birds that live up there,— the coal-black ravens.

You see them everywhere,— in the streets, perched on the houses, or flying to and fro, from the town to the thickly timbered hills. They keep up a continual chatter, which sounds more like talking than any thing that I ever heard come from a bird.

It is evident, too, that they understand each other's talk. I have often seen one of them fly to the top of a house, and, with a few guttural sounds, call a whole flock around him. There they would sit and chatter, like a party of gossips, talking over the latest news. I fancy that the tempting

slop-barrels within the range of their keen black eyes are often the subject of their conversation.

They seem to like a little fun by way of recreation. I have often seen a pair of them hop along sideways, in the most innocent way in the world, until close to one of the lank pigs of the town. Then, with a short stroke of the wings, one of the ravens would mount on the pig's back. Off piggy would start on the run, when the other raven would catch him by the tail, and cling on for dear life. So both birds would have a jolly ride at poor piggy's expense.

Besides teasing the pigs in this way, they make use of them in obtaining a dainty meal not to be found in the slop-barrels. When the pigs are rooting in the sand of the beach for clams, these rogues are on the watch; and, as soon as a clam is brought to the surface, they snatch it, fly up in the air, drop the clam on a rock to break the shell, and then descend to feast at their leisure.

If you ask me why these birds are smarter and brighter than most other birds, I can only give what my papa calls a woman's answer, and say, "*Be-caus !*"

P. T. B.

GENTLE WAYS.

WHEN Tom came home from Provincetown,
He brought in, leading by a string,
A little black-and-yellow dog :

It was a most unwelcome thing.
We all of us began, as one,
"Oh, what a foolish thing you've done !"
"A dog," said grandpa, "at the least,
You'll find a very useless beast."

“He'll bring,” said grandma, with a frown,
“Into the hall the bones he gnaws;
Jump up against my satin gown,
And soil it with his dirty paws;” —
“And bark at all the passers-by,
And scare the pussy-cat,” said I; —
“And sure,” said Biddy, “be a thief,
And from the store-room steal the beef.”



But aunt Maria shook her head;
“I tremble at what may befall;
His going mad is what I dread:
Who knows but he will bite us all?”
The little dog, without a sound,
Cast a reproachful look around:
“At least,” said Tom, “you can but say,
Poor Fido has a gentle way.”

And so he has: when weeks went by,
Not one of us had heard him bark,
Save once, to ask the reason why
There were strange footsteps in the dark.
He is so faithful and so kind,
So quick his master's voice to mind,
"Come, Fido, come!" "Stay, Fido, stay!"
Is all his master has to say.

The pussy has forgot her fears,
And sleeps beside him on the mat;
And grandma strokes his silken ears,
And gives his head a loving pat;
And Biddy saves, for him to eat,
The very choicest bits of meat;
"For who deserves them more," says she,
"Than such an honest dog as he?"

And, what's the strangest thing of all,
Even aunt Maria in the end,
Has lost her dread, and learned to call
Poor Fido, "her four-footed friend;"
For, grandpa says, "In his still way
This small dog preaches every day,
By teaching us that gentle ways
Turn foes to friends, and blame to praise."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



THE SEVERE SCHOOLMASTER.

Master. — Now, miss, stop crying, and tell me what's the matter.

Miss. — I don't like to be kept after school to study this old lesson.

Master. — Hush ! Don't call it an old lesson. Now let me see if you can tell me how much twice two is.



Miss. — Twice two — twice two — twice two —

Master. — Three times you have said it. Now answer the question, or I shall have to put the fool's cap on your head.

Miss. — Hoo, hoo, hoo ! Oh, dear ! I don't want the fool's cap on my head. Twice two is — twice two is — Hoo, hoo, hoo !

Master. — I shall have to take down my rod if you go on in this way.

Miss. — I don't want any rod. I want to go home, and play with my doll Bella.

Master. — You can't go till you have learned your arithmetic lesson. How much is twice two ? How much is twice ?

Miss. — Twice is two times.

Master. — You are right : twice is two times. Now, if I

place two slate-pencils here, and two slate-pencils there, how many slate-pencils will there be in all?

Miss. — Will there be five slate-pencils?

Master. — Five slate-pencils! Where's my rod?

Miss. — O master, don't! Don't punish me. I want to go home. Oh, I want to go home!

Master. — You can't go home till you have done this sum. Tell me how many slate-pencils are on the table.

Miss. — One, two, three, four! There are four slate-pencils on the table.

Master. — That is right. For a girl only ten years old, you have done wonders. Has your mother any more girls as bright?

Miss. — Please, sir, may I go now?

Master. — Stop till I give you a reward of merit. There! Show that to your mother. (*Gives her a button.*)

Miss. — Thank you, sir. Twice two is four. (*Goes out.*)

IDA FAY.



THE
NURSERY

A Monthly Magazine

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

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GETTING IN THE HAY.



TELL you what it is, girls and boys, there's no better sport than helping the men make hay. I am not big enough yet to handle a scythe; but I can ride the horse to plow, I can rake hay, and I can help load the cart. And it is fun, I tell you.

I found this out, last June, when I was on a visit at uncle Luke's. He has a fine farm near a great river. He has forty acres of good grass-land, five acres of fruit-trees, and a hundred of woodland.

When uncle Luke wants a thing done, he goes and does it. He doesn't ask this man or that to go and see that it is done: he sees to it himself. His men all like him, though they see he is rough on shirks. He wants no artful dodgers on his place. If you don't care to work, you must keep away from uncle Luke.

But if one of his men is sick, or his family is in distress, where will they find so good a friend as uncle Luke? What did he do for old Jim Burton? I'll tell you what he did. Jim was getting in wood for winter one day, when a tree fell on him, and broke his arm.

Now, Jim had a sickly wife and six small children. What did uncle Luke say? Did he say, "I must stop your wages, Jim, till you get well?" Don't you believe it! He handed him a fifty-dollar bill. Said he,—said uncle Luke—"There, Jim! Don't worry. Your wages shall go on. Keep up a stiff upper lip, old fellow. Never say *die*; and you'll come out all right." That is what uncle Luke said; and Jim did come out all right.

Well, I mustn't forget to tell you of our haying frolics. In the picture the bigger of the two boys on the cart is G. N. Hudson, Jr., your humble servant, the same one who

is writing this piece. Uncle Luke is the man pitching the hay. Cousin Laura is the girl raking. The two boys with her are her brothers Louis and Charles. The boy by my side is John Burton.

And now, if you want to see a fine yoke of oxen and the best Durham cows in this part of the country, just come to uncle Luke's. He will greet you with both hands, treat you to the best the house contains, and make you think of him with love all the rest of your life.

G. N. HUDSON, JR.

THE VOYAGE OF "THE DIDO."

"THE Dido" was a sloop. She was owned by Captain Walter. He made up his mind to send her to Cuba for bananas. Captain Walter was very fond of bananas. His sister Lucy was fond of bananas; and little Emily declared that her doll Dimple was so fond of bananas that she must go to Cuba in the sloop.



Captain Walter said that the tide was ebbing, and he could not wait. "Oh, do stop just one minute!" cried Emily from the top of the hill.

"Time and tide wait for no doll," said the captain. "'The Dido' is all ready, the crew are all on board, and start she must. One, two, three! There she goes!"

So "The Dido" started without Dimple. When she got to Cuba, it was found that there were no bananas in the

market. Captain Walter had told Skipper Bob (a little pewter man) to load the sloop with sugar, if he could not get bananas.

This order was faithfully carried out by Skipper Bob. "The Dido" was a fast sailer; but homeward bound she was struck by a squall, and capsized.

"Well, I'm glad my little Dimple was not on board," cried Emily. "Thank you, Captain Walter, for not being



obliging. Poor Dimple's new bonnet would have been all spoiled by the salt water, if she had gone in the sloop."

"Were the crew all lost?" asked Lucy.

"I think not," said Captain Walter. "I'll take off my shoes and stockings and wade out to see how much harm has been done. If Skipper Bob has gone to the bottom, I shall be sorry; for he's a first rate seaman."

My little readers will be glad to learn that Skipper Bob and all the crew were found in the hold, quite safe and jolly.

"The Dido" was brought to the shore, and, as soon as her sails were dried, she was found to be as good as new.

ALFRED SELWYN.



MAGGIE'S EYES.

MAGGIE's eyes are bright and blue,
So were grandma's, darling, too :
Grandma was like *you*, you know,
Very many years ago, —
Happy all the live-long day,
Singing gayly at her play ;
Just a merry child of ten,
And *she* had a grandma then.

But the years have flown so fast,
Grandma has grown old at last,
And the dear eyes once so bright,
Now have lost their merry light.
So what else can grandma do,
But borrow Maggie's eyes so blue?
And very sweet the little voice
That makes the aged heart rejoice.

Just a little while each day
Maggie runs away from play,
Scampers fast to grandma's room
(Like sunshine scattering cloud and gloom),
And the dear old lady cries,
" Welcome, welcome, dear blue eyes !
Welcome, welcome, eyes so blue,
Maggie's eyes, — and grandma's too ! "

No, you merry sunbeams, no,
You need not coax our darling so:
Butterfly, and bird, and flower !
For just one sweet and quiet hour
Little Maggie turns away
From your coaxing and your play, —
Because with loving haste she hies
To lend to grandmamma her eyes.

MARY D. BRINE.



THE BRAVE COCKATOO.

Who would think of finding a friend in need in a cockatoo? But it is a fact that both birds and beasts can be so trained as to show great love for those who take care of them.

The cockatoo has white feathers, and is formed like a parrot. There was a man by the name of Charles Durand, of whose travels and adventures a book was written. He

owned a cockatoo, and carried it about with him on his journeys. The bird's name was Billy, and he seems to have been as wise and brave as he was loving.

He came with a good character to Mr. Durand, for he had belonged to a sick man for whom he showed a tender regard. The good bird would bring him bunches of grapes to quench his thirst, and would refuse to eat one till the sick man had set him the example.

But it is of something that he did for his new master, Charles Durand, that I am now to write. Charles was in India, where it is very hot, and where snakes and wild beasts are found. He was asleep in his tent.

All at once he was roused by a sharp, shrill cry from the bird. The cockatoo, like the parrot, can be taught to speak words. The cry he now uttered was, "Time to rise! time to rise!" And then he flapped his wings, and screamed. Such a noise!

Charles awoke, and looked round, wondering what was the matter. "What can ail Billy?" he thought. The cause was soon plain: a deadly snake, one whose venomous bite is fatal, lay coiled close up to his bed. The reptile reared its neck, and prepared to spring on the defenceless man.

Just when Charles Durand thought that all hope was at an end, and that his death was near, Billy, the cockatoo, sprang from his perch. Seizing the reptile by the neck with his strong beak, the brave bird held him tight until his master could summon help.

The snake was killed, and Billy was praised and petted to his heart's content. Who would not love such a bird? How wonderful the instinct that made him see his master's danger, and ward it off in such a way! Billy deserved to have his likeness taken, and his bravery recorded in "The Nursery."

UNCLE CHARLES.

OLD CHARLIE.

OLD CHARLIE was a doctor's horse, and he was a good horse, as my story will show. The doctor used him ten years, and in all that time he never did a bad thing.

He would stand without tying while the doctor made his calls, and never got impatient if he was kept waiting ever so long. When the doctor came out to him, after a very



long call, Charlie would look round, prick up his ears, and whinny, which was his way of saying, "I am glad you have come." But he would never start until the doctor got into the buggy, took up the reins, and said, "Go!"

If the harness broke, or the shafts dropped down, he would stop at once, and wait until all was right again. He would always keep the beaten track, night or day; and when he crossed a crazy bridge, or any bad place in the

road, he would step as carefully as if treading on eggs. The doctor's children could drive him anywhere in safety.

Besides being good, Charlie was more knowing than most horses. As the boys say, "He knew what he was about." When one went to bridle him, he would turn his head, and open his mouth to receive the bit. When he was taken out before the carriage, he would step carefully between the shafts, and never step on them.

The doctor, in going on his daily rounds, would often lay the reins down, open his paper, and read the news, while Charlie would take the same roads, turn the same corners, and stop at the same houses, that he did the day before, making the whole circuit of several miles, and turning four or five corners, without being guided in the least.

When the doctor did not wish to stop at some house, he would say, just as they approached it, "No, Charlie, go on." Charlie would pass right by, and the next day he would not offer to stop at that house without orders.

Sometimes, when the doctor got into his buggy, he would say, "Now, Charlie, we are going to ——" (naming the place). After once making the journey as announced, if he said the same thing two or three days afterward, and threw down the reins, Charlie would go directly to the place, turning all the corners, without offering to stop anywhere else. This was tried a number of times.

The doctor had a little dog named Tray, that used to ride with him night and day. Sometimes Tray would stand with his fore-paws on the dash-board, and hold the reins in his mouth, feeling as big as a little boy who is just learning to drive. This made the boys laugh, and clap their hands, and shout, "Hurrah for Tray!" Sometimes Tray would take the halter between his teeth, and lead Charlie to water.

But alas! Charlie grew old and lame at last. He could

not do the work required of him : so he was sold to a man who promised to use him well, and put him to light work.

There was mourning in the house when the old horse was taken away. The children cried, their mother cried, and the old doctor himself did not like to speak about him. All felt that such a good horse ought to have been kept as long as he lived.

GRANDFATHER.

NED'S LESSON.

I WONDER if any of "The Nursery" children are ever tempted to take little cousin Ned's method of reading. He is just learning the first lessons of his primer, although for a long time he has been delighted to be "told the pictures" in his "Nursery," as he has always called reading the stories to him. He is never tired of hearing them over and over again, especially those that tell of horses and animals, and has learned the stories well by studying the illustrations.

Now, his primer has pictures too, just as yours has, I suppose. Before d-o-g there is a picture of a dog, and over d-o-l-l there is a little girl holding her doll.

Now, Ned knows the letters very well, but cannot always tell the word : so sometimes he spells the word, looks at the picture over or beside it, and then — then what do you think he does? I am very much afraid that he often *guesses*, which, of course, is not reading at all.

One day he had spelt d-o-g, and this word he had seen so many times that he knew it was dog without looking at the illustration ; but when he came to the next word, u-r-n, he hesitated, then, glancing above, pronounced bravely *sugar-bowl!*

He did not guess right that time, did he?

EUNICE A. LADD.



DO YOU LOVE BUTTER?

THE buttercup, the buttercup!
There's not a flower in all the fields
Can charm me like the buttercup.

No sadness in its look can dwell :
It takes me back to childhood's days,
When wealth was found in buttercups.

Its glossy leaf, its yellow leaf,
Like varnished gold, so fair and bright, —
It cheers and glistens like the sun.

The violet is blue and shy,
And pensive is the mood it brings;
It does not laugh, it does not smile.

But oh the jocund buttercup !
How rich it made us in the days
When more than wealth was in its gleam !

Come, and remember with me now
The hour when we would roam the field,
And pluck the merry buttercups !

And then, as in the grove we sat,
“Do you love butter?” I would say,
And put the flower beneath your chin.

And, if the yellow hue was shed
Like sunshine on your dainty chin,
“Oh, she loves butter!” I would cry.

'Tis winter-time, the frost is here ;
No buttercups make glad our path :
But Spring is coming — never fear !

EMILY CARTER.

THE COMING OF THE FLOWERS.



IF you ask me to tell you a story, little Sue, I will tell you about the coming of the flowers. I might call it a reception or gathering of the flowers; for, as they come and go, they seem to me very much like children. Let us see.

It is early spring. My garden is all put in order like a house for a party. Two messengers, Sunshine and Shower, have gone out to tell the flowers that the Sun is on his way from the South, and will want to see them all.

The flowers are asleep in dark little rooms; but they hear the voice of Sunshine and Shower. They have been dreaming about the light and the air and the birds and the bees: so they say, "We are coming." And soon they are on their way.

Little Snowdrop opens her eyes, puts on her white dress, and ventures out first of all, looking like a little fairy;

but she stays only a short time.

Soon Miss Violet and all her sisters appear in their pretty blue dresses. They stay much longer than Snowdrop; but they are very modest, and have little to say. Yet everybody loves them, and though they shun all display and are fond of out-of-the-way places, they are sought out wherever they try to hide themselves.



Next comes bright-eyed Daisy, with a delicate white fringe on her dress of gold. They say that her great, great, grandmother was called "day's eye," because she woke up so early in the morning, and looked so bright. Daisy is as wide awake as her grandmother, although her name has been shortened.



The saucy Buttercups and the Daffodils come with Daisy.

Robin-redbreast is so delighted to see them that he gives them a song. He stands by Miss Apple-Blossom, who has got here before her cousin Miss Rose.



Bumble-Bee is humming a solo for Clover-Blossom, who is out in her best dress; but, while he is in the midst of it, Miss Variegated Tulip, the first of the Lily family, stalks in like a queen.

The graceful Miss Pond-Lily comes floating along, and attracts great attention. She is soon followed by her very fascinating little cousin Lily-of-the-Valley. The charming Miss White Lily does not come till quite late; and, last of all the family, comes her proud brother, Tiger-Lily.



Mr. Humming-Bird thinks it is time for the Pinks and Roses to come: so he begins to play a lively march, and Miss China, Miss Carnation, Miss Scarlet, Miss Virginia, and their brothers, Sweet-William, Ragged-Robin, and Sir Royal-Catchfly, appear.



Miss Damask Rose and all her children follow the Pink family. The air is filled with fragrance as they enter, and every body says, "How beautiful!" Miss Blush Rose wears a delicate pink dress; Miss Moss is wrapped in a veil of green; Miss Rose Bud is half hid in a hood, but she soon throws it back, and smiles at us.

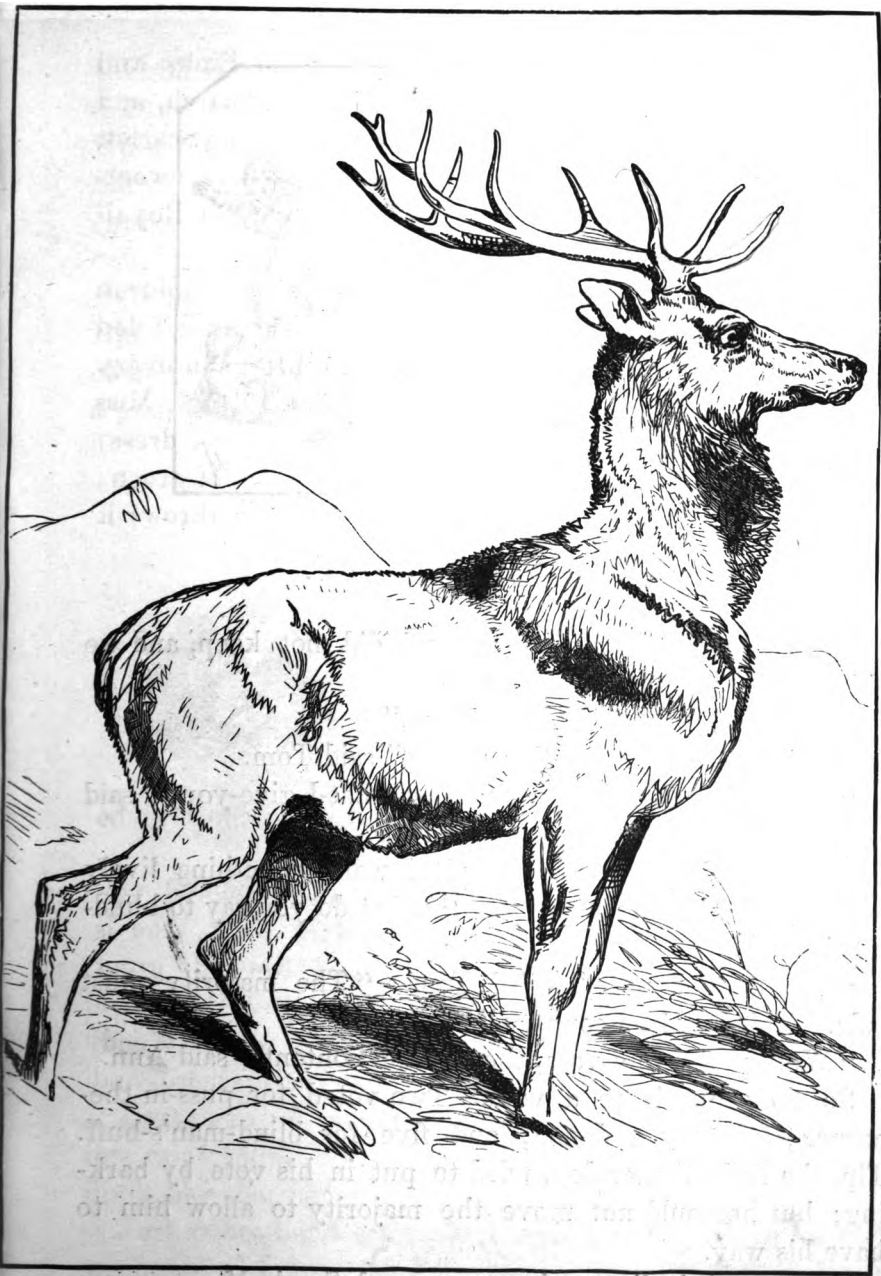
And now there is quite a throng of guests. Plain little Mignonette, whom we all love for her goodness; Forget-me-not, who is true love; the brilliant Morning-Glories; the sleepy Poppies; tall Mr. Sunflower, who likes to be thought rich — all these and many others come.



Those who come last are dressed in warm colored velvets, as if to protect themselves from Jack Frost, who is no friend of the flowers. Honey-Bee and Butterfly greet them all with a kiss as they enter; and all, I think, are having a good time, not excepting the little rogues Weed, Nettle, and Bramble, who come of their own accord, and sometimes do mischief.

JENNIE LYNCH.





DRAWING-LESSON.



BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF.

It was a rainy afternoon, school did not keep, and we children did not know what to do.

Susan said, "Let us have a dance."

"No, let us play hunt-the-slipper," said Tom.

"I would rather play hold-fast-what-I-give-you," said little Marian, the youngest of the girls.

"Oh, that is too still a game! I want something lively and brisk," said Ann Cowper. "What do you say to blind-man's-buff?"

"Put it to a vote," cried Tom. "The majority must rule. This is a free country."

"Well, put it to a vote, then; I am content," said Ann.

So they put it to a vote. Two voted for puss-in-the-corner; one for a dance; and five for blind-man's-buff. Tip, the little terrier-dog, tried to put in his vote by barking; but he could not move the majority to allow him to have his way.

Blind-man's-buff was the game, and Sarah Marston was

the blind man. Her eyes were bandaged, she was turned around three times by Tom, and then the game began. Up and down the room, round and round, they ran. Poor Sarah was pulled about; and Tom, grown bold by his many escapes, at last tried to take hold of her ear. He was caught in the act, and now he had to be the blind man.

What a frolic they had! I can't tell you all about it. But Mr. Merrill has made a picture of the scene, for he came in to see a part of it; and the picture can tell you in a glance much more than I can tell you in a page.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE TRAMPS.

I WANT to tell you about two little visitors that we had one rainy night. My papa called them "tramps;" but I don't like that name.

Just as brother Bertie and I were getting ready for bed, we heard a tapping at the window-pane. We looked out,

and there we saw a little bird. It seemed to be asking shelter from the storm.

Mamma raised the sash, and the bird came in, flew round the room once or twice, and then lighted on the back of an arm-chair. There it sat, as if glad to be in such a good place, away from the wind and the rain.

My sister Jane went close to it, and held up her hand, and after a little coaxing, the bird perched on her finger. Then she put it into a cage, and set it on the bureau beside our bed.

About an hour afterwards, when we were in bed and asleep, there came another tapping at the window, and, sure enough, there was another little bird trying to get in.

Mamma took this one in too, and put it in the cage beside the first one. In the morning, when we woke, there, to our surprise, we saw two little birds instead of one.

Then, as the rain was over and the sun shining, we opened the window and let the birds fly away. They seemed glad to go. One of them lit on a cherry-tree near by and looked back at me, and I thought he tried to say, "Thank you, little boy, for my night's lodging."

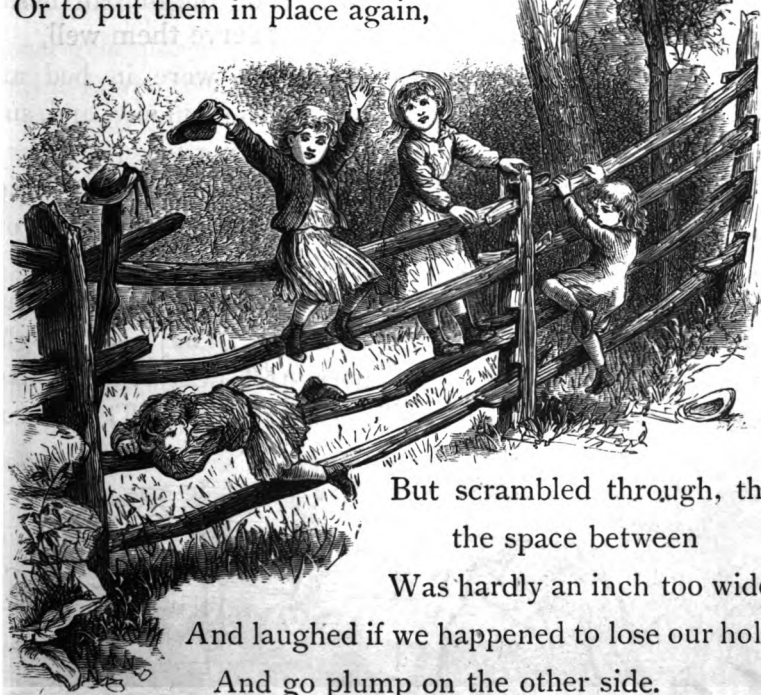
WILLIE SCRIPPS.



THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

How well I remember the old rail
fence

At the foot of the narrow lane,
Where we never stopped to let down
the bars,
Or to put them in place again,



But scrambled through, tho'
the space between
Was hardly an inch too wide;
And laughed if we happened to lose our hold,
And go plump on the other side.

And oh, how jolly it was when we
These barriers high could scale,
And perch like roosters, and flap our wings,
And crow on the topmost rail!

And the smallest one of the merry group,
A gay little girlish elf,
Would cry if the bars were let down for her,
For she wanted to help herself.

In all the frolics, the games, and plays,
So dear to the children's heart,
They are learning lessons that serve them well,
When the days of youth depart :

And those who fearlessly climbed the fence
At the risk of beholding stars,
Will never delay at a task, nor wait
Till some one lets down the bars.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



THE BRAVE DOG.

ROVER is a large brown-and-white St. Bernard dog, with beautiful black eyes. He is gentle and kind toward the children. But he is a grand watch-dog, and in the night-time is very fierce.

I am going to tell a story about him. Mr. Williams, who keeps a market-shop in our village, came to my uncle John one evening, and said, "I want to borrow your dog. Some rascal gets into my shop and steals fruit almost every night. I want Rover to catch him."

"He can do it," said uncle John. "Come along, Rover." Off they started, and were soon in Mr. Williams's shop. Uncle John pointed to a place near the door, and said, "Now, Rover, lie down here, keep quiet, and, if anybody comes in to-night, seize him, and hold him till I come to you in the morning. Do you understand?"

Rover wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Of course I do." Then Mr. Williams locked the door, and the two came away.

About midnight, the same man who had robbed the shop before came back to make another attempt. He got a window open, he jumped in; but no sooner had he touched the floor than Rover, with a fierce growl, was upon him. He tried to get away, but the dog threw him down, and held him fast by the collar. With two rows of teeth so near his throat, the man did not dare to stir.

There he lay when Mr. Williams opened the door in the morning, and Rover had him at his mercy. "Call the dog off," said the man in a trembling voice. "Do take him off! Do call him off!"

The man begged so piteously, that Mr. Williams tried his best to coax Rover away; but the dog growled fiercely, and would not let go his hold.

"I must go for his master," said Mr. Williams: so, locking the door again, he went away, and soon came back, bringing uncle John with him.

"Ha, Rover!" said uncle John, "so you have caught the thief."

Rover looked up, and wagged his tail. He did not growl at his master, but still held the man fast by the collar.

"Well, my man," said uncle John, "which do you like



best, — to steal apples and be caught by a dog, or to behave yourself?"

"Oh, do call the dog off," said the poor man, who was too much frightened to say more.

"Don't be in a hurry," said uncle John. "Promise me first that you will never attempt to steal again."

The man promised faithfully, and added that he would pay for all that he had taken. Then uncle John clapped his hands, and said, "Drop the man, Rover, and come here."

Rover let go his hold, and ran to his master, almost as much pleased as his prisoner to be released. "You are a brave dog," said uncle John, patting him fondly; "and as for you," he said, turning to the man, who stood like a culprit awaiting his sentence, "I think you have been punished enough for this offence. But let this be a lesson to you. Go now, and be thankful that you have got off so well."

"And now," said Mr. Williams, "Rover must have a good breakfast to pay for his last night's work." So, cutting a big piece of meat, he handed it to Rover, who trotted home with it in great glee.

This is a true story, and the picture is from a photograph of Rover himself.

AUNT ANNA.



GAMES.

"PRETTY birds, pretty birds, what do you play,
All in a row on the leafy spray?"

"Little maid, little man, can't you guess?
Every one comes in a tidy dress;
Every one cheerfully keeps the rule:
We merry birdies are playing school."

"Butterflies, winging from rose to rose,
What you are playing there's no one knows."

"Little maid, little man, oh! it is fun,
Roaming and sporting till set of sun:

Roses, and lilies so white and meek,
All among these we play hide-and-seek."

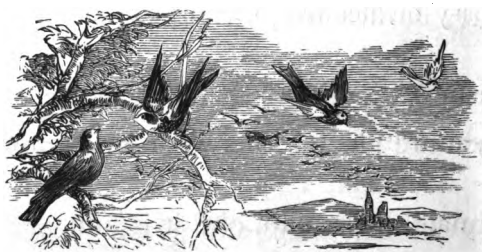
" Gay breezes, tossing the leaves about,
What do you play at, when you are out? "

" Little maid, little man, come and see ;
Here we go racing from tree to tree.
Oh, it's jolly ! We never flag :
This is our merriest game of tag."

" Grasshoppers, out in the meadows sweet,
What do you play with your nimble feet? "

" Little maid, little man, — one, two, three,
Hipperty, hopperty, can't catch me !
Oh, such a merry, delightful game ! —
' Hop Scotch ' you little folks call its name."

GEORGE COOPER.





THE WATERFALL.

Oh, where, and oh, where,
Shall we go this summer day?
The sky it is all bare,
And the leaves are not at play.
One white moon in the blue
Is all that I can see;
A crescent white and new :
How lonely it must be !

For not a breeze awakes,
And the sun is blazing bright;
And the thrush no music makes,
He is waiting for the night.
The sky is all a glare,
We melt beneath his ray :
Oh, where, and oh, where
Shall we go this summer day ?

Oh, I will tell you where
We will go this summer day ;
To a grove that's dim and fair,
Where the winds and waters play ;
To the little bright cascade,
Where the air is cool and sweet,
Where the high trees make a shade,
And the rocks and bushes meet.

Oh, there, and oh, there,
My children, let us go ;
There's coolness in the air,
And the foam is white as snow.
So come, and oh, come
To the waterfall with me ;
The birds will not be dumb,
And the leaves will shake with glee.



FEEDING THE DUCKS.

PEGGY takes great comfort feeding her ducks. Her dog Grip likes to be with her when

she feeds them. See Peggy with a loaf of bread in her lap. She breaks off a piece, and then throws it into the water. The ducks all swim to get it.

One old duck and five little ducks are in the brook. Flag-root grows near by. Peggy has a large basket. She has been to the garden to get some fresh string-beans for dinner.

But she must stop and feed the ducks before she goes home. They know her so well now, that the little ducks do not run when she tries to take one up. It is well to win the love even of ducks.

UNCLE CHARLES.



LONDON STONE.

ONE of the prettiest spots on the River Thames is the meadow near Staines Church, on which the stone pillar shown in the engraving is placed. This stone marks the western boundary of the city of London on the Thames.

Close by is the tower of Staines Church, built by Inigo Jones. Staines is one of those little country towns of England that are not yet invaded by the bustle and noise of trade and manufactures. Between Staines and Windsor, and nearly opposite London Stone, are the fields of Runnymede, where King John was compelled by the Barons to sign *Magna Charta* (pronounced kar'ta), the first great declaration of English liberty. From Staines Bridge the royal towers of Windsor bound the view on the west.

A few miles below is Hampton Court, the stately royal residence that was built by Cardinal Wolsey. This is a favorite resort of Londoners, and contains fine galleries of pictures. The palace gardens are very beautiful. T. C.

SONG OF THE SOLDIER.

Words translated by E. S. WILCOX.

Music by W. TAUBERT.



March.

1. A drum that can sound, A mus-ket so brave, A long

p Ped. * Ped. * *fz*

wooden sword, What more would you have ? trrr dum, trrr dum, trrr

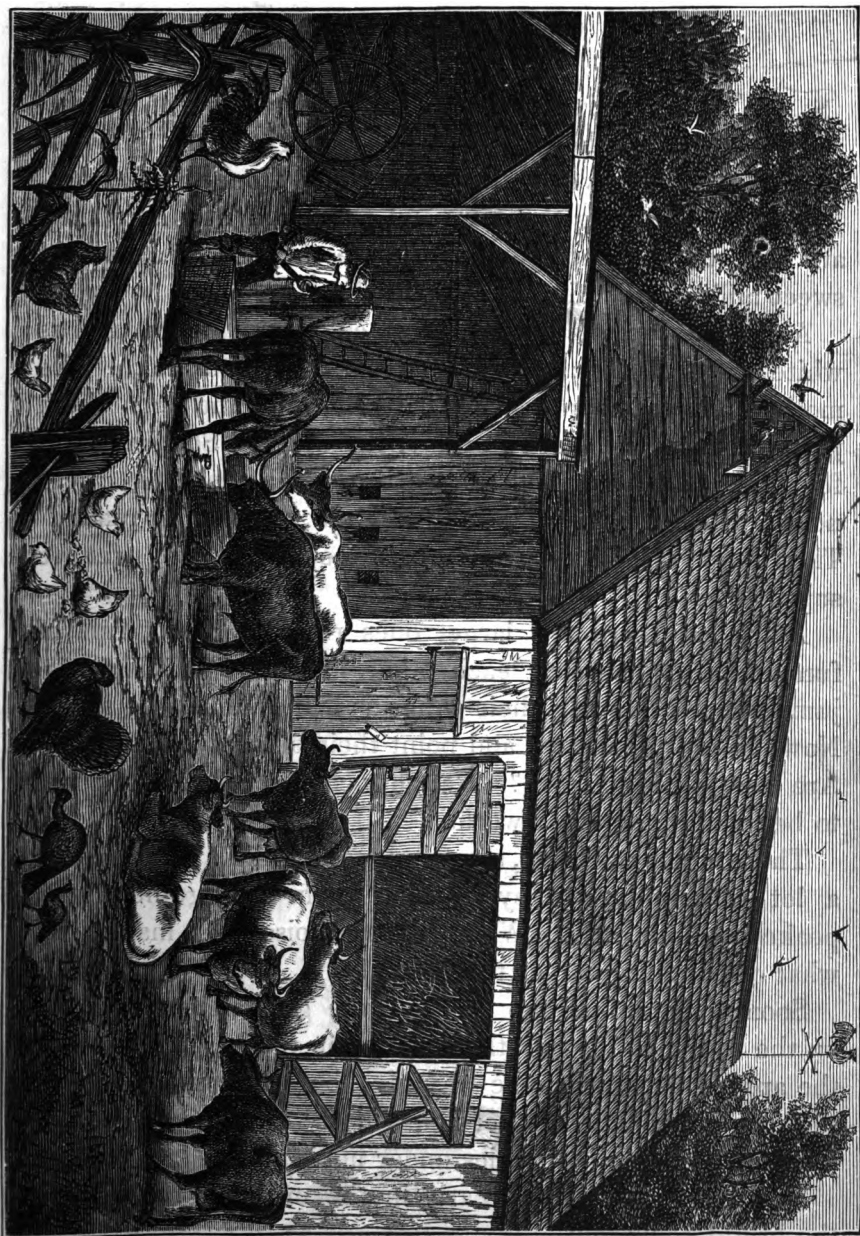
Ped. * *Ped.* * *p*

dum, te dum, te dum, trrr dum. What more would you have ?

f

2 My bold soldier boy
Stand straight as you can,
Now, march, march away,
Keep step like a man! CHO.

3 With drum and with sword
All day he keeps tread
Till sleep gives the word.
Now, march off to bed! CHO.



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
BY
J. B. BARTON

ON THE FARM.



YES, here I am, sitting by the window of a cosey farm-house. Charlie, a bright little fellow of four years, has just come from the pasture, driving the cows and oxen, and now here they are safe in the barn-yard. Charlie must have a cup of sweet milk to pay him for his trouble.

And then, just see the troops of chickens! Some are as white as pond-lilies, and some are as black as ink. The mother-hen seems proud of her children, and lets them jump on her back, and run under her wings. She scratches for them, and, when she finds a worm, she makes a queer noise, which means, "Come, children, supper is ready." Then how fast they all run to see which will get to supper first!

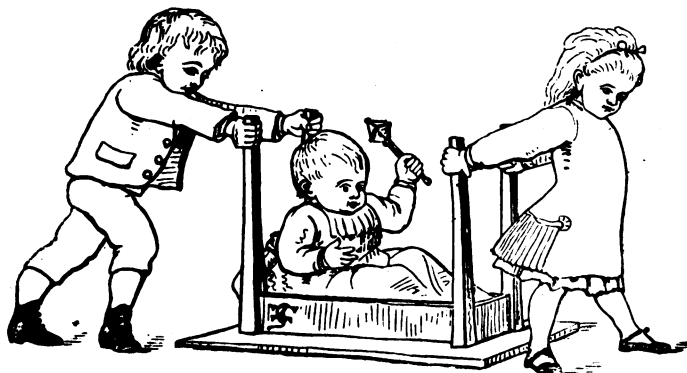
And then there are larger ones running about, full of fun and frolic, chasing each other, like boys playing tag, jumping, and flapping their wings as if they liked the sport. Now, two of them stop, and point their bills at each other. Are they going to fight? Naughty chicks, you must be put to bed without another worm.

There is a big gobbler, strutting around like a king among a lot of modest turkeys. Near them are guinea-hens, peaked at both ends. What a horrid noise they make, and what odd-looking babies they have!

Soon they will all go to bed: the guinea-hens will get on the top of the barn; the turkeys on the highest part of the apple-trees, out of the way of the foxes; the hens on the roost; and the mother-hen will sly away in some safe place, and cuddle her babies under her wings.

But they will wake up early in the morning to welcome the bright sun again.

J. N. N.



THREE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

DEAR little baby, with eyes so blue,
Fretted for something funny and new :
'Twas plain that she wanted to go to ride ;
But the rain was falling fast outside.

Then up came Charlie, with eyes so gray :
" Baby, you *shall* have a ride to-day :
We can't let dear little baby cry ;
We'll give her a ride — at least we'll try."

Then up came Elsie, with eyes so brown,
Dragging a table turned upside down ;
And in got baby, with blue eyes bright,
Laughing and shouting in great delight.

She had a grand ride all over the floor, —
With a horse behind, and a horse before :
Dear little Blue-Eyes, Brown-Eyes, Gray,
Unselfish and loving the livelong day !

When Blue-Eyes had taken this funny ride,
She came to a halt at her mother's side,
Clambered up gayly on mamma's lap,
And closed her eyes for her morning nap.

"Now, Brown-Eyes," said Gray-Eyes, "I'll have a ride
In a grand old carriage with you by my side;
I'll take you to Boston, or Salem, or Lynn,
And, when you are tired, come home again."



So they harnessed old hobby to papa's chair,
(Oh never was seen such a merry pair),
Got into their carriage and took a ride,
Then came to a halt at dear mamma's side.

And she, as she kissed them, was pleased to find
Her children so happy and gentle and kind:
Dear little Blue-Eyes, Brown-Eyes, Gray,
Unselfish and loving the livelong day!



THE MULES.

THE mules have been hard at work, dragging a large wagon, and they stop now to have a drink at the cool pure fountain. Always give your cattle clean, fresh water, for they do not like to drink any other. They may at times be so thirsty that they will drink what they can get; but

they do not like foul water any better than you do yourself.

On a hot day, when the car-horses have to work hard, their mouths are often covered with foam. The driver sometimes stops to have them watered. I always like to see the man who comes out with two pails, instead of one. Thus each horse gets a good clean drink, and is not obliged to swallow the froth which the other has left in the water.

EMILY CARTER.

ABOUT BEES.



IN a hive of bees the honey-combs do not touch each other. A space of nearly half an inch separates them. These are the streets of their city, where two bees can pass at a time.

Besides these highways, other openings, very nearly round, pass through the honey-combs. These openings are like little doors always open. They are used to save the need of a long passage in getting from one comb to another, or to different parts of the hive.

These passages, like the combs, are not all made of the same shape. The bees know too much for that. They fit them to their needs. If they find that they have made a mistake, they change the direction of their work so as to make up for it by some new contrivance. In their actions they show mind. Their resources in the art of building are always equal to their wants.

Bees show a strong memory. They will recognize their hive in the midst of a crowd of others. If a field is covered with flowers which they like, they return the year after to the same place, even though the culture is quite changed.

In the year 1806 a kind of great moth abounded. Very greedy of honey, the moths would enter a hive, and break all the combs with their great bodies, much larger than that of a bee. The bees were frightened, and at first did not know what to do.

But they knew how to "try, try again!" They hit on this plan: A thick wall of wax was raised at the entrance of all the hives, with doors so small, that only one bee could pass at a time.

The greedy moths, with their big bodies, soon found that they could not enter to steal the honey. They flew against the bulwark, but could not break it. They flew off, and came back with a great force: but it would not do. The bees had built the wall too strong for them; and the big thieves could get no more plunder. And so the clever bees drove off their enemy.

UNCLE CHARLES.



“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!”

“WOODMAN, spare that tree!”

The little birds were singing,
While through the leafy grove
The cruel axe was ringing:
So sharp and quick its stroke
Upon the oak-tree hoary,
The echoes all awoke,
And told the doleful story.

“Woodman, spare that tree!”

The little birds kept crying,
Still round and round the place
In narrow circles flying:
“Our pretty nests we made
Where boughs and trunks united;
And in its grateful shade
Our loving vows were plighted.”

“Tchk, tchk, tchk!” went the axe,

All other sounds unheeding:
The woodman chopped away,
Despite the birds’ soft pleading.
And as the great tree fell,
Their cries grew louder, stronger:—
Why couldn’t it as well
Have stood a little longer?



LOST IN THE WOODS.

ALFRED and his sister Ruth were city children. Last July they went to visit their aunt in the country. One day they thought they would take a stroll in the woods in search of wild flowers.

The weather was so mild, and the birds sang so sweetly, that the children did not mind the flight of time. On they went, and at the sight of every new flower Ruth would cry out with delight, "Oh, look here, Alfred! Just see what a pretty flower!"

At last Alfred said, "We must go home now, or we shall be late to dinner." But when he turned he did not know which path to take. There were three foot-paths; but no trace of a road made for carts.

"I'm puzzled," said Alfred. "What if we should be lost in the woods?"

Ruth, who had lately been reading the story of "The Babes in the Woods," did not take the thought quite so cheerfully as Alfred seemed to take it. He thought it would be good fun to be lost in the woods.

"Hark! What's that?" cried Ruth. She was just getting down from a little hillock, formed from the earth thrown up at the root of a large tree. Alfred put forth his hand to help her.

"Hark, Alfred! Do you hear nothing?"

There was certainly a rustling in the bushes. What could it be? "Oh, I hope there are no wolves or bears in the woods," said Ruth.

"No; but there are rabbits and squirrels," said Alfred. "That noise, however, is made by some larger animal than a rabbit or a squirrel. I think I know that bark."

"Oh, yes! That's the Captain. We are all right now. The Captain will show us the way out of this puzzle."

The next moment a great shaggy black Newfoundland dog leaped over the high grass, and came at Ruth as if he wanted to eat her up, so glad he was to see her.

"Look here, Captain, don't eat up a poor little girl," said Ruth, clasping his big neck.

The Captain barked, as if he saw the joke. Then he tried to leap up, and lick Alfred's face, but Alfred said, "No, I thank you," and drew back.

Then the Captain leaped on through one of the paths, and the children followed. In ten minutes they caught sight of their aunt's cottage, and just as they entered the gate, they heard the dinner-bell ring.

DORA BURNSIDE.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY is always gay,
 Laughing and singing the livelong
 day,
 Searching the attic, sliding down
 stairs,
 Spoiling his clothes with the awful-
 est tears:
 Happy-go-lucky, merry and bright,
 Happy-go-lucky's my heart's de-
 light!



He falls in the water and swims like a duck,
 He never is hurt, for "it isn't his luck;"
 He climbs and he tumbles — he's up with a grin;
 For bumps and for bruises he cares not a pin:
 Happy-go-lucky, my darling, my ducky,
 There's never a lad like Happy-go-lucky!

ROVER AND THE RABBIT.



MARY had a present of a little gray rabbit. She was afraid that Rover the big dog would hurt it. So she said to him, "Now, old dog, I want

you to be good to my rabbit."

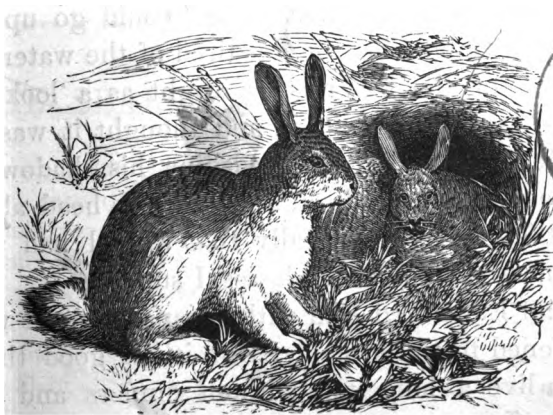
She gave the little rabbit a hug, and looked straight into Rover's eyes. The good dog seemed to know what Mary meant. He gave a low kind of bark, as if he would like to say,

“Trust me, Mary. I will not hurt the little rabbit; I will take good care of it.”

So Mary put the rabbit down on the floor; and gentle Rover stretched himself at full-length as if to play with it. Soon he and the rabbit were friends.

If any strange dog were to try to harm the rabbit, I think Rover would let him know it was not a safe thing for him to do.

A. B. C.



“JOE.”



PAPA brought him home in a paper-bag one evening ; and how puzzled we were to know what was in the bag, when we heard the scratching of his feet.

Frank thought it might be a kitten ; Emma was sure it was a bird ; and Eddie said, “ It’s a mouse, I know ! ” Then papa let “ Joe ” walk out of the bag on to the floor ; and how delighted we were to see a baby-turtle !

He wasn’t two inches long from tip to tip ; but papa said he was as “ grown up ” as ever he would be, and that in the ocean near Florida, where he was caught, there were hundreds of just such tiny turtles.

“ Joe ” poked his head out of his shell, looked around, winked his white eyes at the children, and then began to trot off as fast as he could towards the door.

“ Oh, dear ! ” the children cried, “ he has started for Florida ! Please, papa, catch him, quick ! ”

Papa laughed, and picked him up ; and Eddie ran to mamma’s pantry, and found a tin cracker-box for “ Joe’s ” home. Papa put in some water and white sand, and at one end a block of wood ; so that “ Joe ” could go up and sun himself on dry land when he got tired of the water.

The inside of the box was as bright as a looking-glass, and “ Joe ” saw himself in it, and thought it was another turtle. He would spend hours visiting his shadow, putting his front-feet up against it and bobbing his head about, and looking at himself so comically that we all had to laugh. He was not used to looking-glasses, I suppose.

Eddie and Emma fed him with scraps of meat whenever they happened to think of it. But it’s a good thing that turtles can live a long time without dinners and suppers ;

for these children often forgot to give "Joe" even a lunch the whole day through!

But they were proud of him, and never forgot to show him to any little friends who came to visit them. M. E. W.



THE SEARCH IN THE MEADOW.

OH, birdies, wait a moment, don't fly so far away ;
Have you seen a blue-eyed youngster here in the fields at play, —
A laughing, roguish urchin, with cheeks so red and fat,
And a curly head half hidden beneath a broad-brimmed hat ?
Just a little while ago he was playing hide-and-seek
With the merry golden sunbeams which kissed his dimpled cheek.
But I cannot find my darling. Oh, tell me ! if you can,
In your flight above the meadows. do you see my little man ?

Oh, daisies white and yellow, — speak out, and tell me true,
Has a little blue-eyed urchin been playing here with you?
He wore a clean white apron, and blue slippers on his feet,
And I think no other youngster was ever half so sweet.
Oh, tell me, ye tall grasses, low bowing to the breeze,
And you, ye red-tipped clovers, which tempt the wandering bees,
And you, ye fragrant fernlets which at the brookside dwell,
Have you seen my little rover? where is he, can you tell?

Oh, butterflies, which hover o'er every wayside flower,
And ye sober, busy bees, seeking honey every hour,
My baby-boy was sweeter than any blossom fair,
And his kisses were like honey; pray, can you tell me where
I may find him in the meadow? for I know he came to play
With the butterflies and birdies on this happy summer day.
Can *you* tell me, merry sunbeams, where's your little playmate now?
Have you all grown tired of kissing his dimpled cheeks and brow?

The birdies cocked their little heads, and all looked wondrous wise,
But gave to me no answer as they flew up to the skies;
The daisies and the buttercups just put their heads together,
And consulted with the grasses and the clovers, as to whether
They should tell a certain secret; and the fernlets by the brook
Seemed to nod an invitation to come that way, and look;
And the butterflies and bees refused a word to say,
But shook their light wings gayly, and took their flight away.

But the loving, gentle sunbeams, *they* led me by and by
To where my darling slumbered amid the grasses high;
While his wee hand clasped the flowers that filled his apron white,
And the breezes sang a lullaby to close his blue eyes bright.
Thus I found my little rover, the sweetest flower that grew,
In the daisy-tinted meadow, beneath the skies so blue!

MARY D. BRINE.

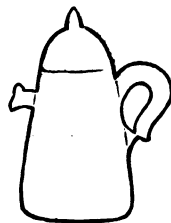


HOW TO DRAW A SQUIRREL.

*A loaf of brown bread
This looks like, to me.*



*A handle and spout
Makes a pot for our tea.*



*A line or two more
Makes our teapot look
funny*



*But helps us to finish
Our nut-cracking "Bunny".*



GEORGE'S FROG.



ONE morning last spring, as George was out collecting specimens for his cabinet, he saw, in a pond by the roadside, a frog, which he caught, and brought home. Master Frog was at once placed in a pan of water in a deep box in the yard; and when I came home in the evening I was invited to make him a call. "In the morning I shall be very happy to," I replied.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we went into the yard. I stooped down to the box, and put in a worm and some crumbs. "Where is the frog?" I asked.

"In the box, or perhaps deep down in the water," said George.

But froggie was not to be seen. "Are you playing a joke on me?" asked I.

"Certainly not," said George. "I thought I had him safe. I am much disappointed, for he was a very fine specimen."

We went to the street-door, and asked some children if they had seen a frog. They had not, and we thought he must have gone towards the water. We wondered whether he had gone to the river or to the common.

About a week afterwards, I was telling some children about frogs, and mentioned the loss of this one. "Oh, teacher!" exclaimed a little girl, who had been listening with great attention, "we had a frog in our Sunday school yesterday."

“A frog in Sunday school! What do you mean?”

“Some one opened the window to let in fresh air, and in hopped a frog. We all laughed; and one of the teachers threw it out of the window into the garden of a house near by.”

When George came home, I told him I thought I had found out where his frog was. He went to the house, and was permitted to search in the garden for his treasure; but he could find no trace of it.

Two weeks after, the gardener came to the house with a box in his hand, and asked for George. When George came into the room, the man said, “As I was cutting the grass this morning, something hopped, and I thought it might be your frog. Here it is in this box.” And sure enough there was the lost frog.

AUNT LIZZIE.



THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

ABOUT the middle of March a little company of blackbirds came north to spend the summer. Of course it was too early to begin to build, for the green things that birds like for their houses had not yet begun to grow: so they went down to a swampy meadow, and amused themselves by giving concerts. The song they sang most was this: “Quonk-a-ree, quonk-a-ree, quonk-a-ree!” If you want to know what that means, you must ask the singers.



After the birds came, there were snow-storms, and rain-

storms, and hail, and frost ; but the little fellows had waterproof coats, and didn't mind the weather. By and by May came. Then there was business enough on hand, you may be sure.

One young couple chose a building-spot in a low bush in the meadow. They gathered grasses and roots, which they wove neatly together with the slender twigs of the bush, and made a nice, deep nest. As soon as it was finished they moved in, and mamma-blackbird laid four lovely little eggs.

Then she sat upon them, and kept them warm, until one day, "Chip! Peep!" out popped four little baby-birds! Wasn't there a family to provide for! And so hungry! Why, it really seemed as though they never were quite satisfied.

Now, a little boy had been watching this nest ever since it was built, and, when the young birds were hatched, he was sorely tempted to take just one. But the poor parents saw him peeping into the nest, and flew around his head, and cried, "Check, check, check!"

Then the boy said, "Don't be troubled, little birds. I will not be so cruel as to take your little babies away. You shall keep them, and I will do all I can to help you."

So he ran away, and let the old birds go back to the nest in peace. That was a good boy, I think.

C. E. K. DAVIS.





IN THE FOREST.

WE'LL go to the forest where columbines grow ;
And buttercups, looking as yellow as gold ;
And daisies and cowslips beginning to blow ;
For it is a most beautiful sight to behold.

The little bee humming about them is seen ;
The butterfly merrily flutters along ;
The grasshopper chirps in the meadow so green ;
And the linnet is singing its liveliest song.

The birds and the insects are happy and gay ;
The beasts of the field they are glad and rejoice ;
And we will be thankful to God every day,
And praise his great name with our heart and our voice.

He made the green meadows ; he scattered the flowers ;
He sent his bright sun in the heavens to blaze ;
He created these wonderful bodies of ours :
And so long as we live we will sing of his praise.

ANN TAYLOR.



HOW KATE HELPED HER FATHER.

THERE was once a little girl living in the fresh green country, whose name was Kate. She slept with the sound of the brook and the notes of the whippoorwills in her ears all night long, and woke with the birds in the morning, as bright and happy as they.

But this morning she slept quite late, and was waked up by her father's voice calling under her window, "Come, Kate, my little girl, I want you to ride horseback for me to-day. Get right up and eat your breakfast ; for we must be off."

Kate's father was a farmer. He liked to have his little daughter with him while he was at work ; for he knew the



fresh air would do her good. She was glad to be waked in this way ; for she was always ready to ride horseback, and liked, above all things, to help her father.

So she sprang up quickly, and found a bowl of nice bread and milk all ready for her breakfast. She ate it with a good relish in her favorite seat under the big pine-tree. By that time her father came up, leading old Nell, who was all harnessed, and ready to be hitched on to the cultivator.

And now, for fear that you don't know what a cultivator is, I must tell you. It is a large three-cornered tool, shaped like an A. Under its frame it has big spreading teeth, which go tearing along between rows of corn or potatoes, heaping the earth around their roots. It has handles like a plow ; but, as the person who holds them must be far from the horse, it is much easier for him if some one is riding and driving.

Now, this is the way in which Kate was to help her father. The cornfield was quite far from the house: so when Nell stopped by the bank, Kate's father mounted, and, holding out a firm hand and foot to Kate, said, "Put your foot on mine, dear, and give a light spring." She did so, and in a second was seated on old Nell's back, in front of her father.

When they reached the field where the cultivator was, he hitched Nell to the traces, and left Kate to drive. She knew very well how to keep Nell's heavy feet off the hills of corn. But sometimes, while Kate was looking at the bobolinks, and listening to their songs, Nell would turn clumsily around, and down would go two or three of the little green hills. This made Kate more careful, and her father praised her for a famous little horse-woman.

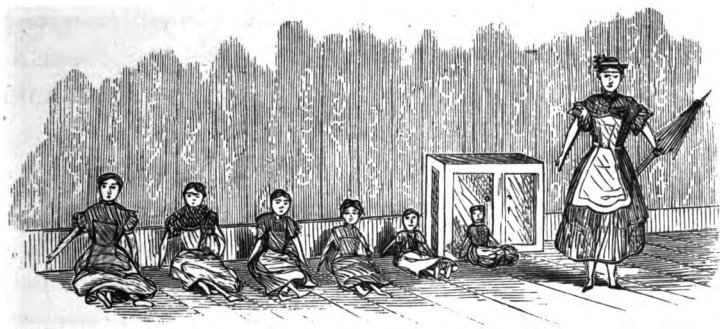
Several times that morning she heard the notes of what her father called the planting-bird, singing, "Put in, put in! Cover up, cover up! Quick, quick, quick!"

In a few hours the field was cultivated; and her father said he would leave the rest till the next day. So he unhitched the traces, and left the cultivator standing by the fence. "Now, would you like a canter home?" asked her father.

"Of course I would, papa. You know how much I always like that," answered Kate. Nell's pace was as easy as a cradle. They galloped on to the open door of the stable. Kate bobbed her head, and in they went.

Then Kate slid off, climbed upon the manger, loosened the throat-lash of the bridle, and tied a rope around Nell's neck. Nell understood this all very well; for, when she felt the bridle loosened, she opened her mouth, and dropped out the bit. Kate gave her a bunch of hay, and went into the house to do her stint of sewing.

KATE.



DOLLY-SCHOOL.

DING DONG ! Dolly-school is in.

Hark ! the lessons now begin :

Peep at all the pupils there, —

Dollies nice and neat and fair,

Fat and lean, and short and tall,

In a row against the wall.

Lots of little teachers, too,

Come to show them what to do.

“ Now, Miss Wax, turn out your toes,

Tell us how you spoiled your nose.

Miss Rag, pray for once sit straight ;

How came you to be so late ?

Do, Miss China, sit down, dear ;

Paper dolls, don't act so queer,

One when squeezed could say, ‘ Mam-ma ! ’

Smartest in the class, by far.”

Some will graduate next fall ;
Others are almost too small.
Does your dolly ever go ?
Terms are very cheap, you know.
Better take her there at once,
Who would want a doll a dunce ?
“ Time is up ! ” the teachers shout :
Ding dong ! Dolly-school is out.

GEORGE COOPER.



HOW TONY SOLD ROSEBUDS.

HE was only a dog, but a very smart dog indeed. He belonged to the class known as Shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy, called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy ; and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog.

Now Tony had grown to be a large, strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while

standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry for very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say, "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you."

But one day it happened that when the other boys, who shared the dark cellar-home with Beppo, went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know.

Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it round Tony's neck.

Then he looked at the dog, and said, "Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog, and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he gravely took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then, when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him and gave him a hearty welcome.

Beppo untied the basket, and looked in the cup, and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

That is how Tony sold the rosebuds; and he did it so well, that Beppo never tires of telling about it.

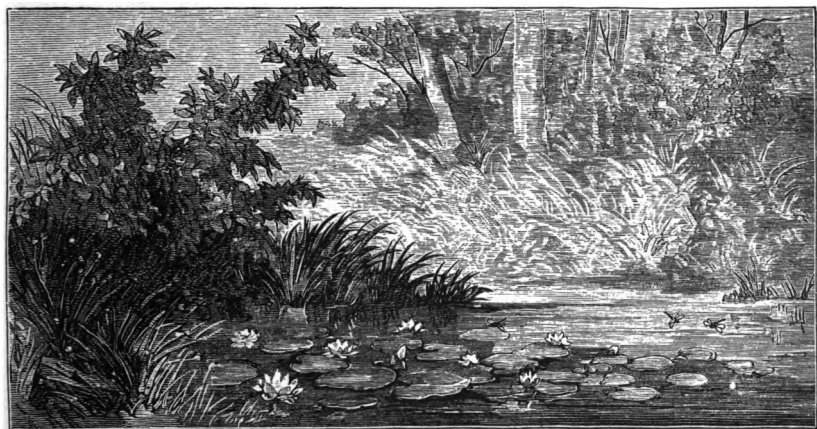
MARY D. BRINE.



MY LILY-TANK.

I SAID to the white pond-lily
In her pool by the sounding deep,
“The winds are harsh and chilly
That over your bosom sweep;
And they splash the spray of a stormy sea
Right in your face in their saucy glee;
But come, pretty lily, and live with me,
Where the warmer air moves stilly.”

So I gave her a well of cedar,
Sunk low in the level lawn,
And the rich, dark earth to feed her
From the soil of her birthplace drawn :
Twelve white pebbles were round the rim ;
The water filled it to the brim ,
And the grass peeped over to see her swim,
And the flowers bent down to greet her.



Across the wall my neighbor
Looked quietly on, and said,
“ You have done for me this labor,
My soul with its beauty is fed.”
“ You’ve done it for me, for me, for me ! ”
The cat-bird whistled out of the tree ;
“ Mine ! ” twittered the sparrow ; and chick-a-dee
More merrily beat his tabor.

" 'Tis a beautiful place for bathing,"
They sang, as in they dashed ;
One after the other, each gay thing,
Ducked down, and fluttered, and splashed :
Over their heads the water flew,
And into the lily-cups slid like dew ;
Oh, all the birds of the orchard knew
I had made them a glorious plaything.

So have we a livelier pleasure
In all that another can share ;
As a tree that gives shadow keeps fresher
Than one that is surly and bare.
Better for others is better for you ;
More than we mean is the good we do ;
I plant one lily, and I pick two ;
And giving has doubled my treasure.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.



A LETTER FROM OHIO.

DEAR "NURSERY": — I have just been reading your July number, with its stories about "The brave Cockatoo," "Old Charlie," and "The brave Dog," and it has made me feel like telling you a story too ; so here goes: —

"In 1855 — let me see ; that was twenty-four years ago ! Well, I may as well tell you that I am a pretty big boy. I am six feet high, and homely in proportion. I was forty years old yesterday, and have three children of my own ; yet I read 'The Nursery' every time it comes. But to go on with my story.

"In 1855 I was teaching school, way out West, and one of the scholars was a very dull boy, eight or ten years old. He was reading in the 'First Reader,' and just beginning at that. He was so dull that he couldn't keep his mind on anything, and I had to try lots of ways to wake him up.

"In his reading-lesson there was a picture of a cat with a large and bushy tail. The cat was standing on a wall. On the ground stood a dog, barking at the cat ; and in the back part of the picture, behind the cat, were some trees.

"Trying to get the boy to open his eyes and see something, I pointed to the dog in the picture, and asked, 'What is that?' He drawled out, 'A *dawg*.' — 'What is that on the wall?' He replied, 'A *ca-at*.' Then, meaning to call his attention to the trees in the picture, I asked, 'Well, what is there behind the cat?' This time he seemed to get the idea, and, as if proud of his brightness, he answered, quicker than before, 'A *tail* !' "

Maybe if that boy had had "The Nursery" to read, and its nice pictures to look at, instead of the books in use so long ago, he might not have been so dull.

A. F. S.

BARN-YARD SONG.

Oh come, said Har-ry, Won't you come a-long with me

And see my fa-ther's hens? A kic-kle, cac-kle here!

and a kickle cackle there! Here a cackle, there a cackle! Oh come, said Harry,

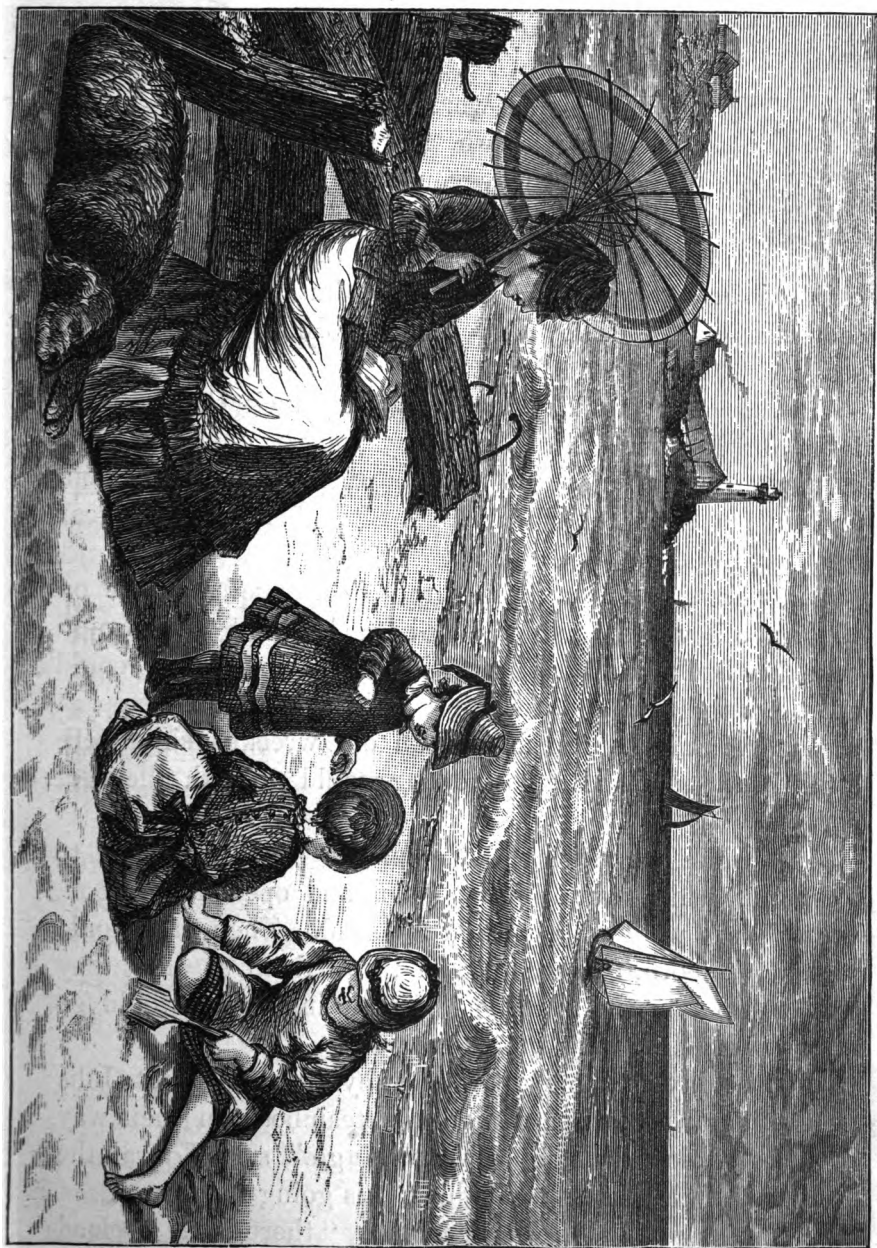
Won't you come a-long with me, And see my fa-ther's hens?

2 Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's ducks?
A quack, quack here!
And a quack, quack there!
Here a quack and there a quack!
Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's ducks?

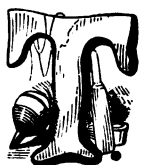
3 Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's pigs?
A grunt, grunt here, and a grunt,
grunt there!

Here a grunt and there a grunt!
Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's pigs?

4 Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's cows?
A moo, moo here!
And a moo, moo there!
Here a moo, and there a moo!
Oh come, said Harry,
Won't you come along with me
And see my father's barn yard?



ON THE SEA-BEACH.



THE three sisters were from Ohio. Their names were Maud, Edith, and Laura. One was nine years old; one, seven; and one, five.

Their mother had promised that she would some day take them to the sea-side. These children had seen the Ohio River; but they had never seen the ocean. They had an aunt Julia living by the sea-side.

And so, on a fine day last July, they took the railway-train for Boston. Night and day they travelled, and it seemed a long journey. But at last they arrived in Boston, and then a little steamboat took them to the wharf near aunt Julia's house.

Oh, what fine times those three sisters used to have on the smooth white sand of the beach! Aunt Julia would take her book, and stroll off with them where they could see the lighthouse and the ships. Then they would stop at a place where the remains of an old wrecked ship were stuck in the sand. Beppo the dog would go with them, of course.

And while Beppo lay down on the sand, and went to sleep, and while aunt Julia sat down, and opened her book, the children would dig holes in the sand. Then they would pick up smooth, flat stones, and throw them so that they would skip over the water. And sometimes they would go in bathing. Oh, what sport that was!

But the day came at last when they must bid aunt Julia good-by, and go on board the little steamboat on their way back to Ohio. "I don't want to go," said Laura, the youngest of the sisters: "I think it is going to storm."

"Why, my child," said her mother, "there is not a cloud

in the sky, and not a breath of air is stirring. I do not think it will storm."

So they went on board the boat. It was crowded with passengers. They had not gone five miles when a dark, dark cloud began to form in the south-west. The captain knew it meant mischief.

Before they could reach Boston, the storm burst upon them. It was that terrible tornado which took place on the afternoon of July 16, 1879. The boat was thrown on its beam-ends, so that the gunwale went under water.

There was great fright on board. Women and children screamed, and big boys wept with fear. I am glad to say that the three sisters behaved well. Their mother was quite calm, and they took her word for it, that they were as safe as they would have been on shore.

The good boat soon righted ; and the pilot kept her head to the wind. In an hour they were safe at the wharf in Boston. The tornado had done great damage. Many lives were lost ; boats were capsized ; large trees were torn up by the roots ; hundreds of thousands of panes of glass were broken ; and houses were blown over and dashed in pieces.

The three sisters had a great story to tell when they got back to their home in Ohio.

AUNT CELIA.



CHARLIE AND THE GOOSE.

CHARLIE is a little boy who lives "way down in Virginia." He is only five years old, and so small, that the great white goose, with his long neck raised, could look down upon the little fellow.

One day Charlie went out by himself to play. He had

on a bright pink jacket and white trousers, and looked so nice, that his mother told him not to go into the long wet grass, and get his clothes soiled. But Charlie thought he would walk on the high grassy bank, close by the sandy road, so that he might keep out of the dust.

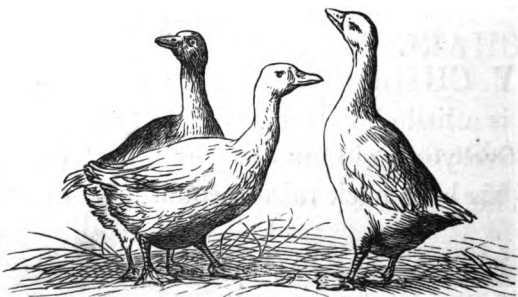
He walked on, whistling, well pleased with himself, when all at once he heard a hissing and fluttering, and saw the spiteful old goose running at him, with his bill open, and his great white wings spread. Poor Charlie could not help being frightened; but he did not run.

He stood still, and faced the big bird; but by ill luck his feet slipped, and he fell off the high bank into the sandy road. Down came the goose before the little boy could rise, and planted his ugly feet on Charlie's breast, flapping his wings, and raising a great dust.

The brave boy did not cry out; but he seized the bird's long, slender neck with both of his small hands. Just then a man came riding up. "Why, Charlie, is that you?" said he jumping off his horse. The next moment the goose was in full retreat.

Charlie was glad to be rescued; but he did not like to have it thought that the goose was getting the better of him: so the first thing he said, when he was on his feet, was, "I was choking him, wasn't I?"

M. T. HUNTER.





CITY CHILDREN IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM the noise of the city come we,
The green of the country to see, —
To see the leaves dance, and to hear the birds sing,
And to find joy and beauty in every thing.

Only look with a curious eye:
There are six of us here, you may spy;
And baby is springing as if his delight
Found food for itself in each sound and each sight.

How pure is the air! And how sweet
The turf and the fern at our feet!
Oh, give me the fields and the woods, if you please,
The sight of wild flowers and blossoming trees!

How happy the birds all appear!
How blue is the sky, and how clear!
Leaves rustle with glee, and the tinkle of bells
From the cows in the clover-filled pasture upswells.

Oh, if we could come here each day,
To gather sweet flowers, and play,
We'd ask not the sights of the city to see
While summer filled high all our hearts with its glee!

LAURA LILLY.



SIGHTS ON THE FARM.

JUST in front of my window is Fido, a fine dog, lying on the grass, with his paws stretched out in front of him. Now he is wagging his tail. What does he see?

He sees a black hen with a brood of little chickens,—some as white as snow, and some as black as jet. As they



come near, running here and there after bugs and grasshoppers, Fido darts forward, lies down flat on the grass, and looks right in Madam Hen's face. I think he is trying to say to her, "Good-morning, Madam Hen, with your fine little family! I am glad to see you."

But she seems to think that the morning is no better for having Fido in the way: so she spreads her wings, and points her bill at him, as if to say, "Now, sir, if you dare to touch one of my babies, I will pull your hair, and peck at your eyes, and send you back into your house."

Fido does not wish to hurt her children: he only wants to play with them. But when he comes near, they run under their mother's wings, and she leads them into the field. Fido goes into the field with them.

Just then a hawk comes flying over, and, sailing round and round high in the air, looks down to see where he can

get his dinner. Biddy turns her sharp eyes up, and knows just what he is after: so she makes a queer noise, which means, "Hide, my dear children, as quick as you can." The chickens run into the tall grass, and keep as still as mice; but the hen walks around, like a soldier on guard, and is not a bit afraid.

Good Fido sees the hawk, and darts at him fiercely, as much as to say, "Those chicks are friends of mine, and I will not stand by and see them hurt." Then the hawk sails off to the next farm, where he hopes to find some chickens without any Fido to protect them.

Madam Hen makes another queer little noise, and out come her chicks as gay and happy as ever. She looks at Fido, and tries to say, "Well, doggy, you *are* a good fellow, after all. I thank you for driving off that ugly bird. You may play with my children as much as you please. We will be friends now and try to help each other, and some time I will lay an egg to make a custard for your supper."

J. N. N.



DR. DRUG AND MRS. PANSY.

Mrs. P. — Oh, these children, how troublesome they are!

Dr. D. — Yes, madam, as the poet says, they are troublesome comforts. But I think your little girl is not seriously ill.

Mrs. P. — What do you find is the matter with her?

Dr. D. — Only a slight fever, the effect of teething. It is that which makes her fret.

Mrs. P. — What can you prescribe for her?

Dr. D. — A cup of sage tea.



Mrs. P. — We have some, steeping on the stove. Here it is. Please hold the cup, Doctor, while I give her the tea with a spoon.

Dr. D. — Does she swallow it well ?

Mrs. P. — Not so well as I could wish. It makes her sick at her stomach. What shall I do?

Dr. D. — Stop giving it to her. I think we must try the water cure.

Mrs. P. — I never heard of it. What is it?

Dr. D. — We must wrap her in wet sheets, and let her steep, — I mean let her sweat, — by putting blankets over her.

Mrs. P. — That is easily done. What is your fee?

Dr. D. — Oh, madam, I like to cure my patient before I begin to talk of fees.

Mrs. P. — Still I would like to know the cost of a visit. I try to keep out of debt.

Dr. D. — Three dollars is my usual fee, where I have to call on a patient.

Mrs. P. — That is reasonable. I will give you a check on my brother's bank for the sum. His bank hours are from twelve to two.

Dr. D. — As I shall have to call again, we will wait till I have a larger bill.

Mrs. P. — Oh, very well. Make your bill as large as you please, doctor; it shall be paid. [*The doctor goes out.*]

BEN JONSON, JR.



THE LAND OF NOD.

LAST night I went to the Land of Nod:

What do you think I saw there?

Why, all the babies in all the world, —

Yellow-haired, dark-haired, frowsy, and curled;

Some black, some tawny, some fair!

“What is the way there?” On and on
Over the velvety sod;
First you go up, and then you go down,
And then you come into Shut-eye-town,
Away in the Land of Nod.



The houses are made of jujube-paste,
And the doors of plum-cake sliced;
And if you are hungry by day or night,
You may go to the door, and nibble a bite,
All plummy and iced and spiced.

The fountains, you know, run lemonade,
And their playing, it never stops;

And, whenever it rains in that fortunate town,
Torrents of honey and cream come down,
And lemon and chocolate drops.

Oh, it snows white sugar and pink ice-cream,
And it freezes lemon-ice!
Tall sugar-loaf hills all around you see;
And cookies and tarts grow on every tree,
And they taste remarkably nice.

“Tell you some more?” Oh, I haven’t the time;
But maybe, if each little elf
Will run and climb into mamma’s lap,
And cuddle right down for a forty-winks’ nap,
He may see the land himself.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.





NELLIE AND HER PET.

BONNY BOSSY, bonny Bossy,
Over the bars, and come to me!
Let me stroke your shoulders glossy,
And comb you sleek for a king to see.

Look! moreover, here is clover,
Red with blooming, and fresh with dew:
This I picked for my "four-footed lover,"
And here I bring you a ribbon of blue.

A bright blue ribbon, a white new bib on,
And then you shall have some warm new milk:

Now, good Bossy, you come more glib on !

Now I can rumple your ears of silk.

Stint your jumping, romping, bumping ;

Don't tip over the brimming dish ;

There now, drink it, and cease your thumping,

Head a-midging, and tail a-swish !

Boss, in feeding mind your breeding ;

'Tisn't polite to sup with haste :

Gentlefolk are known by their eating ;

Well, you are slow to learn, at least.

Clumsy Bossy, blundering Bossy,

Leave my apron, and gnaw your feed :

Don't you know it is very saucy

Doing that way ? It is, indeed !

Oh, you are sorry ? Well, don't worry !

Kiss my hand and I'll let it pass :

There, good-by, pet, we must hurry, —

I to my school, and you to your grass.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.





HOW EDITH LEARNS TO SPELL .

SHE is a little tot, and her mamma wisely believes in making learning pleasant for her : so she is well supplied with blocks, games, pictures, and books. But little “guess stories” seem to interest her more than any thing else. Her mamma tells the story, and spells some of the words for Edith to guess. Here is one of the stories : —

“A naughty bad b-o-y threw a stone at a d-o-g, and almost put his e-y-e out. The poor little d-o-g c-r-i-e-d and c-r-i-e-d with the pain ; but the bad b-o-y didn’t feel one bit s-o-r-r-y. He said to the d-o-g, ‘It is just good f-o-r you : you have no business to be a d-o-g.’

“Then a kind l-a-d-y called the p-o-o-r d-o-g to her, and gave him some m-i-l-k in a c-u-p, and petted him, and gave h-i-m a good soft b-e-d to sleep on. And she scolded the

b-o-y for being so c-r-u-e-l, and told h-i-m that he would grow up to be a b-a-d m-a-n, and that no one would l-o-v-e him, or c-a-r-e for h-i-m, if he was so c-r-u-e-l and b-a-d.

"After a while the poor d-o-g got w-e-l-l, and he always l-o-v-e-d the kind l-a-d-y, and guarded her h-o-u-s-e for her, and always b-a-r-k-e-d if he heard any noise at n-i-g-h-t."

Here is one of little Edith's stories, which she told for her mamma : —

"A m-a-n had a p-i-g and a d-o-g and a c-o-w ; and the d-o-g and the c-o-w did not like the p-i-g ; and the d-o-g would bite the p-i-g, and the c-o-w would hook the p-i-g, and the p-i-g didn't have a nice time at all : so the p-i-g ran away, and lived in the woods, and was very h-a-p-p-y."

C. L. K.



HOW BEARS HELP EACH OTHER.

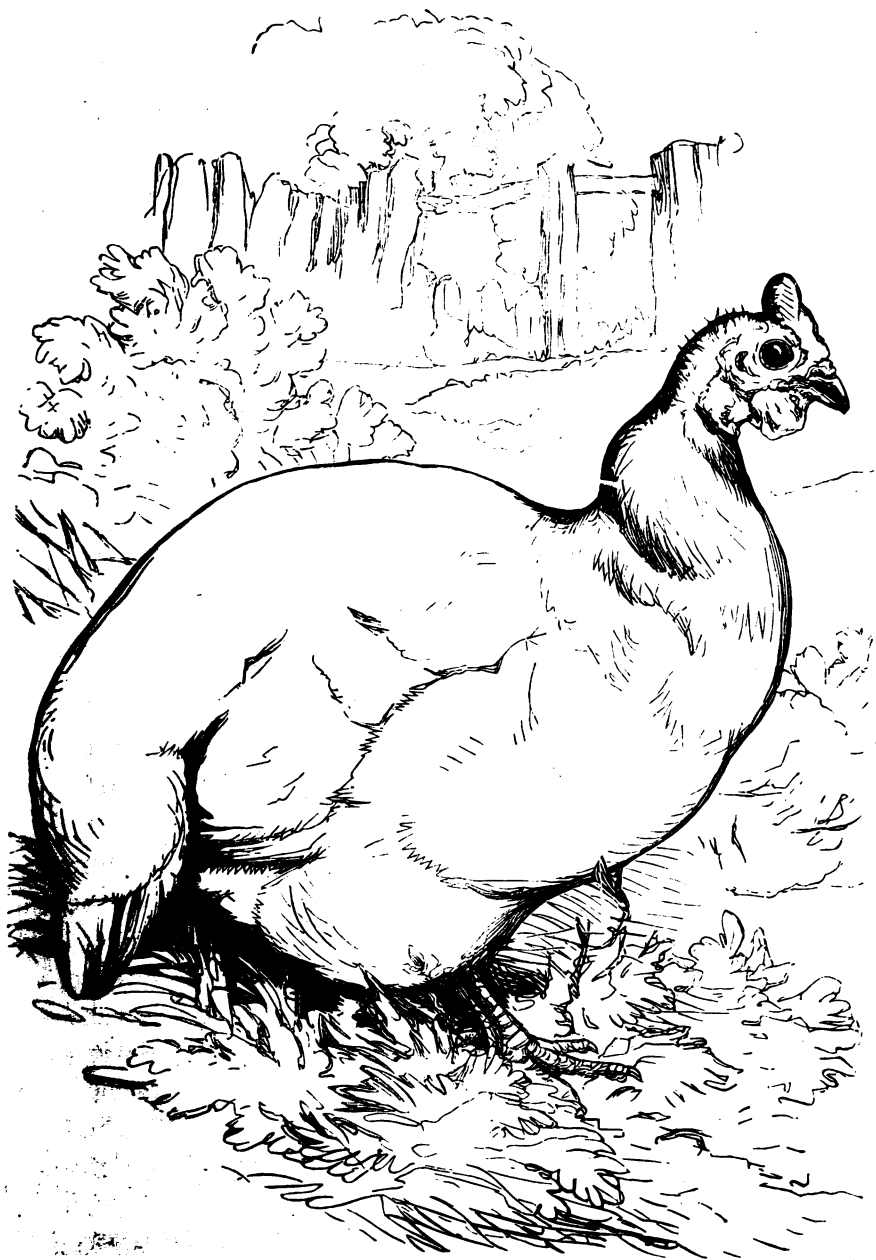
I WILL tell you how they entrap bears in Russia. A pit is dug several feet deep. This is covered over with turf and leaves ; then some food is placed on top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, easily falls into the snare. But, if four or five happen to fall in together, they all get out again.

"How do they do that ?" you will ask. I will tell you. They form a sort of ladder by stepping on one another's shoulders, and thus making their escape.

"But how does the bottom bear get out ?" Ah ! these bears do not leave the bottom bear to perish. Scampering off, they bring the branch of a tree, which they let down to their poor brother. He soon climbs up, and is free along with the rest.

Bears, you see, behave better than some selfish men we hear about, who receive help, and then forget the helper.

IDA FAY.



THE INTRUDERS.

MADAM DUCK had come down to the river to give her ducklings their first lesson in swimming.

"My children," said she, "there is nothing like water. The land does very well for hens and for horses, and all those other poor creatures who have not web feet. It is a good place to lay eggs upon; but no duck who deserves the name of duck can ever feel at home upon it. This is a hot day. Follow me, my children. We will spend the whole day upon the river. Quack, quack, quack!"

And Madam Duck plunged in; and Sammy Duck, Polly Duck, Tommy Duck, Jenny Duck, and Willy Duck, all went in after her.

They were having a grand time, when, all of a sudden, they heard a great splashing, and two huge horses came dashing into the river. One of them was ridden by a man, and the other by a boy; but neither man nor boy nor horses showed the least politeness to Madam Duck. They came near walking right over her, and gave the poor children a dreadful scare.

Of course Madam Duck felt hurt at such treatment. She left the river in disgust. As she waddled along on the shore, with her family around her, she scolded terribly.

"Quack, quack, quack!" said she. "I should like to know whether this river is mine or not. It's a pretty time of day if I can't take a swim on my own premises without being trodden upon by a couple of great awkward horses. What business have horses in the water? That boy, too! He's the very boy that I employ to bring my corn. He ought to be taught better manners. I have a great mind to discharge him. I hope he hears what I say. Quack, quack, quack!"

All the little ducks raised their voices in sympathy with their mother. Tommy Duck gave vent to his rage by trying to turn a somerset, and Sammy Duck flapped his wings, and actually tried to crow.

But the horses kept right on, without making any reply to Madam Duck's remarks. Old Dobbin, the cart-horse, with Farmer John on his back, waded straight across the



river, just as calmly as if it had been dry land. Hector, the saddle-horse, did not take the water quite so coolly. He frisked about a good deal. At one time, he seemed disposed to turn back, and apologize to Madam Duck; and Nathan, the boy, who was riding him, had hard work to keep him in the water.

How Nathan ever made his peace with Madam Duck I do not know. He must have been badly scared when he heard her threats to discharge him.

UNCLE SAM.

THE LITTLE HOUSEMAID.



MARY and Emma are two sisters. Their father was lost at sea in a gale, leaving their mother poor. She has had to part with her maid of all work, and now she looks to her little girls to help her.

Mary is the elder of the two, and so she teaches Emma what to do. Emma is now cleaning up the floor of her room. She has a brush in her right hand

and a dust-pan in her left, and Mary has a cloth, with which she has been dusting all the chairs. She is now looking to see if Emma does her work well.

As soon as they have cleaned up the room, they will go into the garden, and pick some peas for dinner. Then they will take their books and study their lessons; for Mary is teaching her sister to read and write.

A. B. C.





ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

NEAR my home in South Carolina is a pond in which alligators live. A few years ago, there were "as many as you could shake a stick at." But the people have killed most of them in order to save the pigs; for alligators are very fond of pigs. Now, when Mr. Gator comes out to bask in the sunshine, a rifle-shot invites him to stay longer; and he usually stays.

Sometimes the negroes tie a dog near the pond. The dog yelps and whines. The alligator comes to get a nice lunch, and instead of that the negroes get him. But at other times the alligator takes the dog, and goes home without saying, "by your leave."

These alligators are from eight to ten feet long, and weigh, — well, I'm afraid to say how much. I might mistake, as a friend of mine did about the Capitol in Washington. She said "the dome is eight hundred feet high," whereas it is only about half that height.

A young man was sent for one day to shoot a big alligator in the pond. He fired at him a number of times, from several places on the bank ; but the alligator did not move. At last the young man went out in a boat to get the old fellow, and he proved to be nothing but a log.

An alligator eight feet long was caught in a grove near our house. He had been staying, I suppose, at a watering-place that did not agree with him, and was travelling, for his health, to another place.

c.



HELPED BY A CROW.

A LITTLE boy in New Hampshire had the bad habit of saying "I won't" whenever his mother told him to do any thing he did not like ; also of leaving things, when he was through playing, without ever thinking of the maxim, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

He was very fond of pets. One day he found a wee crow. Frank's father cut the crow's tongue so that he could be taught to talk, and very soon he had learned to say simple words. He would call "Ida" and "Frank" as plainly as the children.

There were some pear-trees in the garden, back of the house, and one day Crow, as they called him, was seen picking off the pears. When told to come down, he obeyed; but the next time, instead of coming when he was called, he turned his head on one side, and said, "I won't."

"Crow, come down," was the order.

"I won't," he answered again.

Frank heard him, and thought, "Do *I* answer my parents in that way?" He sat thinking; and the third time came the answer, "*I won't!*"

One day grandpa missed his knife. He searched all around, but could not find it. He thought Frank must have taken it; but Frank knew nothing about it. A few days after, the gimlet was missing, and Frank was charged with losing that too. The next day, while they were at dinner, his mother's thimble was taken away.

"*I must* find the thief," said grandpa. He went to the door and saw Crow coming across the field. "Perhaps he is the thief," said he, "I'll track him." So he followed Crow to a hole in a stump; and there, sure enough, not only the thimble, but the gimlet, knife, and various other articles, were found.

Frank was delighted to have his honesty proved. "Dear old Crow," he said, taking him up and patting him, "you were naughty; but you knew no better. You have taught me two good lessons: one is to be careful what I say, and another, to put a thing in its place when I have done using it."

AUNT LIZZIE.



DINNER-TIME IN ZURICH.

THIS is a sketch, made by Mr. W. Foster, of a dinner-time in Zurich, Switzerland. The man in charge of the horses seems quite proud of them.

One horse in the sketch, you will see, has a lot of brass

ornaments on his collar and headpiece ; the other, the brown one, has the skin of some animal hanging from his collar. They are feeding out of one of the low market-carts that are met with in Zurich.

I like to see the owner of a horse show his fondness by taking good care of him. I once saw a man driving a charcoal cart. He had tricked out his horse's collar with sprigs of lilac. "That is a merciful man, who is merciful to his beast," I said. And I found that it was true. The man was a friend, and not a tyrant, to the poor beast. UNCLE CHARLES.



HATTIE AND THE BOSSY.

HATTIE saw the Bossy
Tethered to a stake;
Didn't dare go near her,
Lest the rope should break.

Once, when she was lying
Down behind the shed,
Hattie went to see her ;
Bossy shook her head :

Shook her head because she
Nothing had to say ;
But it frightened Hattie,
And she ran away.

Then the Bossy started
When she saw her stir, —
She afraid of Hattie,
Hattie 'fraid of her.

Don't you think the Bossy,
Bigger than a man,
Foolish to be frightened
Just when Hattie ran ?

Don't you think that Hattie
Was a silly girl,
To be scared when Bossy
Gave her head a twirl ?

MR. HAWKES'S FOX.



WHEN I was a little girl, there was an old shoemaker, named Hawkes, who lived near us. He was so good-natured, that I liked to play in his garden, or sit in his shop and see him make shoes. He had a bald head as shiny as glass, bright blue eyes, a turn-up nose, and a mouth that was always smiling; and he used to sit on his bench, and tap, tap, at the soles of the shoes; so that the boys nick-named him "Tappy Hawkes," but he did not care for that.

The worst boy of all was his son Samuel (Mr. Hawkes called him "Sam-well"), who, I am sorry to say, liked to plague his kind old father. One day "Sam-well" brought home a young, tame fox, and, thinking the garden would be a good place for him, fastened him with a long chain right in the midst of the flower-beds.

There were lilies-of-the-valley, pinks, ladies'-delights, and tiger-lilies, all mixed in together, because the old gentleman liked to have them grow "commiscuous," he said, by which he meant "pro-mis-cu-ous," which is rather a long word for little folks.

Perhaps you know that foxes are always doing mischief. This one was a great rogue. The first thing he did was to bite off all the dear little bells from the lilies-of-the-valley; then he tore off every flower from the ladies'-delights; but, by the time he had begun on the pinks, the shoemaker found out what he was doing. So he moved him to the door-yard, and chained him to the door-latch.

At night little foxy would sleep under the wooden steps. I used to go and peep under to see him, and he would come out and get into my arms, and rub his little pointed nose

against my face. He was a beauty. His legs were slim, his coat was red, and his hair was glossy; and nothing could have been prettier than that same slender nose of his, and those bright eyes. But he was *such* a rogue!

Poor Mr. Hawkes did not know what to do with him; for foxy would slip into the shop, and put the pieces of leather to soak in a pail of water that was kept there, and he would pull the tools out of their places, and scatter the pegs all over the floor. But the old gentleman was very patient with the naughty creature; for he was so cunning and so smart, that no one could help caring for him.

But one night the fox did so much mischief that he could not be allowed to stay near the shop any longer. He took a pair of little red shoes, and set them floating in the water like tiny boats; and then he bit the balls of thread with his sharp teeth, so that when the shoemaker went to work sewing up the leg of a boot, the stitches came right out.

We tied him up again in a corner of the garden, but he got loose and killed our neighbor's chickens. Then good Mr. Hawkes said it was of no use to keep him: so my dainty, loving playmate was sold and sent away.

A. B. HARRIS.





GOING A-BERRYING.

TINKLE, tinkle, sound the pails
Swung by dimpled fingers ;
Over daisied hills and vales
Morning sunlight lingers.
Happy birds are carolling ;
Happy little voices sing :
This the song they love to sing
When they go a-berrying.

Ripe, dewy blackberries, trying to hide
Under your thorns so keen,
Eyes that we know, your treasures have spied
Over the meadows green.

And it's one, two, three, four,
Heap them up, and look for more !
This the song we love to sing
When we go a-berrying.

Bright little birds, you are watching us so ;
Plenty there is for all !
Early this morn you came picking, you know, —
You and your babies small.
And it's five, six, seven, eight ;
Pails are full, and it's growing late !
This the song we love to sing
When we go a-berrying.

GEORGE COOPER.



THE RATS AND MICE IN THE SHOWMAN'S BOX.

THERE was a funny show out on the sidewalk the other day. A Frenchman came along with a big box on his back, and all the boys and girls on our street were following him, asking, "Is that a hand-organ ? What have you got in that box, Mister ? Can't we see it ?"

Of course he meant they should see : so he set it down, lifted the cover, and let them look in ; but there was nothing to be seen except a bare floor with a round hole in it. However, he began to call, "Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb !" and up came a mouse, which ran up his sleeve, and then into his pocket ; then he called, "Boss Tweed, Boss Tweed !" and a black rat came and did the same ; and so one after

another came at his call, till he had his pockets full of rats and mice. Then he took them out, and sent them all back into the box, each one minding just what he was told to do.

For the next show, the man set down a small cart in front of the box, and cried out, "King William, co-o-m up and jump in!" In hopped a big-whiskered fellow, and took his seat.

"Now, then, Count Biz-z-mark, co-o-m!" and along came another rat, and drew King William round. General Grant was made to fire off a tiny cannon, and Garibaldi stood on his hind-feet; and I don't know what they did not do. And whenever one of the children dropped in a penny, Tom Thumb would pick it up and carry it down the hole.

The boys and girls all laughed and screamed, and hopped up and down to see such doings, and were not a bit afraid of the sharp-eyed mice and fierce-looking rats. The boys tried to make the man tell how he had taught the rats and mice to do so many things.

But he only shook his head, and said, "Biz-z-mark and King William and Tom Thumb, oh, *they* know, *I* know, we *all* know. Sh! scatter-r! co-om!" and down they all scampered. He snapped the box together with a spring, put it on his back, and off they went.

And that is all that I know about it. But I can't help wishing that all children would mind as well as those rats and mice did.

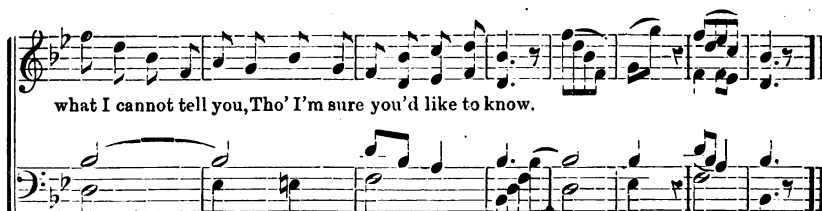
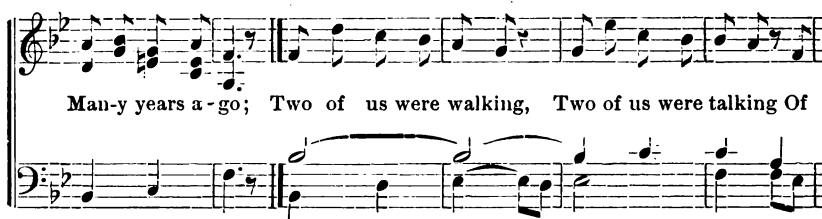
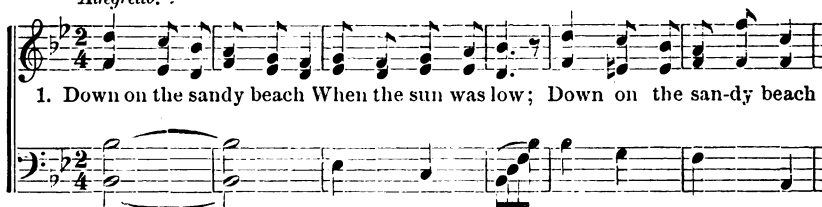
A. B. HARRIS.



DOWN ON THE SANDY BEACH.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD. *
Allegretto.

Music by T. CRAMPTON.



2. Down in the water clear,
Cried a duck, "quack, quack!"
Up in a tree-top near,
"Caw!" a crow cried back.
Two of us amusing,
Two of us confusing,
And so we gave up talking
Just to listen to their clack.

3. "Quack!" said the little duck,
Swimming with the tide;
"Caw!" said the saucy crow,
Swelling up with pride.
"I'm a jolly rover,
Living safe in clover,
Ah, don't you wish that you were here
Perch'd safely by my side?"

4. "Quack!" said the little duck,
Very much like "No,"
"Caw! caw! and "ha, ha, ha!"
Laugh'd the silly crow.
Two of us delighting,
Two of us inviting,
To join the merry frolic
With a ringing ho, ho, ho!

5. Crack! and a bullet went,
Flying from a gun!
Off, swam the duck in fear,
Off too we did run,
Wond'ring why or whether
We could'n't be together,
Without another coming in
And spoiling all the fun!

* Nursery, Vol. xxi.



SPARROWS TAKING A BATH.



FEAR you have been loitering on your way home from school," said Mrs. Price to her little daughter.

"Well, mother," said Mary, "I stopped in the Public Garden by the fountain to see the sparrows."

"Why, what did they do to make you stop?"

"Oh, it was so funny! They were taking a bath. They

would fly into the spray, and then out of it, shaking their wings. A fine frolic they had."

"If they would not fight so, I should like them better."

"They fight; but they are funny. What do you think happened, mamma? A little young bluebird came to take a bath; but the saucy sparrows drove him off."

"They drive off all our American birds."

"But what do you think the bluebird did? Why, he came straight to me, as if he knew the sparrows would not dare to follow."

"Did he let you touch him?"

"I thought I might scare him: so I did not touch him. But he fluttered up against my breast, and the sparrows gave up the chase."

"That was a wise little bluebird, I think."

"So I thought. He knew where to find a friend. The sparrows went back to their frolic in the fountain. When I left, they seemed to be playing at hide-and-go-seek."

"Well, my dear, you must not linger too long by the fountain to watch the sparrows. You have your lesson on the piano to practise."

"Yes, mother; but the sparrows were so funny at their sports, that I had to look and laugh."

"Well, now that you have had your fun, you shall do your work."

"But was it not funny that the bluebird should fly to me for help? How mad the sparrows were to see him!"

"There, darling, you have talked enough: go to your lesson."

DORA BURNSIDE.





HOW FIDO FOUND THE EGGS.

IN the afternoon, Charley sat in the doorway playing with his top, and Fido was lying on the step. Just then a loud cackle was heard in the barn. Old Speckle was saying, "Cut, cut, cut-ker-dart!"

She meant, of course, by that to say to Charley, "Come, my boy, I have just laid a nice, white egg for you." Her voice was not very strong, and so the rooster, with his loud voice, chimed in with her, and said, "Cut, cut, cut-ker-doot!" with all his might.

Fido put up his ears, and looked towards the barn, and then at Charley, as much as to say, "Come on, Charley, and I will find the egg for you." Charley took a basket, and away they ran as fast as they could, Fido getting to the door first. He ran here and there, putting his nose into all the holes in the hay as he went along, till he came to

the side of the barn, just under the timbers, where he went in almost out of sight. As he came out, he barked loudly, and, as Charley came near, pushed towards him a nice white egg.

Charley put it in the basket, while Fido wagged his tail, and looked at his little master as if to say, "You see that I can find eggs better than you, and that I do not break them." He pawed out in this way, ten eggs,—almost a basket full.

Charley put the handle of the basket in Fido's mouth, and the good dog started for the house, feeling very proud of his load. Charley gave Fido a large bone and some milk to pay him for finding such a lot of eggs.

J. H. H.



AUTUMN.

Out of their prickly burrs awaking,
The nuts are ripe for the squirrels' taking,
And the witch-hazel lights its flame;
The maple-leaves are turning to gold;
And the sumach's tassels are all unrolled,
Year after year the same.

The barberry hangs its corals out;
The wild grapes' perfume floats about;
And the purple asters jostle:
But every nest has lost its brood;
And woods and fields are a solitude,
Without song of robin or thristle.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

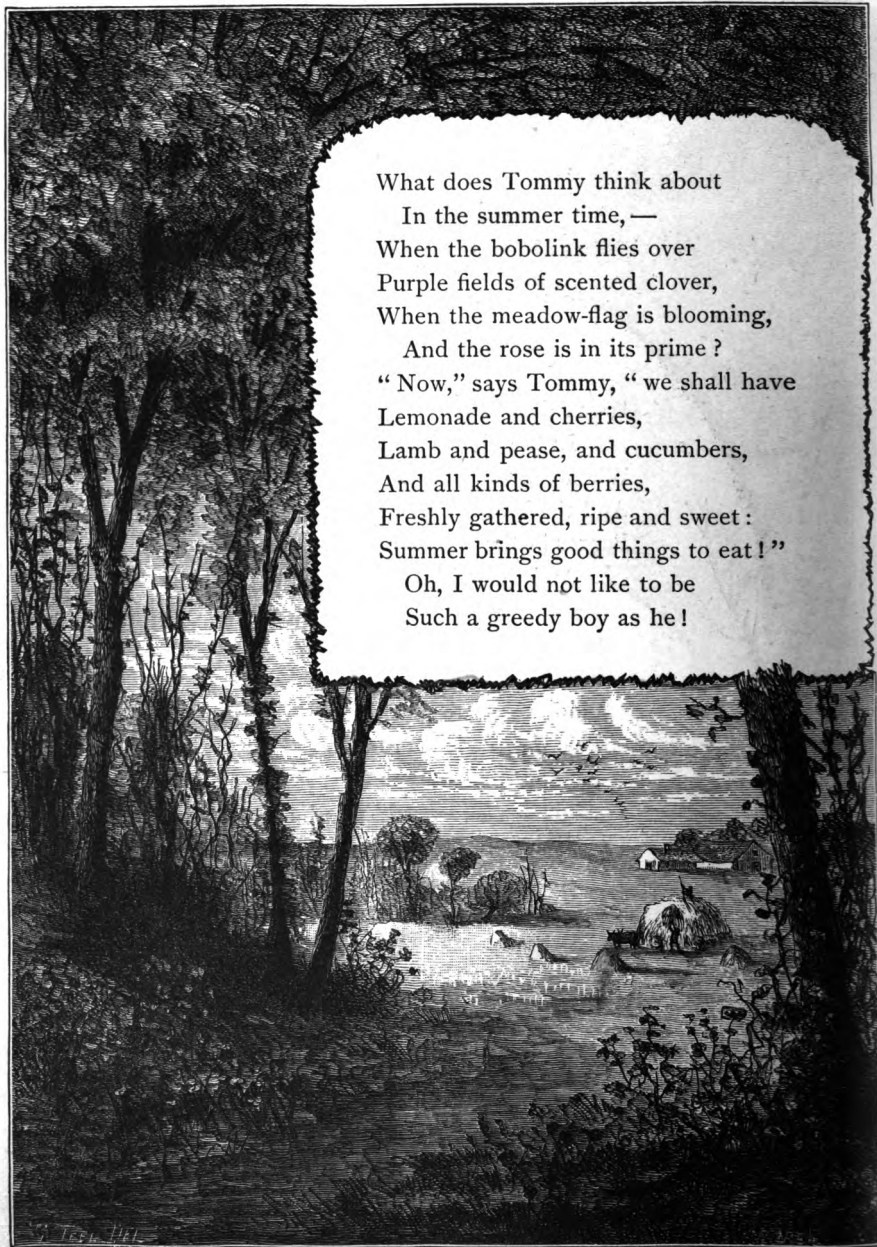


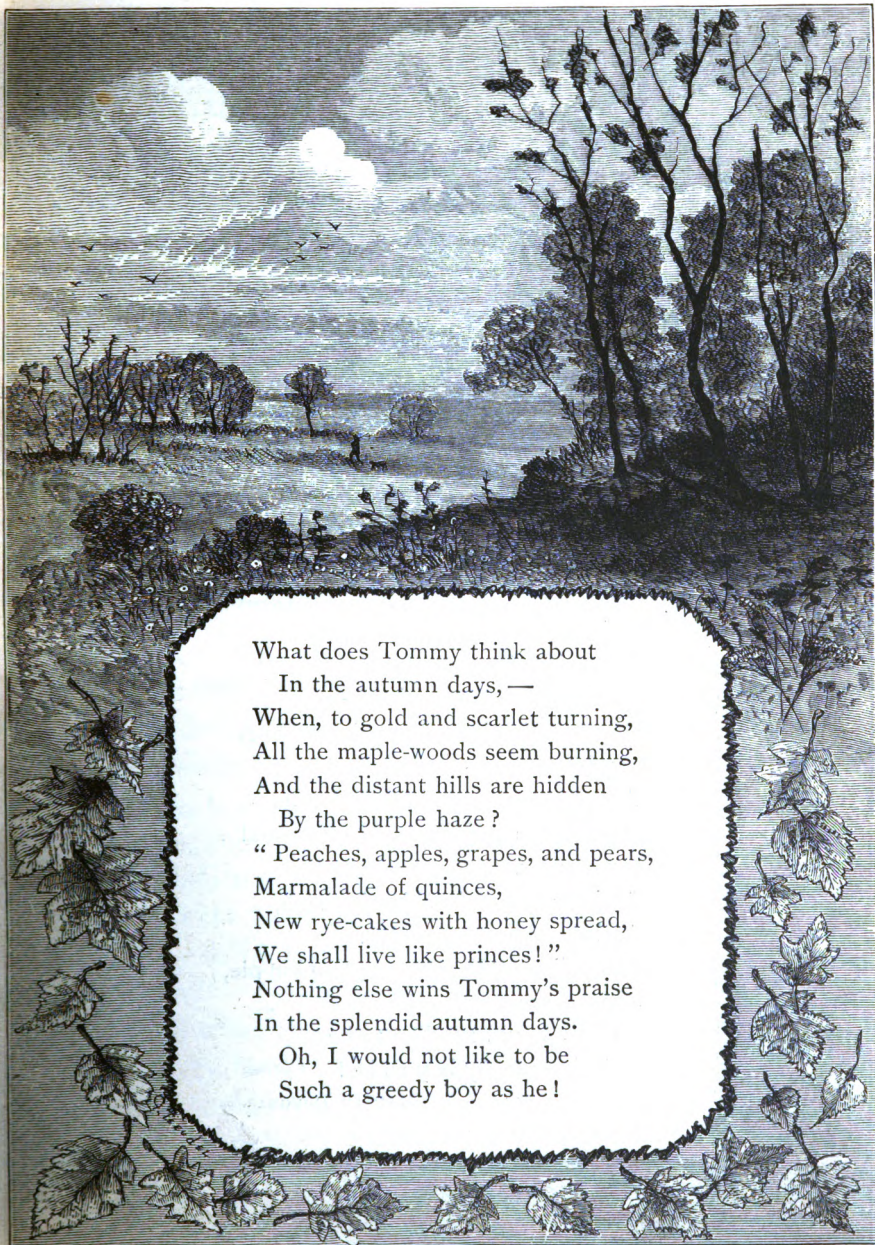
GREEDY TOM.

WHAT does Tommy think about
In the pleasant spring, —
When the willow-flowers are yellow,
And the brown bee, blundering fellow,
Buzzes in the cherry-blossoms,
And the robins sing?
“Maple-sugar, rhubarb-pie,
Sparrow-grass, and lettuce,
Roasted veal for dinner, now,
Biddy’s sure to get us!”
This, I fear, is every thing
Tommy thinks about in spring.
Oh, I would not like to be
Such a greedy boy as he!

GREEDY TOM.

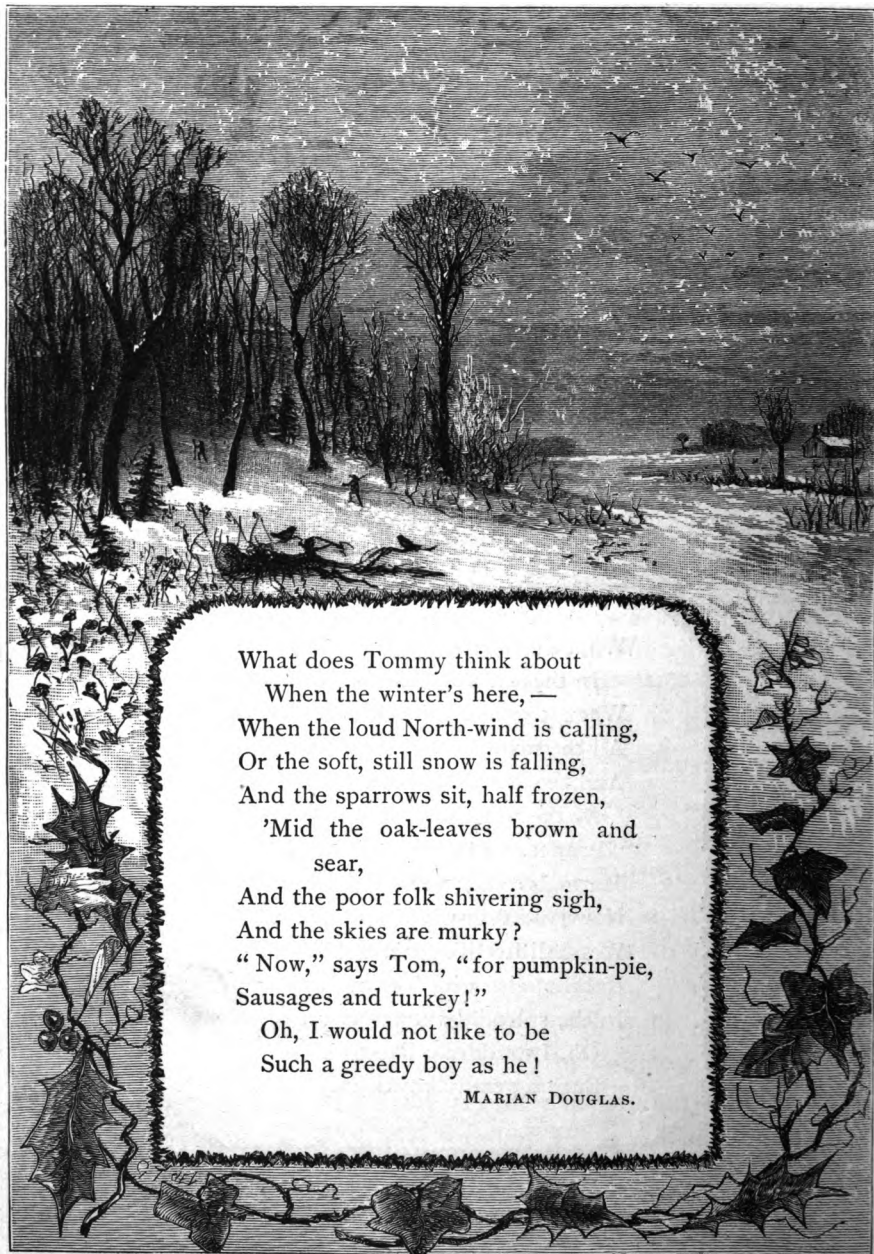
What does Tommy think about
In the summer time, —
When the bobolink flies over
Purple fields of scented clover,
When the meadow-flag is blooming,
And the rose is in its prime ?
“ Now,” says Tommy, “ we shall have
Lemonade and cherries,
Lamb and pease, and cucumbers,
And all kinds of berries,
Freshly gathered, ripe and sweet :
Summer brings good things to eat ! ”
Oh, I would not like to be
Such a greedy boy as he !





What does Tommy think about
In the autumn days, —
When, to gold and scarlet turning,
All the maple-woods seem burning,
And the distant hills are hidden
By the purple haze?
“Peaches, apples, grapes, and pears,
Marmalade of quinces,
New rye-cakes with honey spread,
We shall live like princes!”
Nothing else wins Tommy’s praise
In the splendid autumn days.
Oh, I would not like to be
Such a greedy boy as he!

GREEDY TOM.



What does Tommy think about
When the winter's here, —
When the loud North-wind is calling,
Or the soft, still snow is falling,
And the sparrows sit, half frozen,
'Mid the oak-leaves brown and
sear,
And the poor folk shivering sigh,
And the skies are murky ?
“ Now,” says Tom, “ for pumpkin-pie,
Sausages and turkey !”
Oh, I would not like to be
Such a greedy boy as he !

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

HAIR SNAKES.

"SEE, papa! see what I have!" cried little Ted as he ran up to his father.

"What do you call them?" inquired his father, looking into the cup of water which Ted held in his hand.

"Why, they are hair-snakes; and Phil Boyd says they come from horse-hairs. Do they, papa?"

"What do you think of them, my son?" said his father, smiling.

"I don't know," said Ted. "They look like horse-hairs, and Will says if you take the hair out of a horse's tail, and put it in running water, it will turn to hair-snakes; and Lander said his hair rope lay in the water-trough, and turned to a lot of snakes, but he dried it in the sun, and they all turned back again; and Charlie said that his aunt drank one in some water once, and she died when it grew to be a big snake; and Lena said that" —

"That will do," cried his father, laughing heartily. "I have no doubt many folks think they have seen horse-hairs turn to snakes; but they never do. These snakes, as you call them, are a kind of worm. Look at these two through this glass, and you see that the tail of one of them has two forks, while that of the latter has three. The former is a male, and the latter a female. They do not eat any, though they may drink a little through the skin while they are in the water."

"Then what good does it do them to live?" asked Ted, who is very fond of good things to eat.

"The female has to lay her eggs, and a good many of them there are. I believe she lays six or seven millions of eggs in the water and on the wet grass. Some of these are eaten by fish, some by grasshoppers, some by water-

beetles, and some by rabbits. The eggs hatch out inside of their bodies, and the young worms eat or push their way through the muscles, and a very few of the millions find their way to a pool of water, where you may find them swimming about, or twisted into knots."

Ted looked through the magnifying-glass while his father was talking ; and the next time he saw Charlie and Lander and Will and Lena, he had quite a story to tell them.



HELEN'S VISIT TO SLUMBERLAND.

HELEN bade the folks good-night, and started to go up stairs to bed. Under one arm she held her kitten Muff, and under the other arm she had her Noah's ark, with her shoes and stockings.

Her little dog Snap was trying to follow her ; but the steps were rather high for his short legs. Helen turned to help him, but dropped her shoes and stockings in the act. Then she had to stoop and pick them up.

Muff squirmed herself free, and ran off. Snap barked, and ran after the kitten. Poor Helen was in a peck of trouble. What should she do ? She thought the best thing would be to sit down on the steps and cry.

But Helen had a good aunt Susan. This aunt came, and, finding the little girl in trouble, took her in her arms, and bore her off to bed. Hardly had Helen's head touched the pillow than off she went post haste to Slumberland.

It was a pleasant journey. Helen found here her kitten Muff and her dog Snap. They were very glad to see her. Her doll Belinda soon appeared ; and then the people in

Noah's ark came out one by one. They marched before Helen, while the band played some fine tunes. The show was one of the finest she had ever seen.

The little girl was much pleased. At last darkness seemed to settle on Slumberland, and she fell into a deeper



sleep. When she awoke, the sun was shining. There was a scratching at her door. She opened it, and Snap came in followed by Muff. Both were very glad to see their little mistress. She played with them till the bell rang for her to come to breakfast.

AUNT CELIA.

WILD GEESE.

“HONK-A-HONK!” the wild geese cry
As to northern haunts they hie,
Where, by ferny stream and lake,
They their summer homes will make,
And, unharmed by sportsmen’s guns,
Brood and rear their little ones.

When the summer fields are shorn,
And the harvest homeward borne,
We shall hear that cry again,
Sounding over hill and plain,
As on high those feathered bands
Wing their flight to southern lands.

Pilgrims of the air are they,
And pursue their trackless way,
True and steady to the right,
Even in the darkest night,
“Honk-a-honk!” is still their cry
As to southern haunts they hie.

When the wintry tempests blow,
And around us heap the snow,
Far away those birds will be,
By some sunny lake or sea,
Or some river’s reedy mouth,
In the lowlands of the south.



OLIVER PLAYING ON THE FLUTE.

· THIS is a picture of Oliver Goldsmith playing on the flute. He was quite a famous writer, and was born in Ireland in the year 1728. He wrote "The Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," poems which are still read with pleasure by both young and old.

Oliver, I am sorry to say, was not so steady and careful in his youth as he ought to have been. He did not seem to know what need there is of keeping out of debt, and spending no more than we can earn, if we would lead a happy life.

And so he drifted from one thing to another; at one time a doctor, then an usher in a school, then a doctor again, and at last an author.

He set out to make the tour of Europe, trusting to his wits for support. "I had some knowledge of music," he writes, "and now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day."

But poor Oliver could not keep out of debt, and that made his last days sad. Famous as he was for his bright and beautiful writings, he was an object of pity. He died before he was forty-seven years old; died wishing that he had lived more wisely, and kept out of debt. If you want to be free, and enjoy peace of mind, keep out of debt.

UNCLE CHARLES.



ASCENDING MONT BLANC.

MONT BLANC, or, as we should call it in English, Mount White, is the highest land in Europe. The line where snow lies the whole year round is at the height of eight thousand feet.

The ascent of this mountain is very toilsome. There are guides, who, for a large sum of money, will go with you to the top. You must take a long pole with an iron spike in

the end, to help keep your footing firm on the ice. You must also wear a veil to guard your eyes from the glare of the snow.

The guides take with them ladders, ropes, and hatchets. They also carry food for the party. The ladders are used for climbing peaks of ice, and crossing chasms of unknown depth.

The ropes are used for tying the persons of the party



together, so that if one falls he may be upheld by the others. With the hatchets they cut places for their feet on the steep walls of ice.

Sometimes a great body of snow will roll down and sweep everything before it. In the year 1820, three guides lost their lives in this way. They were hurled into an icy abyss, so deep that the bottom could not be seen.

The steep hill-side in the fore-ground of the picture, up

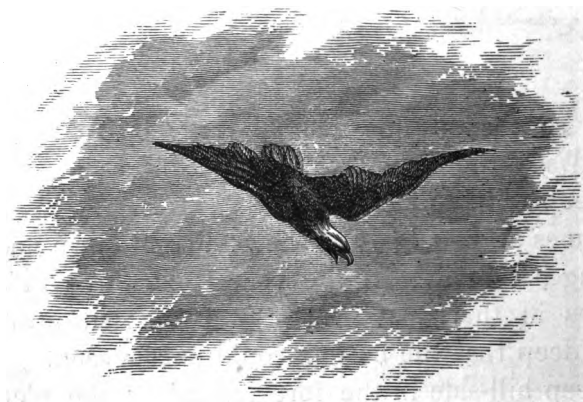
which a party of thirteen or fourteen seem to be climbing, is called the "Wall of the Hill." It is an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high.

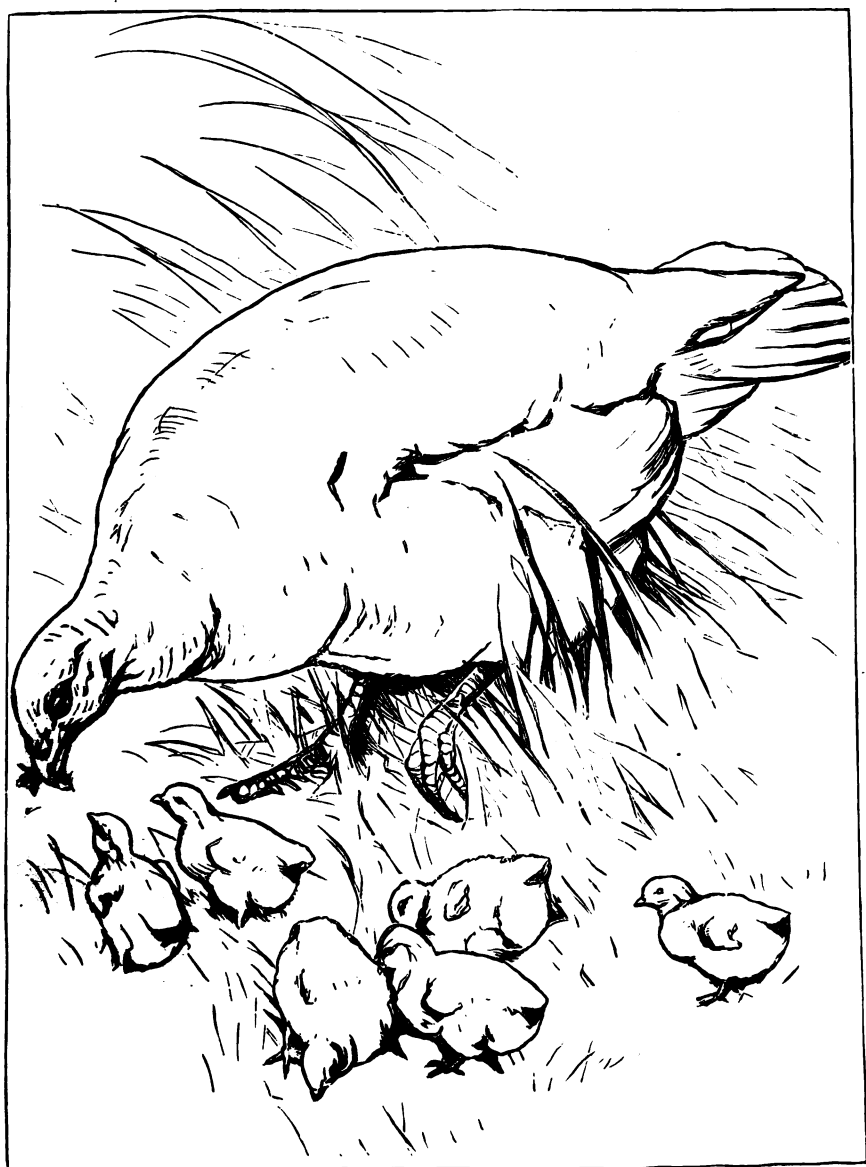
Every footstep here has to be cut by the hatchet. Should the foot slip, down like lightning the solitary climber would glide, from one frozen crag to another, to be finally dashed to pieces thousands of feet below.

During the summer of 1879, a young American named Moseley was so rash as to detach himself from the rope, which held the rest of his party together on one of these mountains. But he had hardly done so when he made a mis-step, sank in the snow, and his body was carried down to a great depth and dashed in pieces.

From the top of Mont Blanc you can see far into France, even beyond Lyons. The prospect is sublime. It is easier to go down Mont Blanc than to climb up. For a part of the way you slide down steep descents at a fearful speed; but if you are not careful, you may be plunged into a deep chasm, far beyond all human help.

UNCLE CHARLES.





DRAWING-LESSON.

TAKING A LIKENESS.



WHAT little girl is that seated in the chair? That is Ruth's big doll, Bella. She is sitting for her likeness. Frank is taking it on the paper. He holds his crayon in his right hand.

Bella sits quite still. She does not move or wink. Frank thinks he will get a good likeness of her. He looks straight in her face. It does not make her blush to be looked at.

Frank has learned to draw by copying some of the pictures in his "Nursery." He can draw a boat and a horse. He tried to make a likeness of his sister Ruth, but she moved about so that he did not succeed. Bella behaves much better. She is good and keeps still.

It requires both patience and practice to learn to draw. You must not be in a hurry. Make every line with care. This is what Frank does; and I think he may become an artist one of these days.

A. B. C.





THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

Don't be afraid, little Johnny, my boy,
Open the door and go in ;
The longer you shrink from confessing a fault,
The harder it is to begin.

No wonder you wait with a pitiful face,
And dread the confession to make ;

For you know when you're naughty, the worst of it all,
Is in making your mother's heart ache.

But courage, my boy! Never mind if the shoes
Are muddy and wet, and all that;
Never mind if your clothes have been terribly torn,
And you've ruined your pretty new hat.



Go in like a man, and tell mother the truth,
Like a brave little lad, and you'll see
How happy a boy who confesses a fault,
And is truthful and honest, can be.

MARY D. BRINE.



A HARD DAY'S WORK.

MASTER BOB has had a hard day's work. He has been carting sand. His horse is tired, his dog Toby is tired, and Master Bob is so tired that he has sat down under the oak-tree to rest.

Master Bob likes to make himself useful. He gets two beans for every cart-load of sand that he takes from one pile to another. He has earned fifty beans to-day.

His dog Toby runs by his side, and is of great service in barking at the geese they meet on their way. The geese might come and hiss at Master Bob, or they might upset his cart—who knows?—if brave Toby were not by to scare them off.



As soon as Master Bob has had his rest, he will play at ball with Toby. Master Bob will throw the ball, and Toby will run after it. The good little dog will then take it in his mouth, and bring it back to his master.

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” is an old

saying ; and Master Bob approves of mixing in some play with his work. It will take him some time to move the sand-heap ; it is a big job ; but his mother cheers him up by saying, " Little by little the bird builds her nest."

Master Bob and his dog Toby have not yet made a great figure in the world ; but, if they keep on trying to be useful, you may hear more of them one of these days.

ALFRED SELWYN.

AUTUMN VOICES.

FADING flowers whisper :

" Little ones farewell !

Will you miss our faces

From the hill and dell ?

Will you dream about us

In the wintry night,

When the silent snowflakes -

Hide the earth from sight ? "

Flying birdies warble :

" We are going, now ;

Will you long to see us

On the blooming bough ?

Though our airy journey

Far away must be,

Sweeter, brighter faces

We shall never see ! "

Silver brooklets murmur :

" Little ones, good-by !

Winds are growing chilly,

Bitter days are nigh.

We shall miss your bright eyes

Peeping o'er the brim,

When in icy fetters

We lie hushed and dim."

" Flowers, birds, and brooklets,"

Little ones reply,

" Earth is sad and lonely

When you bid good-by.

We shall not forget you,

Never, never fear ;

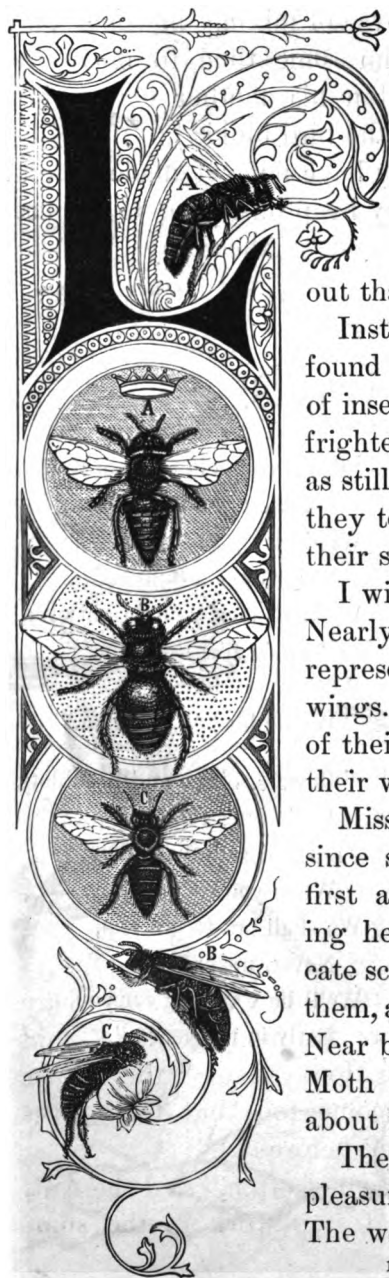
We'll be watching for you,

Early in the year ! "

GEORGE COOPER.



THE PARTY IN THE WOODS.



LITTLE Sue come to me, and I will tell you what I have seen and heard to-day in the thick woods, where I sat down to rest. I thought it would be very quiet; but I soon found out that I had made a mistake.

Instead of being in a quiet place, I found myself at a party, — a party of insects. They appeared somewhat frightened at sight of me; but I kept as still as I could, and, little by little, they took courage, and went on with their sports and conversation.

I will tell you first who were there. Nearly all the families of insects were represented. I knew them by their wings. We classify men by the color of their skin; but insects, by the way their wings are made.

Miss Butterfly, who is very gay since she ceased to be a caterpillar, first attracted me. She was spreading her wings, all covered with delicate scales, as wide as she could spread them, and balancing herself on a stalk. Near by were her next of kin, Mrs. Moth and Mr. Miller, who flutter all about in twilight as in sunlight.

These scale-winged beauties are the pleasure-seekers of the insect world. The working class, vein-winged Bees,

Wasps, and Ants, all seemed a little out of place at the party. I think they came to hear the music of the straight-winged family, among whom I noticed the plain little Miss Fly, her big brother Bluebottle, and their cousin Mosquito, the surgeon.



Mr. Dragon-Fly, the tyrant, with his four netted wings, was out also. He used to live with Mosquito in the water while their wings were growing; but now he abuses his old comrade. Poor little half-winged Treehopper hid behind me when she saw him coming, and all the insects kept a sharp eye on him. But they all kept on talking just the same.

"A fine day and a fine gathering," buzzed the Wasp. "I'm glad to be out of my nest."



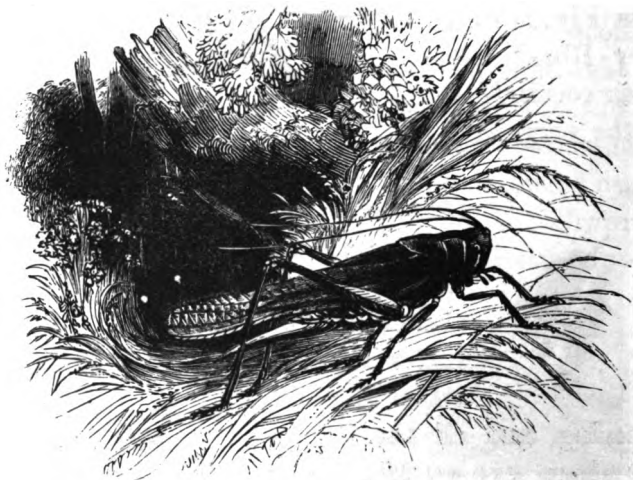
"Just what I've promised my workers for many a day," said Queen Honey Bee: "the drones have come too; but they must be back before six."

"It is not often," said the Ant, "that I stop work in the sum-



mer; but you make such a noise with your drum, that I'll listen to you for just a minute."

"I left a nice pumpkin-vine," said Lady-bird, "to see the Katydid. I hear that their gauzy wings have



grown, and their music is fine. I trust they will give us some."

"Chirp, chirp," went Cricket, and then the Katydids began to beat their drums.

"Oh, what a noise!" said old Bumble-Bee.

"Make a better if you can," said Mr. Grasshopper.

"It is growing dark," said Mrs. Butterfly: "the day is done."

"Ah, yes! it is supper-time,"



said Dragon-fly, and he swallowed poor Bluebottle.

Beetle ran up a tree after a worm.

"My day has just begun," said Mrs. Moth, and away she flew to look for her friend Lightning-bug, who was very soon found by the aid of her brilliant light.

"I've wasted nearly an hour," said the Ant.

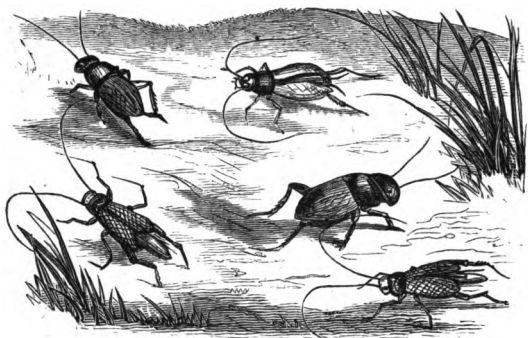
"Hush," said the Bees, "we will make up for lost time to-morrow."

Here the band, led by Cricket, struck up again, and while

I was listening to the music, I felt a sharp sting on the back of my ear. Mosquito had bitten me. I put my hand up to scratch my ear, and something pierced my upper lip. Mosquito had bitten me again. While I

was rubbing my lip, I felt a pain in the back of my neck. Mosquito had bitten me the third time. I came away then without making any apology.

JENNIE LYNCH.



MORE ABOUT ALLIGATORS.

LITTLE Florence, who has spent two winters in Florida, has a story which she wishes to tell to "The Nursery" readers by way of a "snapper" (as the boys say) to the alligator-story in the last number.

A lady who had just come to Florida to live, was sitting at her front-door one sunny morning, when a man with a large canvas-bag on his back came up the steps. At first sight she took him to be a tramp, but he soon made his business known.

"Would you like some 'gators, ma'am?" said he.

She thought he meant gaiter-boots. It was a queer way to carry them around, to be sure; but she thought it must be the Florida way of selling boots. She needed a new pair: so she said, "Yes, let me see what you have."

With that, the man swung his bag around, and shook out a bag-ful of frisking, crawling alligators, from eight inches to two feet long, right at her feet on the piazza.

I guess it would have made you laugh to see her run, if you were not too busy running away yourself, to look at her. She did not know before that in Florida alligators are often called 'gators. As soon as she got over her fright, she took a good look at the 'gators; but she could not make up her mind to buy any. She had no use for such pets.

One day Florence saw a nest of 'gators. There were twenty of them, only eight or nine inches long. Some one took two of them, and held them up by their tails, one in each hand, when they began to fight as fiercely as if they had been full grown.

The owner cried out, "Don't let those two fight; they are sold!" But they would have killed each other if they had not been separated.

F. E. W.



MAKING A SHADOW-PICTURE.

“Now, Alice,” said John, “if you will only keep your head still, we will have a likeness of you in half a minute.”

“Go on, sir,” replies Alice. “Do I hold the candle right? Please don’t give me too big a nose.”

"My business is to copy nature," said John. "I must follow the outline. There! You moved your head, and the whole thing is spoiled."

"Take a fresh sheet of paper, and begin a new picture."

"No, keep still, and let me finish this."

When John had finished the profile, he took it into the parlor to see if anybody would recognize it. One said it was old Mrs. Barton; another, that it was grandma Prince; another, that it was aunt Sophia.

Not one guessed that it was taken for Alice.

IDA FAY.



A STORY FOR POLLY.



ONE night, last spring, I took the steamboat from New York to Poughkeepsie. There were not many passengers; but among the ladies who came on board, I noticed a tall, handsome woman, dressed in black. A young girl, probably her daughter, sat beside her. When the stewardess gave them the key to their state-room, they entered, and I lost sight of them.

As I wandered through the saloon, about an hour after the boat started, I saw the woman sitting near the stove; but the young girl was not with her. In a few moments, some one called, "Belle, Belle!" The little girls sitting

around the stove, (though no one of them happened to be named Belle), all jumped up. The lady in black, however, smiling very sweetly, told the children that the call came from her own state-room, and was not for them, but for herself. She did not open the door, until the cry came again, very good-naturedly, "Belle, Belle!"

Then the woman rose, unlocked the door, and went into her room. "Where's mother?" said the voice, as pleasantly as before. "I want my mother!" We could not hear the lady's reply; and when she returned to her seat, I had half a mind to say, "You hard-hearted mother! Let that child come out, or else go to bed yourself!"

She had not been seated more than five minutes, when a severe attack of coughing on the part of the poor little thing, shut up all alone in that state-room, brought me almost to my feet. I grew angry as I saw this woman merely glance at the group of us, and smile sweetly.

"Belle, Belle!" came from the room, more earnestly than before; and the cry was followed by a loud, unnatural laugh, as though the child were having what my mother used to call a "tantrum." The woman rose, and went to the state-room, but did not quite close the door.

Then I did a very impolite thing: I peeped through the crack. What do you think I saw? Not a girl; not a boy; not the young daughter, who, I afterwards found, had not remained on the boat, but, — guess what! — a parrot!

Of course it was a pretty Poll, and it was a smart one, too; for it had been careful, it would seem, not to repeat any words by which one could suspect that the noisy inmate of the state-room was only a bird.

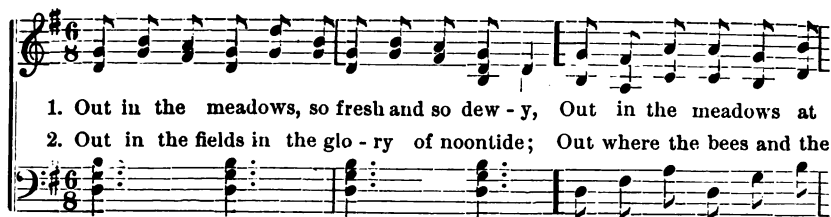
The owner was very kind to it, and I liked her ever so much, and thought, at once, "I will write the story to my niece, little Polly."

AUNT ANNE.

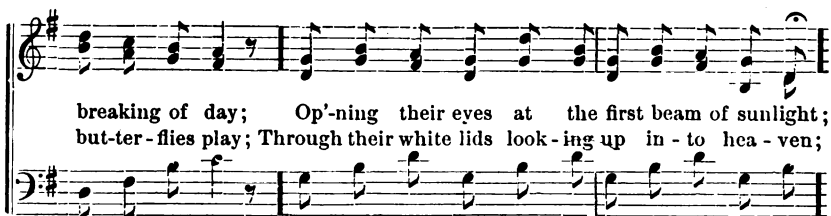
DAISY-SONG.

For Kindergartens.

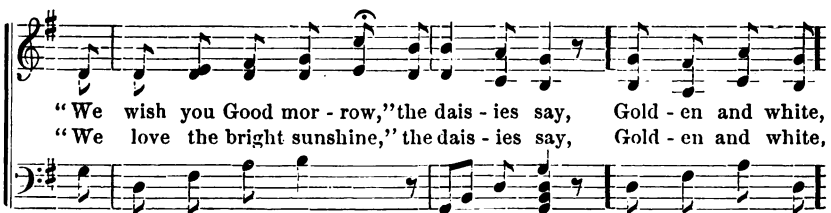
Music by Rev. J. H. WIGGIN.



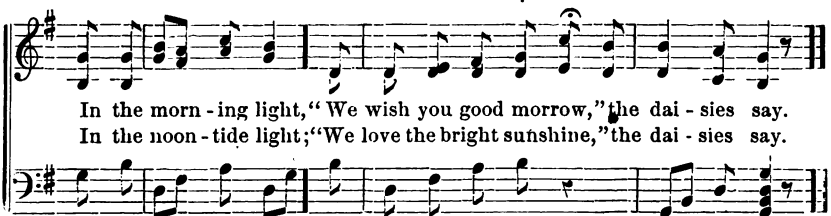
1. Out in the meadows, so fresh and so dew-y, Out in the meadows at
 2. Out in the fields in the glo-ry of noontide; Out where the bees and the



breaking of day; Op'ning their eyes at the first beam of sunlight;
 but-ter-flies play; Through their white lids look-ing up in-to hea-ven;



"We wish you Good mor-row," the dais-ies say, Gold-en and white,
 "We love the bright sunshine," the dais-ies say, Gold-en and white,



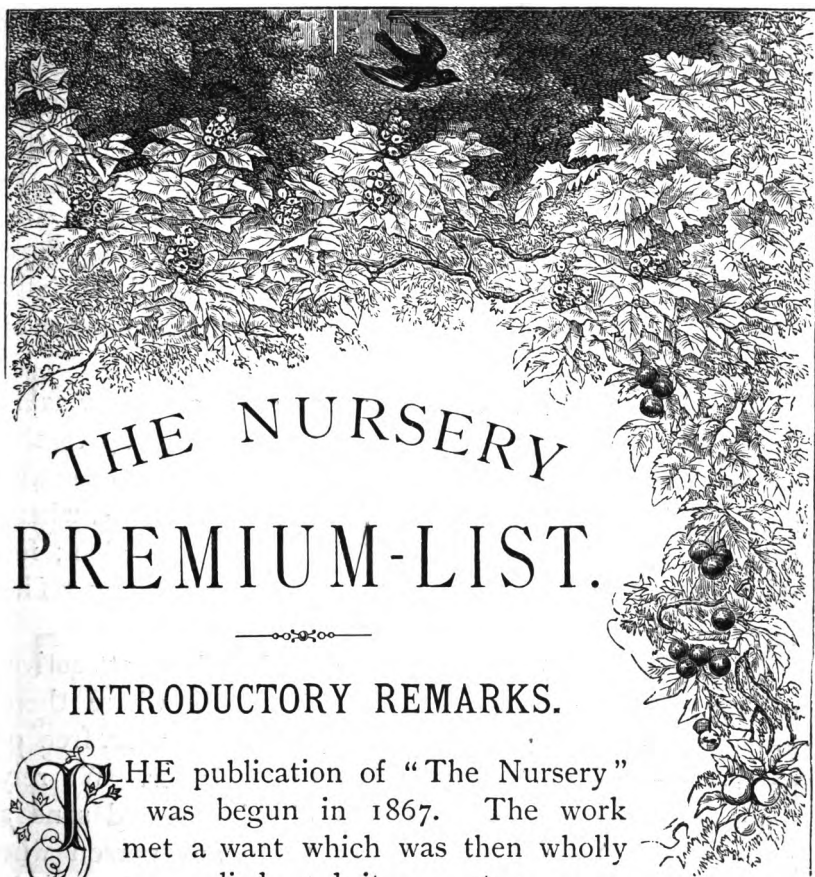
In the morn-ing light, "We wish you good morrow," the dai-sies say.
 In the noon-tide light, "We love the bright sunshine," the dai-sies say.

3

Out in the fields when the bright sunlight fadeth,
 Gilding the hilltop with lingering ray,
 Closing their eyes as the day's glory dieth
 "We wish you Good night," the daisies say,
 Golden and white,
 In the sunset light,
 "We wish you Good night," the daisies say.

4

Out in the fields in the quiet, sweet starlight,
 Hushed all confusion and noise of the day,
 All fast asleep, with their golden eyes hidden,
 "We wake on the morrow," the daisies say,
 Golden and white,
 In the still starlight,—
 "We wake on the morrow," the daisies say.



THE NURSERY PREMIUM-LIST.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE publication of "The Nursery" was begun in 1867. The work met a want which was then wholly unsupplied, and it was at once received with a high degree of public favor. Since then it has gone on increasing, from year to year, in circulation and in reputation,—maintaining its supremacy over all imitators and rivals,—and it now holds a firmly established place among first-class American periodicals, and is admitted to be the *best magazine in the world for the class of readers to whom it is addressed.*

Its articles, whether in prose or verse, are adapted with the greatest care to the capacities of children, and are, with very rare exceptions, wholly original.

Its illustrations, which are given with great profuseness, are engraved in the highest style of art, and, in most cases, from designs made expressly for "The Nursery," by the best American artists. Such as are not original, are reproductions of the choicest pictures to be found in the foreign juvenile periodicals.

A song set to music by a skilful composer, and specially adapted to children's voices, is given in every number of the magazine.

Altogether, its pages furnish just such a variety as is best fitted to the wants of children from infancy up to the age of twelve years. In schools it is found to answer admirably as a first-Reader; and in remote districts, where there are no schools, it takes the place of a teacher; for thousands of children have been taught to read by "The Nursery" alone.

A work which is at once so useful and so attractive, cannot fail to be in demand in every family where there are young children. Its low price, (\$1.50 a year, free of postage), places it within the reach of all classes. We rely upon its merits alone to secure its circulation, and send a sample copy by mail, for ten cents, to any person who wishes to examine it. We do not *hire* anybody to subscribe; but if any one procures subscriptions for us, we are always ready to make a suitable compensation.

With this view, we present the following list of Premiums. The articles described are all of the best quality, and many of them such as are wanted in every household. Besides offering them as premiums, we are prepared to supply them for cash—sending them by mail or otherwise on the most favorable terms. We therefore suggest to every person who receives this pamphlet, that it would be well to preserve it carefully for future reference.

EXPLANATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

1. Previously to this date, (Sept. 1876), our offers of Premiums have applied to *new* subscriptions only. Hereafter, in awarding Premiums, we shall make no distinction between new subscriptions and renewals.

2. Premiums are offered for *procuring* subscriptions — not for subscribing. But the applicant's own subscription or renewal, *when he procures one or more other names to send with it*, will, of course, be counted.

3. The full subscription price (one dollar and fifty cents) must be paid for each name. No premium is given for subscriptions supplied at club rates.

4. The money must always be sent, with the names, *direct to the Publisher*. No premium is given for subscriptions sent through agents. No name is entered on our books until the money is received.

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6. Bear in mind that we do not give a premium or open an account for less than *two* subscriptions (one of which, however, may be your own); but, *after the account is opened*, you may add one subscription at a time if you choose — never omitting to state in your letter *that it is to go to your credit for a premium*.

7. Write the name and address of each subscriber plainly, and **always state whether a renewal or a new name**; and when you call for your premium, be sure to give your own name and address so plainly that it cannot be mistaken.

8. Date your letters carefully, and state in them always the exact amount of money sent, and the form in which it is sent — whether in Bank-bills, Check or Postal-order. *It is a good plan to keep a copy of your letter.*

9. If you do not receive the magazine promptly in response to your remittance, or if you do not promptly receive any premium that you may have ordered, notify us *immediately*, stating always the *date* of your previous letter. Wait a sufficient time for ordinary delays of the mail — *but no longer.*

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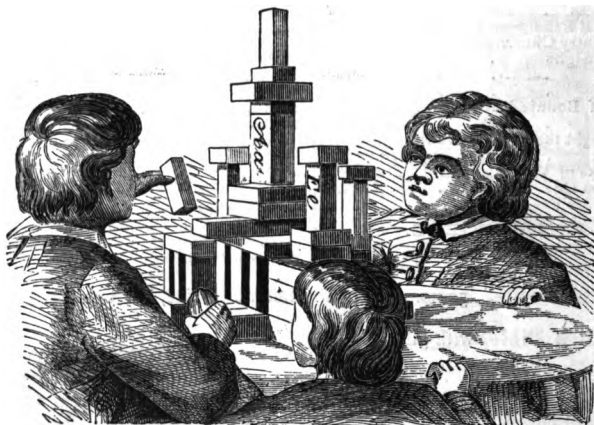


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Mistress Mary	94	To my dear Sister	83
To my Darling	96	To my dear Father	84
The Lily	68	To my dear Mother	86
Compliments of the Season	70	To One I love	101
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Honor thy Father and Mother	161	Remember now Thy Creator	257
Remember the Sabbath Day	162	A Happy New Year	260
The Lord's Prayer	163	A Birthday Blessing	266
Blessed are the Merciful	164	Many Happy Returns of the	
The Doxology	167	Day	269
The Lord is my Shepherd	170	I Love Thee	278
A Happy New Year	174	The Priceless Gem	288
Remember Me	175	Unchanging Love	289
Faith, Hope and Charity	180	True Love	293
Hope, the Anchor of my Soul	252	May our Hearts be United	

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SECTION II.

FOR THREE SUBSCRIBERS.

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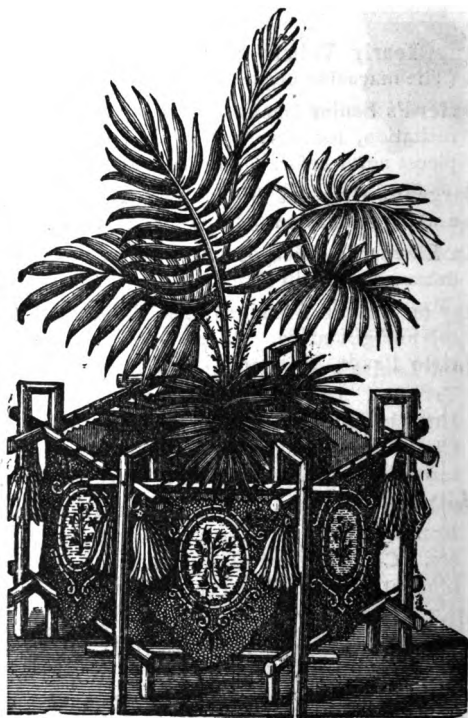
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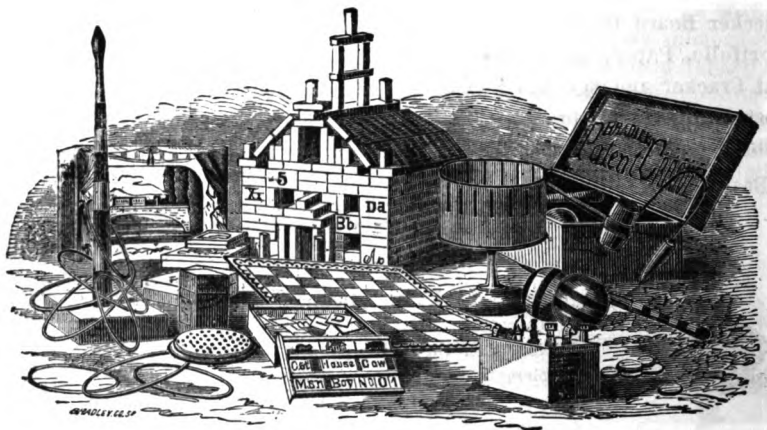
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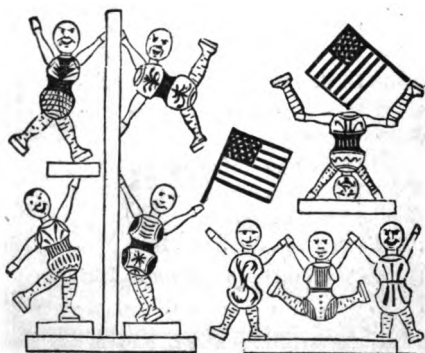
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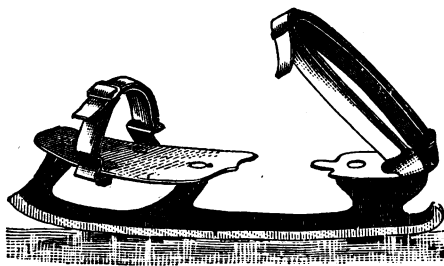


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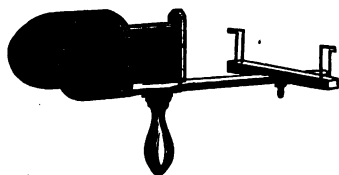
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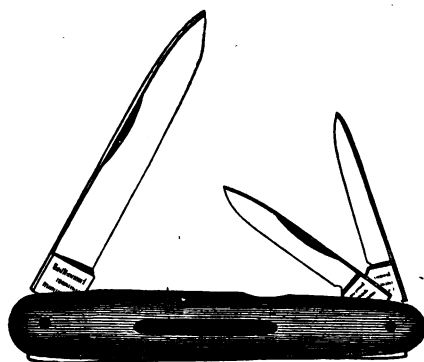
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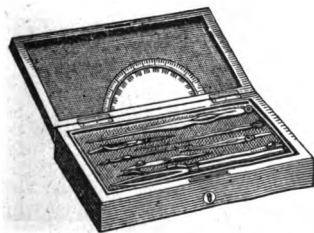
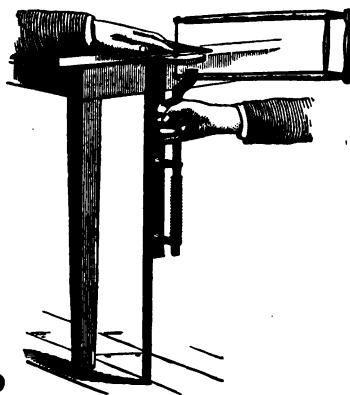
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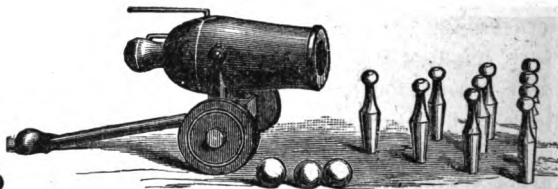
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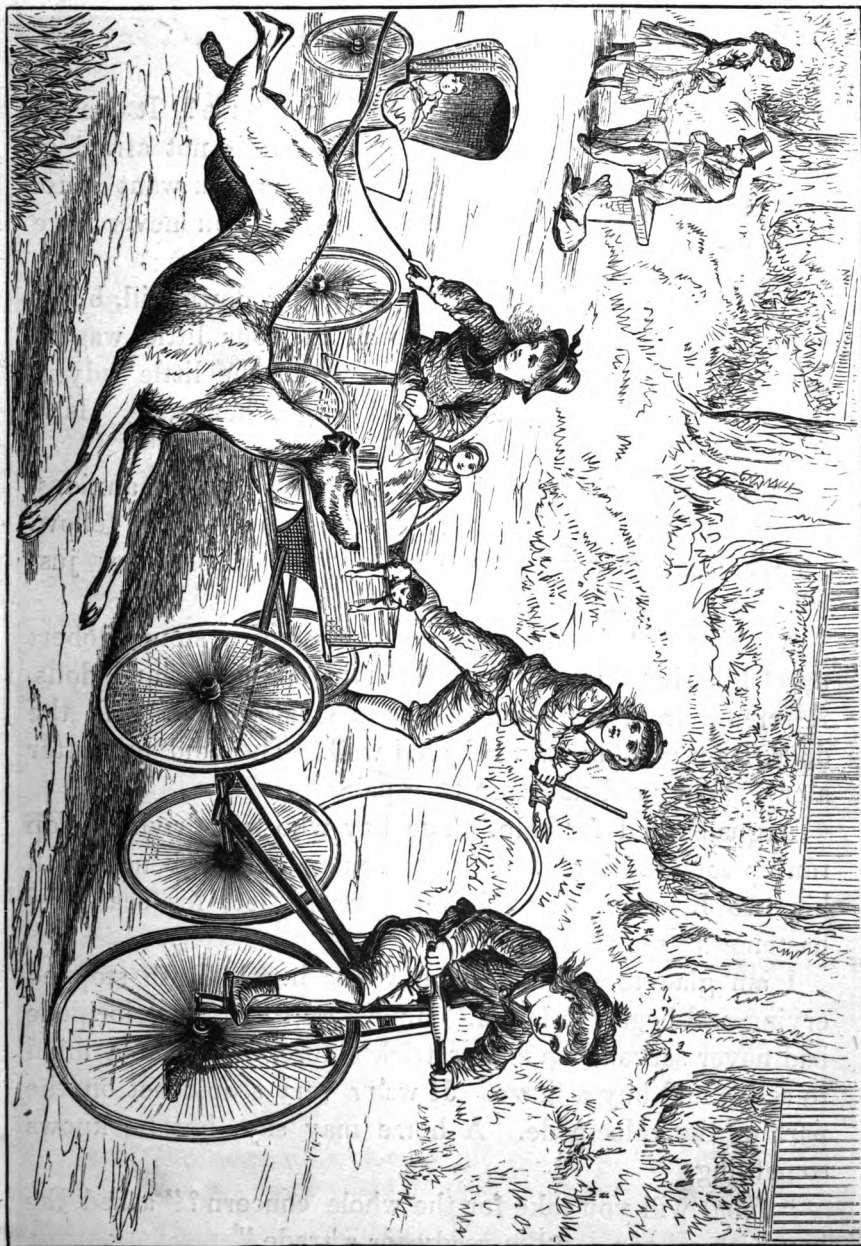
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OW much better this is than a horse! It doesn't kick up. It doesn't shy. It is not afraid of the cars. On it goes just as you want it to. You never have to whip it. You never have to say, 'Get up!'

"Don't be afraid, Ruth. We are going down hill, but I know what's what. You are safe in your little wagon. Grace and Belvidera are safe too. And the little lady in the carriage behind you is safe—I forget her name. Is it Cleopatra?"

"Come here, old Argus! You seem to be a little anxious. Are you afraid I shall upset? Never you fear, old fellow. I have been on a velocipede before to-day. I know just what to do when" —

At this point, in trying to steer clear of a stone, Robert upset his whole turnout with its train of wagons and dolls. A scream from Ruth made people look around. All the dolls, I am glad to say, behaved well. They did not utter a cry. They did not even turn pale.

Argus barked for help. The boy who was driving hoop ran up to lend his aid. The gentleman on the bench, with his two little girls and his dog Carlo, left his seat, and hastened to see who was hurt.

I am glad to say that nobody was hurt. Ruth stopped crying and began to laugh. Robert said that his velocipede had never served him such a trick before. He had a mind to sell it and buy a horse. It was a very stupid act on the part of the velocipede. A horse may shy, but he knows something.

"What will you take for the whole concern?" asked the boy with a hoop. "I'm ready for a trade."

“And I’m not ready,” replied Robert. “The velocipede wants neither hay nor oats; it does not have to be watered; it is easily taken care of: I can keep it in the wood-shed; it can stand either cold weather or hot. I mean to keep it, and take more care the next time.”

So Robert mounted his velocipede once more, and rode home, at good speed, with Ruth and her dolls behind him. He kept his wits about him, and was not again upset.

ALFRED SELWYN.



LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

LITTLE MARIE,—While I was sitting this morning on the side of a very high hill, here in Switzerland, more than four thousand miles from Boston, and looking down on a beautiful lake, with mountains all around it, a little Swiss girl playing near me made me think of you. I wondered if you would like to have a letter from a place so far away. I think you would, and so I am going to sit down and write you one.

There are a great many things to be seen here, that do not seem at all like what we have in Boston. You would laugh to see how the babies are wrapped up in this country. When they are very small,—too small to walk,—they do not wear long clothes in the way our babies do, but their dresses are turned up and tied around their waists. It makes the babies look like little bundles; but I think it is a good fashion for all that.

Then the dogs do not play all the time, as the dogs in Boston do; but they have to work, and work hard for their living. They wear harnesses, like a horse, and draw little

carts with milk or potatoes, or any thing else in them that their master has to sell.

If the cart is very full and heavy, the dog's master or mistress walks by his side, and helps him pull it; but very often he has to do all the work alone, and sometimes his master gets into the cart, and makes the poor dog drag him too.

One day I was in a shop in London, — which is almost twenty times as large a city as Boston, — when a man with



a large basket on his back, opened the door, threw in two little sticks with pieces of meat tied to them, and then went away without saying a word.

I did not know what that was done for: so I asked the man who kept the shop, and he said it was the “cat-meat man,” and that he did nothing but go about all day carrying dinners to cats.

I hope you will come here some day; but it is a long way to come from home. You would have to be in a steamship on the ocean for ten days and nights, and perhaps, in all that time, you would not meet another ship; but you might see some whales, and I am sure you would like that.



AT THE SPRING.

I KNOW a cot, and near it is a spring;
There the little wren dips his dusty wing;
There the rabbit comes just to get a drink;
Blossoms scent the air all around the brink.

Emma with her jug, and mother with her pail,
Come to fill them both, where water does not fail.
Mother looks around: "Welcome, Madam Duck!
Greeting to your little ones, greeting and good luck!"

Sultry is the weather; limpid is the pool,
Clear as any crystal, as a snow-wreath cool;
See the bubbles rise from the sand so white,
See the circles widen in the glowing light!

What a joy is water on a summer day!
Let it still be water, if I'm sad or gay,—
Water in hot weather, water, too, in cold,
Water in my childhood, water when I'm old.

EMILY CARTER.



THE DONKEY GATE-OPENER.

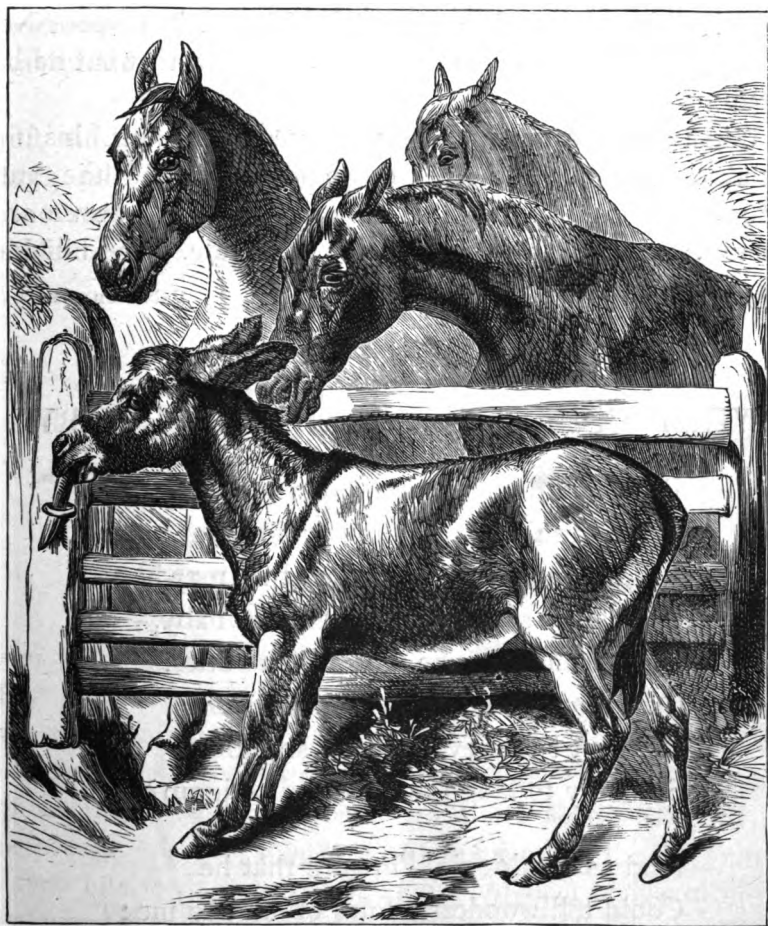
NED is not thought to be a wise beast. He has big ears, and is called stupid. He is not a beauty to look at. He cannot trot fast, like the horse. He likes to have his own way, and is quite as stubborn as a little boy I once knew.

But Ned's master takes good care of him. Ned has the range of a fine meadow for grazing; but the horses are kept in a field near by, where the grass is short and dry.

The horses look over the gate into the meadow where Ned is grazing. They wish they were donkeys, that they might have such good grass to feed on. But they cannot leap the fence; and so they can only look on, and sigh.

Ned sees their trouble. "If I am not wise, I know how

my master opens that gate," thinks he to himself. "If I am not a beauty, I can do a good turn to my cousins the horses. If I am stubborn, I am not selfish."



And so what does Ned do but take hold of the peg that fastens the gate, and use his teeth in trying to pull it out? The three horses look on with much interest. The peg is

pretty fast in the ring, and Ned has to pull at it with all his might.

At last out comes the peg, the gate swings open; and into the rich green meadow gallop the three gay horses. Whether they stopped to say, "Thank you!" to poor Ned, I cannot say. But Ned was well content with what he had done.

When the master found the three horses in his fine meadow grass, he wondered who had opened the gate. "Some mischievous boy did it," said he. He never once dreamed that Ned knew how to open the gate. Ned nibbled his grass, and said nothing.

UNCLE CHARLES.



WHAT COUNTRY-LIFE DID FOR BABY.

BABY and doggie came home to-day
From the fields and the meadows far away.
I think I can venture to say that may-be
You never saw such a wonderful baby, —
Dimpled and brown, and fat as butter,
Crowing an answer to all you utter.
Dear me! was ever a baby so plump,
So ready to laugh and frolic and jump?

And as for doggie, I'm sure that he
Could tell wonderful tales of baby to me;
Could tell of the merry summer weather
When he and baby were playing together
Under the shade of the maple-trees,
Kissed by the sun and the fragrant breeze;



And birds and butterflies all took care
Of little dog Spot and my baby fair.

And surely old Brindle, the mooly-cow,
Deserves some praise; for I well know how
She gave rich milk for baby's food,—
Milk so creamy and sweet and good.
Old patient Dobbin, I thank you too;
For baby owes some of his health to you;
And I thank you all, dear meadows and trees,
Sweet summer skies, and fragrant breeze.

For baby has come to my arms to-day
So fresh from the meadows far, far away ;
Brown and dimpled and merry is he,
My little dumpling so dear to me !
And I think the blue of the summer skies
Will stay forever in baby's eyes,
And the shine of the sunbeams glistens yet
In the golden hair of my little pet.

MARY D. BRINE.

GENTIANAS.

LET us follow the golden-rods, whose plumes wave by the road-side, and go down toward the sea. The little starry asters brush our feet where the brown crickets chirr, and sumachs droop their scarlet leaves above our heads.

But see ! down in the soft sheltering grass, near the gray rocks, a cluster of delicate flowers rises on a branching plant. Its leaves are green, shaded with brown. The fringed blossoms are like tents of silken blue, this morning ; but, as noonday approaches, the fringes part and the flowers look up to the blue skies above them. This is the fringed gentian, one of the most beautiful plants of America.

Gentians grow in other countries ; but they are not like this. The far-away Alps have bright, blue gentians, nestled in crevices of their snowy peaks : they are brave little blossoms to live upon the verge of eternal snows ; still their flowers are not as large and heavenly blue as these.

England has a spring gentian, which blossoms when the sweet primroses and cowslips deck the lanes and meadows.

It loves the mountain regions. An autumn gentian also, with a bell-like flower of spotted blue, grows in England.

The gentian family is large, and many of its varieties are cultivated for ornamental purposes. But none excel the little wild flower of New England, known as "the fringed gentian." This is the flower to which the poet Bryant addressed the following beautiful lines:—

"Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night:

"Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

"Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

"I would that thus when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart."

DAISY'S MORNING-GLORIES.

DAISY was very fond of flowers. One day she went to visit her good aunt Mary, who gave her a sweet-scented geranium. Daisy was delighted; for she liked to pinch the leaves between her chubby little fore-finger and thumb, and then put them to her tiny snub-nose.

By and by, to Daisy's grief, the geranium began to turn yellow and brown. Her mother, thinking to save it, cut the stalk off close to the ground. Daisy watched it day by day; but it gave no signs of life.

One morning when she went to look at it, she saw something green peeping up above the soil. She clapped her hands with joy, thinking that the geranium had sprouted. But it proved to be a morning-glory, which had sprung up to take the place of the geranium.

The morning-glory grew very fast, and was soon covered with buds. One morning, Daisy was delighted to see a bright little purple blossom. Two or three days after another blossom came out. On they kept coming, one after another.

Daisy's mother made a pretty frame for the vines to climb on. When Daisy's aunt Mary came to visit them, Daisy had three white blossoms with delicate pink centres to show her.

AUNT MARY.





THE RAVEN AND THE FROG.

"Look at the vanity of mortal things! Here is this poor frog, flat in the dust. If he were alive, I could eat him. But a dead frog is not to my taste. I wonder what put an end to his useful life.

"He does not stir. His fore-paws are lifted, as if he were asking for mercy. Poor frog! No beak of bird can harm you now. You are safe. You have uttered your last croak. And here am I with a good appetite and no food. Caw, caw!"

The raven seemed to be chief-mourner; for he was dressed in his best suit of black. He turned away. Then he rose in the air, crying, "Caw, caw!" and settled upon the withered branch of an old oak-tree. He kept his eye on the frog for a time, but the frog did not move. "Dead as a door nail!" said the raven. Then he flew off, making a bee-line for a distant hill.

Still the frog kept quiet. He did not even wink. Was he really dead? Not quite! When the far-off "caw-caw" of the raven had died away, Froggie all at once turned over on his side. Then he got the use of his legs, perked up his head, and looked around.

He could see nothing alarming in the view.

"The assassin is gone," thought he. "I will just hop to the pond, and jump in. I am thirsty, and want a good swim. What an old bore that raven was, to be sure! He would have been the end of me, if he had preached much longer. I should have cried, 'Eat me—but stop preaching!' Fate was my friend. Here I am all right, and the raven must go without his dinner."

For a frog to outwit a raven is a rare thing. But it certainly happened in this case. I fear the raven was very mad when he found it out. Froggie was happy. He leaped into the pond, and told his friends how he had cheated the raven.

UNCLE CHARLES.



"IT WOULDN'T BE A VINE."

A LITTLE girl I know of was very fond of flowers,

And if she had one given her, oh, how her eyes would shine!
And by a neighbor's garden she would stand and look for hours
At the pretty climbing roses, and the honeysuckle-vine.

One day she found some seeds that were long and black and narrow,
And "Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed aloud, "I know just what I'll do!
I'll put these in the ground. Now, go along, you greedy sparrow:
You needn't think that I am going to share my luck with you!"

Beside the garden fence she hid them under cover,
And put, for their convenience, a lattice-work of strings ;
And hoped ere many days to see them clamber up and over
The dingy boards, and soar aloft on pretty emerald wings.

Soon up came a slip of green ; and the little girl beheld it
With a cry of joy ; for patiently she'd waited for this sign,
And twice a day she watered it, and many days she smelled it,
And wondered if it wouldn't be a honeysuckle-vine.

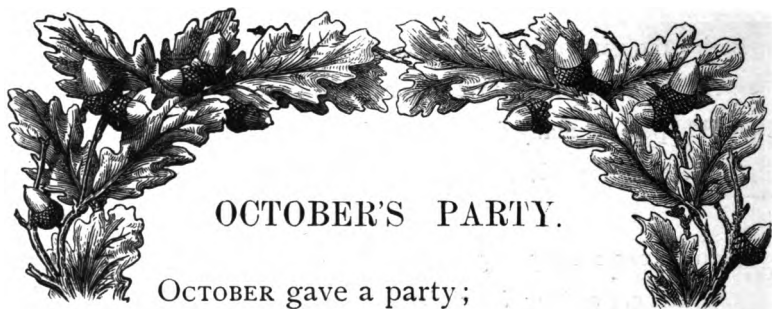
The naughty thing grew tall and straight and stubborn, for it couldn't
Be coaxed around the slender threads against the fence to curl,
Though the little maiden tried her best, and cried because it wouldn't
Do such an easy thing as that to please a little girl.

But still it grew and grew, despite the weeds around it,
And still refused persistently round any thing to twine ;
And grieved and disappointed was the maiden when she found it
Would neither be a climbing rose nor honey-
suckle-vine.

It greeted her, one morning, in a robe of dazzling
splendor,
No other blossom, far or near, so showily was
dressed ;
And the little girl exclaimed, with an accent soft
and tender,
"I forgive you, dear old sunflower, for you did
your very best !"

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.



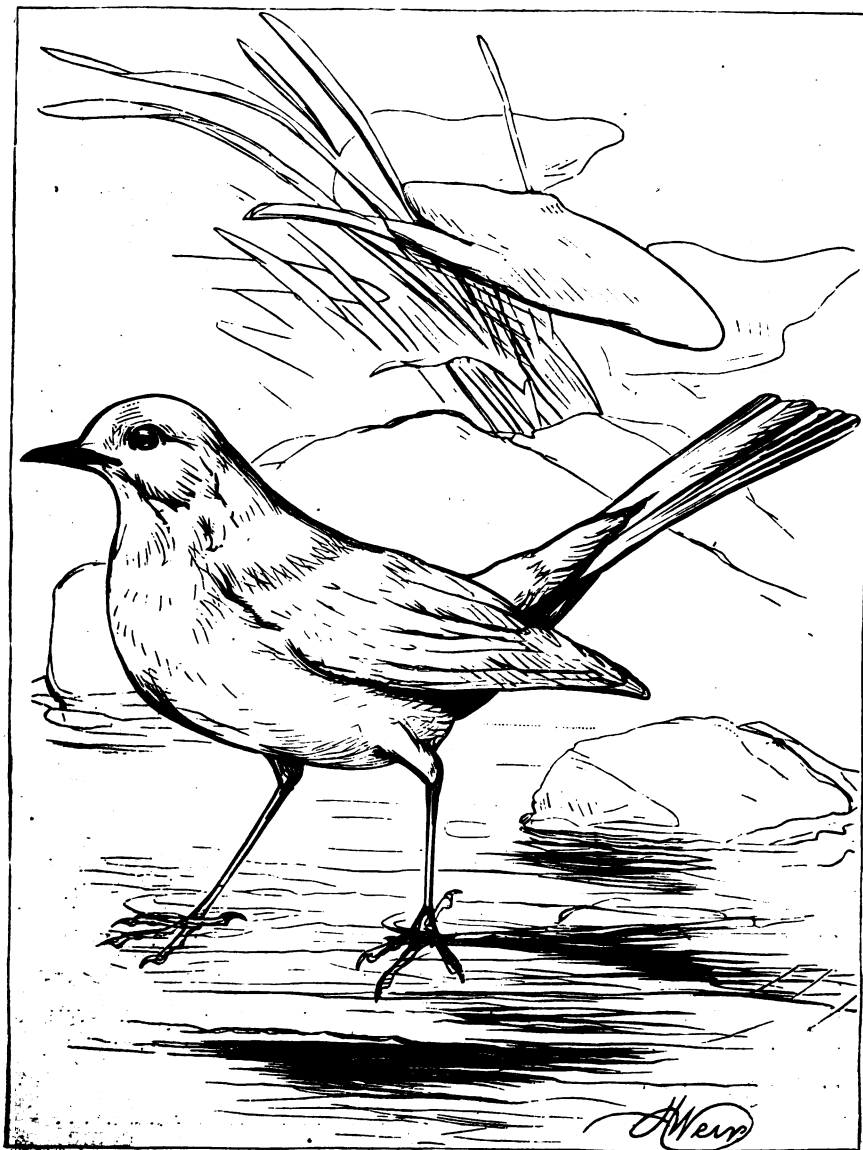


OCTOBER'S PARTY.

OCTOBER gave a party ;
The leaves by hundreds came, —
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,
And leaves of every name.
The sunshine spread a carpet,
And every thing was grand ;
Miss Weather led the dancing ;
Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
The Oaks in crimson dressed ;
The lovely Misses Maple,
In purple, looked their best.
All balanced to their partners,
And gayly fluttered by :
The sight was like a rainbow
New-fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rusty hollows,
At hide-and-seek they played ;
The party closed at sundown,
And everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder ;
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended
In jolly " hands all round."



DRAWING-LESSON.

THE HOMELY CAT.



HERBERT is a manly little fellow, and is very kind to dumb animals. Though fond of pets, he has but one. I will tell you how he got that.

A great many cats found their way into Herbert's yard. This was not strange, as the little boy always took good care to give them something to eat.

One day, as he was watching them from the dining-room window, he noticed a wretched looking black-and-white cat sitting upon the fence. After looking thoughtfully at her for some time, he said, "Mamma, I think anybody would like those pretty cats, don't you? But who would give that ugly one a home? She looks lonely and miserable, and I pity her. May I give her a home, mamma?"

"Yes," said his mother, "if you can coax her in."

Puss was very shy at first, as if doubtful of Herbert's motives. She was not used to kind treatment, and could hardly believe that the piece of meat thrown out was really meant for her.

But, every day, Herbert found the homely puss upon the fence, and, every day, he took care that the pretty cats did not get all the meat. By and by the homely cat grew so bold that she would come to the kitchen-door for her allowance. At last Herbert coaxed her into the kitchen; but she ran under the stove, as if anxious to keep out of sight as much as possible.

A saucer of milk soon tempted her from her hiding-place. She began to feel that something very pleasant had come to her. And when she got so tame as to let Herbert take

her in his arms, and carry her to an easy-chair in the parlor, you may be sure she had reached the dream-land of cats.

It was not long before Herbert's care began to tell upon her. She grew plump, and her fur became so smooth and silken, that she was not homely at all. Every body says now that she is a pretty cat; and what is better, she is kind and loving, and is as fond of her master as he is of her.

I think that all the readers of "The Nursery" will agree with Herbert, that we should never be unkind to a cat because she is homely.

HERBERT'S MAMMA.

THE EMPTY NEST.

ONCE 'twas full of young, —
 Little, downy things,
 With their songs unsung,
 And unwearied wings.

What sweet trills were heard
 All the livelong day,
 As each tiny bird
 Tried a roundelay!

Hidden by green leaves,
 Rocked upon the breeze,
 Out of reach of thieves,
 Happy birds were these!

Now, the nest is still;
 Little wings have flown;
 Soon the snowflakes will
 Claim it as their own.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



ALICE'S COPY-BOOK.

ALICE's father had just got back from England. How glad she was to see him! When he sat down in his arm-chair



after dinner, he said to her, "Now, dear, please come here and let me see what my girl has been doing."

Alice ran and got her copy-book. She put it in his hand with, "Here is what you gave me the day you went away."

He took it, and said, "Why,

you darling, you have filled it, all but five pages! And how neatly it is written! Not a blot, I declare!”

He put on his spectacles, and began to read some of the pieces. “Were these all chosen by yourself?” he asked.

“Yes,” replied Alice; “but I showed them to mother before I began to copy. She said they would do. They are pieces I liked to read.”

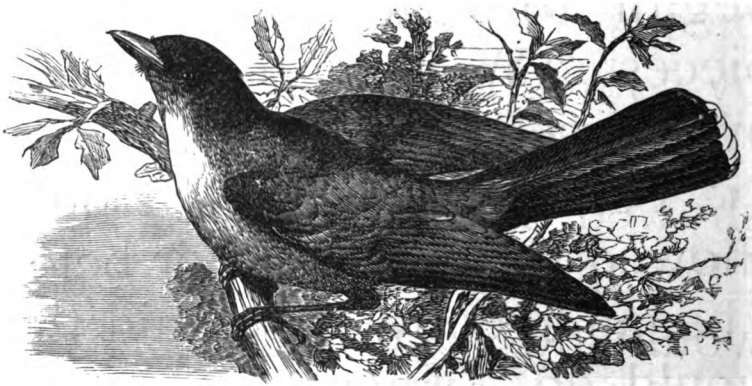
“Then you must keep this book till you are an old, old lady,” said papa. “You will like to know what you were fond of when a little girl.”

“That is what I shall try to do,” said Alice.

A. B. C.

THE KINGBIRD.

THE kingbird is a merry, merry fellow, —
Black-and-white is he,
Singing cheerily:
Not a whit he cares
With his lordly airs,
That his neighbors flaunt in red and yellow.



“I’m the kingbird!” through the green trees flying
Hear him singing now,
On the topmost bough;
Watch and ward he keeps,
While the farmer sleeps,
To catch the rogues around the cornfields prying.

Golden grain into his garners falling,
He will help him gain,
Through the heat and rain.
Off the black crows fly
From his flashing eye:

“I’m the farmer’s kingbird!” hear him calling!



**“SAY, BROOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING
WITH THAT BOY?”**

JOHNNY was a country boy, — a bright, merry lad, with a round full face, and cheeks as rosy as health and plenty of sweet air could make them. But it happened that one sad day the little fellow and his mother were obliged to leave their country home, and come to the city to find work.

Johnny thought he could earn a good deal for his mother, and was much grieved as the days went by, and there seemed nothing for so small a boy to do. But at last he decided to

try his luck as a crossing-sweeper. He thought it would be very nice to hold out his hand, and have cents dropped in it by kind people who were passing through the street.

So he got a broom, — it was ever so much too big for a boy of his size; but that didn't seem to disturb him, — and took his stand, one bright morning, at the muddiest crossing he could find near his home. He had never done that kind of work before: so, of course, it took him a long while to drag the heavy broom over the stones, and he made rather a poor job of it after all.

A few ladies smiled at him, and dropped cents into his hand, although the crossing was not much improved by his sweeping. But the boys made fun of him, and called out loudly, "Hi, broom! where are you going with that boy?" and made other jokes very annoying to poor little Johnny.

It was not long afterward that I was passing, and, noticing the sad expression of his face, stopped to talk with him. Then he told me all I have written here, and consented to have a picture made of him and his broom.

He tells me that he earns the most money on rainy days, and crossing-sweepers always rejoice after a heavy rain. He is learning the business quite nicely now.

MARY D. BRINK.



LITTLE SNOWFLAKE.

"Do not worry, old sheep. Your little lamb is quite safe in my arms. She is not afraid, you see. I am going to take her into the barn, to play on the hay with the children. You may come too, if you will be good."

And so Susan took the little lamb into the barn. The



children all gave a shout, when they saw her with the lamb.
“Oh, what a white, pretty little thing!” said Julia Ray.
“Let me take her in my arms,” cried Ellen. “No; let me,
let me!” cried John Ray.

“What shall be her name?” asked Susan.

“Her name shall be Darling,” cried Julia Ray.

"No, that's a silly name," cried John. "Let her be called Dolly."

"I'll not have it," said Ellen. "Her proper name is Snowflake."

"Let us put it to a vote," said Susan. "Those in favor of Darling will say *Ay*. Only one voice responds. Those in favor of Dolly will say *Ay*. Only one voice responds. Those in favor of Snowflake will say *Ay*. Four voices respond. And so the lamb's name is Snowflake."

"Now I must put a blue ribbon round her neck," said Ellen. So she took a ribbon from her own neck, and tied it round the lamb's.

Then they had a grand frolic in the hay. The old sheep stretched herself on the floor, and looked on. She seemed to be well pleased to see the little lambkin so petted and praised.

DORA BURNSIDE.

THE INDIAN BABY.

I WAS waiting for the train to arrive one day, at a little Iowa village, when in came a tall Indian, a little Indian boy, and a squaw. The squaw had a large bundle wrapped up in a woollen blanket. She carried it on her back by means of a strap passed around her forehead.

She carried it so carefully, that I wondered what could be in it, and thought I would ask her. So I said, "Have you a pappoose there?" — "Yes, me pappoose," she replied. "Let me see it," said I.

She took off the blanket, and there, in a large basket such as we use to go to market with, was a fat little Indian baby, with reddish-brown skin and shiny black eyes. I patted his cheek, and he looked up and laughed.

His mother had tied five or six brass thimbles to the handle of the basket for him to play with. How happy and warm he looked in his basket-carriage! The mother smiled, and seemed much pleased that I had noticed her baby.

M.



VACATION IS OVER.

WITH bright sparkling eyes, and with cheeks like red roses,
The lads and the lassies have come,
From the sea, from the mountain, the hillside, the valley,
To the dearest of all places, — home.

As fleet as wild deer have they climbed the steep mountain;
Like fish they have swum in the sea;

In games of croquet won glorious battles,
And made the woods ring with their glee.

Now school-books are hunted, instead of the squirrel,
For oh, the sweet Summer has flown !
But, deep in the hearts of the lads and the lassies,
A summer she leaves all their own.

Then turn with a will, fresh and bright, to your studies,
Prepare for a grand school campaign,
And give by hard work a new zest to your frolics,
When the sweet summer comes back again.

MRS. CHARLES T. FERNALD.



OLD AUNT POLLY'S MISTAKE.

Look at Delia with the baby in her arms ! She sits in an arm-chair. She is fast asleep. She will let that child fall, if she does not look out. Then what screaming there will be ! Wake up, Delia, and attend to your charge !

She does not stir. Her sleep is too deep. In the flower-stand at her side, I see rare grasses and flowers with bright leaves. But they do not shed much odor. That plant with a heart-shaped leaf is the one I shall choose.

But, Delia, your hair is pulled back so tight, I should think it would make you sneeze. The baby's too is pulled back. Is she not rather young to have her hair fixed in that fashion ? How still she keeps ! Does she never cry ? Wake up, baby, and rouse your sleepy sister !

What's that you say ? "It is no baby." Did you say



that? "It is a doll." Were those your words? Nonsense! Can't I tell a baby when I see one? Because I'm eighty years old, do you think I can be cheated in that way? What's that you say? "Let it be a baby, then!" Was that what you said?

I'll not let it be a baby, then! Sure enough, it is a doll, and nothing else. What a stupid old woman I was! In my second childhood, am I? You didn't say it, eh? I know you didn't; but you might have said it.

There ! Delia is waking up. She yawns. She lets the doll drop from her lap. She starts up. I have a mind to shake both of them. But I think I'll not do it. They will laugh at old aunt Polly for mistaking a doll for a baby. Well, let them laugh. If they are pleased, I shall not be hurt.

OLD AUNT POLLY.



STORY ABOUT A HORSE.

ONE day, when I was living in the great city of London, I was invited to a "kettle-drum." Do you know what a "kettle-drum" is? Well, it is much the same thing as a tea-party.

After dressing for the party, as it was rather late, I thought I would not send a servant for a cab, but go out and get one myself. In the principal streets of London, there is always a row of cabs waiting for passengers.

I passed many cabs before finding one to suit me. At last I saw one with a fine looking horse. That was the cab for me. I got into it, and was driven briskly to my place of destination, where I arranged with the driver to return for me at seven o'clock.

Prompt on time, he came. I once more took my seat in the cab, and off we started. But when we had gone about half a mile, the cab stopped so suddenly, that I fell forward, and bumped my nose on the front side.

I looked out to see what was the matter. The driver was standing by the horse, patting and coaxing him, while the horse stood, with his feet firmly planted and his head up, as if he meant to say, "Not another step will I take, and it is of no use to ask me !"

After some hesitation, the driver told me that the horse

once belonged to a gentleman who was obliged to sell him for this very habit of stopping. In these fits of obstinacy, no one but his owner's wife could make him move. She used to put her arm around his neck, and whisper to him, and then he would go on. "And," said the driver, "my wife can make him go by doing the same thing."

It occurred to me at once, that if a woman's whisper had such an effect, I would see what I could do. So I stepped up to the horse, and patted him on the back. He turned his head towards me.

"Driver, what does your wife say to the horse?" I asked.

"I don't know, ma'am; something pleasant I think."

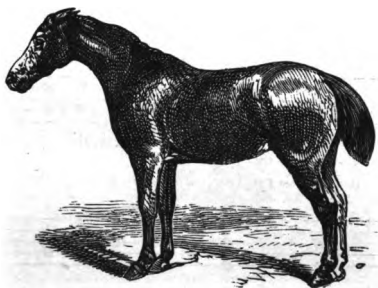
Then I put my arm around the horse's neck, and said, "Now, good old horse, I am in a great hurry to get home, and you will please me very much if you will go on."

The horse raised his head, tossed it, and seemed to say, "I am ready."

"That will do," said I. "Now, driver, take your seat, and we will start." I got into the cab. The horse started without further trouble, and travelled so well, that I was really afraid that we should be arrested for fast driving.

Now I assure the little ones that this is a true story. I really whispered to the horse, and he really obeyed; while all the coaxing of the driver had not the least effect.

AUNT NELLIE.



BLACKBERRIES.

Words by GEO. COOPER.*

Music by T. CRAMPTON.

Joyously.

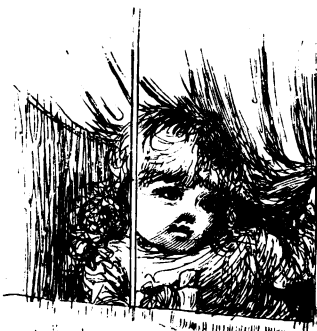
1. Ripe, dew - y black - ber - ries, try - ing to hide Un - der your thorns so
2 Bright lit - tle birds, you are watching us so; Plen - ty there is for

keen,
all; Eyes that we know, your treasures have spied O - ver the mead - ows
Ear - ly this morn came picking, you know, You and your bird - ies

green. And it's one, two, three, four,
small. And it's five, six, seven, eight;

Heap them up, and look for more; This the song we love to sing
Pails are full; 'tis grow - ing late; This the song we love to sing

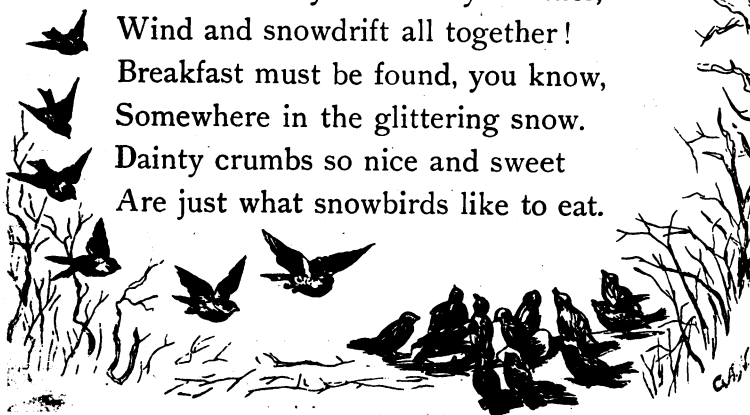
When we go a - ber - ry - ing.
When we go a - ber - ry - ing.



HE

SNOWBIRDS.

SEE the snowflakes falling, falling!
Hear the little snowbirds calling!—
Little fellows dressed in brown,
Hopping gayly up and down.
What care they for stormy weather,
Wind and snowdrift all together!
Breakfast must be found, you know,
Somewhere in the glittering snow.
Dainty crumbs so nice and sweet
Are just what snowbirds like to eat.



When the wind too keenly blows,
How they warm their little toes
Underneath their own soft breast,
On the fences where they rest !
But not long they take their ease, —
No such lazy birds are these !
Searching o'er the frozen ground
For every crumb that may be found,
Chirping gayly to each other,
Aunt, or cousin, sister, brother,
Sharing each whate'er they find,
Little friends so true and kind.

See them turn their eyes this way,
Twittering fast, as if to say,
“ Little children, please to throw
To us an extra crumb or so ;
For times are hard, and we're in need,
With many a hungry child to feed :
So, in your plenty, please remember
The little beggars of December,
Who do not heed the cold and snow,
Or frosty winds that bite and blow,
If they can find, e'er day is o'er,
A feast of crumbs about your door.”

Children, here's a hint for you :
To all the birds be kind and true,
And, when you have a crumb to spare,
Pray give the wee brown birds a share.



THE DOG AND THE BIRD.

SEE old Towser! He has had a hearty dinner, and feels as if he could afford to be generous. He says to the little bird, "Come on, sir: there is enough and to spare. Don't be afraid."

The little bird sees that Towser means what he says. He looks straight into Towser's eyes, and there is no mistake about it. And so the little bird does not hesitate to help himself. He wishes he could growl like the old dog.

“Happy am I, from care I’m free,” sang the little bird.
He knew, that, if Towser got hungry, he would find some way to make him understand it.

But Towser feels like going to sleep, and I do not think he will touch the bird. So eat away, little bird, and never fret.

UNCLE CHARLES.

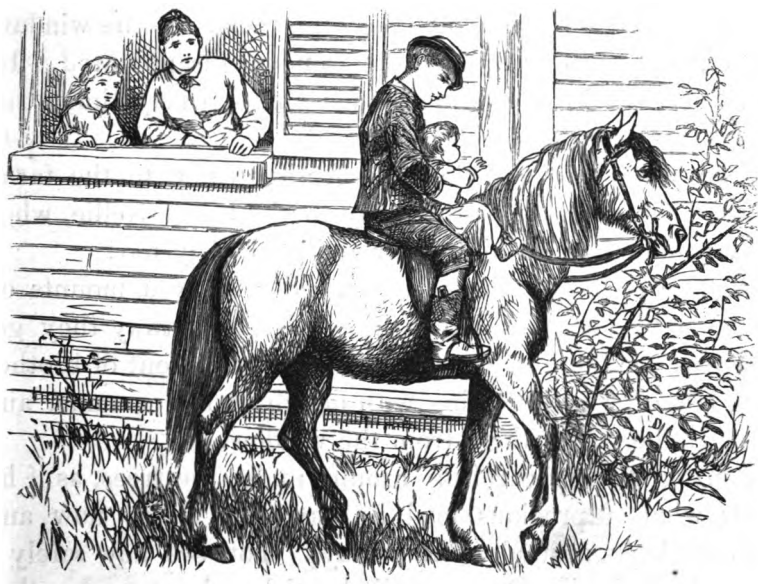


THREE kings came from the Morning-land,
And asked in every city,
“These roads, — which leads to Bethlehem,
Ye boys and maidens pretty?”

They wandered long and wide, for young
And old knew nothing of them;
They followed where a golden star
Shone clear and bright above them.

The star stood over Joseph’s house;
They turned and went in thither:
The oxen lowed, the young child cried,
And the three kings sang together.

FROM THE GERMAN.



NED'S PONY.

NED is quite a large boy. He would think himself too old to take "The Nursery;" but he likes to read it as well as his mamma does. He thinks the children will be glad to hear something of his pony that we all love so well.

Pony is about Ned's age. When he was a colt, he used to follow Ned around, and act as though he loved his little master. Ned could lead him anywhere, even without a bridle.

Ned soon got old enough to take mamma and sister Nellie out to drive. Mamma found how safe pony was, and could trust Ned and Nellie to ride without her, and many fine drives they had together.

Ned's home is an old-fashioned farm-house. The kitchen windows open into a pretty orchard lot, and here Ned brings his pony every day, where we can always see and pet him.

At meal-time he comes and lays his head on the window-sill, expecting to be fed, and he is never disappointed. He will eat from the children's hands almost every thing that they bring from the table.

Two years ago a little baby-brother came to the farmhouse. Oh, it was a proud day for Ned and Nellie, when baby could sit in his high-chair and feed pony too!

And now baby thinks he can ride: so Ned mounts on pony's back, mamma hands him baby, and away they go. You may see them in the picture, — baby in front of brother Ned, laughing and crowing with delight, while mamma and sister Nellie watch them from the window.

Pony goes very carefully around under the trees, as if he knew what a precious load he carried. Every now and then he looks around, as if to say, "You see how safely I carry the baby." Does any little girl or boy wonder that we all love this pony so much?

Perhaps Ned himself will write you more about him some day, and also about other things on the farm that you may like to hear.

NED'S MAMMA.



BLOWING BUBBLES.

LITTLE Henry sat at the door of his father's shop, with a bowl of water and a short clay pipe.

He was trying to blow bubbles, and blew so hard, and puffed out his cheeks so, that he looked as if he were trying to get music out of a big French horn.

What could be the reason that not a single pretty bubble came to cheer him after all this effort? It was too bad; for the weather was hot, and blowing was not very easy work.



A lady stepped into the shop to buy some meat, and having children of her own, looked toward little Henry to see what he was about. And then she began to smile.

"Why, you poor child!" she said to Henry. "Don't you know you ought to have a little soap in the water?"

Up jumped little Henry, and ran into the room back of the shop. He came out again tugging along a pleasant-faced woman, just as you have seen a little tow-boat pulling a great schooner.

"You must put soap into the water," said the lady, pointing to the bowl.

“Dot so?” said Henry’s mother, who had not yet learned to speak English without the German accent. “My boy he see some childs make dose, und he tease und tease to make some too.”

Henry ran for the soap, and his mother made quite a thick suds; and, when the lady came out of the shop, she left a happy little boy sitting by the door, his eyes growing bigger and bigger as the bubbles grew larger and larger, and his cheeks shining like great ripe apples.

He was a picture to look at! And if he lives to be an old, old man, he will never forget the lesson he learned that day, and which some of you may need to know. It is this: *that you can’t make soap-bubbles without SOAP.* Joro.



THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

Ho, ho! you jolly old Flirt-and-Hop,
With the big bush-tail on the chestnut top,
What a high life you must lead, indeed,
Up there on the tallest trees!
Your heart so merry, your head so gray,
You seem like a tipsy sailor, gay
On the last red cent of his last trip’s pay,
And the same old swing of the seas!

Your home-made cabin, the funniest house
Of sticks and stubble, of leaves and browse,
Far up in the chestnut-tree I see,
To the thick boughs fastened well:

Tell me, squirrel, and tell me fair,
How many little gray babies are there?
I will not harm the slenderest hair
Of their bushy tails, if you tell.



I know their cradle is warm and soft;
For I peeped, and saw you hurry aloft
With Indian posy and down of brown
Blown thistles for their bed:
But your walls are queer, and your roof is squat,
Like a little old tumble-down log-hut:
No windows at all, and the door unshut,
And the door-yard — overhead!

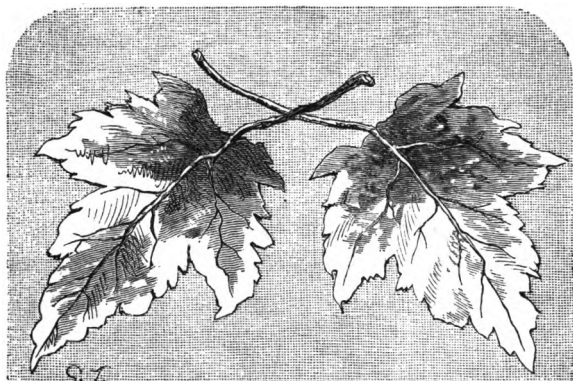
But now I see it is not all play
That makes your life so merry to-day;
There's plenty of work for you to do,
 As the green leaf turns to gold:
The frost has turned the chestnut-burrs,
Showing the velvet through the spurs;
And the nuts drop when the west wind stirs
 The bed of their slender hold.

I, too, love nutting; but oh, what fun
To see you hurry and leap and run,
With your cheeks so full, and your feet so fleet,
 And your flirting plume so quick!
In the hollow tree is a good snug bin
For your winter nuts; and I think it a sin
To steal them after you've stowed them in,
 And locked the door with a stick!

If ever a lad is sulky and blue
Because he finds some task to do,
If ever a lass would shirk her work
 In the hope of livelier fun,
They are not so bright as you, my gray,
Who, frisk and chatter, with work for play,
Filling your store for a winter's day,
 And a romp when all is done.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.





THE MAPLE-LEAF.



A CRIMSON and yellow leaf on one of the upper branches of a maple-tree began to tremble and feel dizzy every time a breeze came by.

"Surely," said the leaf, "I must be going to fall, just as my neighbors down there on the ground have fallen before me. How can I ever leave this dear mother-tree !

"She rocked me in my tiny cradle all the cold winter, when I was only a bud ; and, when the warm sun came, she unfolded my wrappings, gave me sweet sap to drink, and held me up here to grow where the birds love to light.

"I should really like to live here another year, now that I have put on my beautiful colors.

"What would Mr. and Mrs. Robin, who built their cottage on the branch below, think of me now ? And their children, the spring robins, and the blackbird, and the saucy blue-jay, — what would they all say to see me as bright as a June flower ?

"But here comes the autumn rain, and down, down I go. Oh, I am so dizzy ! When shall I stop ?"

Just then a light breeze struck the tree, and carried the

leaf away. It fluttered down into a market-basket on the arm of an old man who was passing along, and home it went with him on top of his dinner.

"O grandpa!" said Tom at the gate, "what a gorgeous leaf you have in your basket! I'll make a design from it, and let 'The Nursery' children see what my pencil can do with a maple-leaf. Perhaps some one of them may carve it in wood, or put it to use somewhere, — anyhow I shall have my fun."

Tom spread the leaf out very carefully on a sheet of paper and made a drawing of it. Then he thought that two leaves together would look well. So he picked up another leaf, and made a picture of the two with their stems crossed.

"After all," thought he, "my drawing cannot show the brilliant colors that make the maple-leaves so charming. How can I preserve them? I have it, I will press the leaves."

So our friend, the maple-leaf, very soon found itself bearing the weight of Tom's Latin dictionary and some other heavy books. It had the honor of ornamenting the first page of a large and beautiful collection of autumn leaves which Tom has since gathered, and to which he takes great delight in adding from time to time.

JENNIE LYNCH.





THE BROKEN DRUM.

“Don’t find grief in that, little fellow!” said Anna to James. “Your drum is broken, but papa can buy a new one for you. So dry up your tears. Will you not do it? You must not let the day go down on your sorrow.”

James kept his ears open, though his hand was at his eyes. He thought to himself, “May it not be as my sister says? Perhaps papa will buy me a new drum. Perhaps it will be a better drum than this, and I shall like it better.”

These little thoughts had their effect. James did not need any thing more for his comfort. Throwing down the drum-sticks, he stood up, and exclaimed, "Yes, we'll have a new drum. It shall be better than this, and I shall like it better."

Whether the prediction ever came true I cannot tell you. I can only say that James made it. If it did not then come true, I am very sorry for it. He deserved to have it come true.

DORA BURNSIDE.



THE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

SWIFTLY Time has journeyed on,
One more year is past and gone:
Here is Kate's own festal day,
Katie's birthdays number nine!
Bright new year, what have you, dear,
To delight this lass of mine?

January says, "My dear,
My gift is a glad New Year."
February says, "For mine
I will bring a Valentine!"
March cries gayly, "I will bring
The first tokens of the spring."
April smiles, with rain-tears wet,
"Here's the first blue violet!"
Lovely May, blithe and gay,

Says, "I'll bring one perfect day
Bright with bloom, with blessings rife:
Long ago it gave her life!"
"I will bring a sweet bird-tune
For my gift," says laughing June.
Cannon, crackers, boom and fizz!
Fuss and feathers! What is this?
"Don't you know the Fourth is nigh?
That's *my* present!" says July.
August cries, "Low at her feet
I'll heap berries ripe and sweet."
And September, "Purple haze,
Oaks and maples all ablaze,
Gold and scarlet — these are mine:
Who can show a gift so fine?"
Brown October cries, "A cluster
Of ripe grapes, whose sunlit lustre
Still eludes the artist's touch:
She shall have a score of such."
And November, the next-cómer,
"One soft day of Indian summer!"
Old December, joyously,
Shouts, "I'll bring a Christmas-tree!"

"But because they'd seem too many
Given together, one by one

We will bring our presents to her.
When the fleeting year is done,
If she'll count them, she will find
Not one gift we've kept behind."

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.



THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT.

THE camel is very docile. It is generally "broken in" when four years old. Then it is taught to bend down and kneel when about to be loaded.

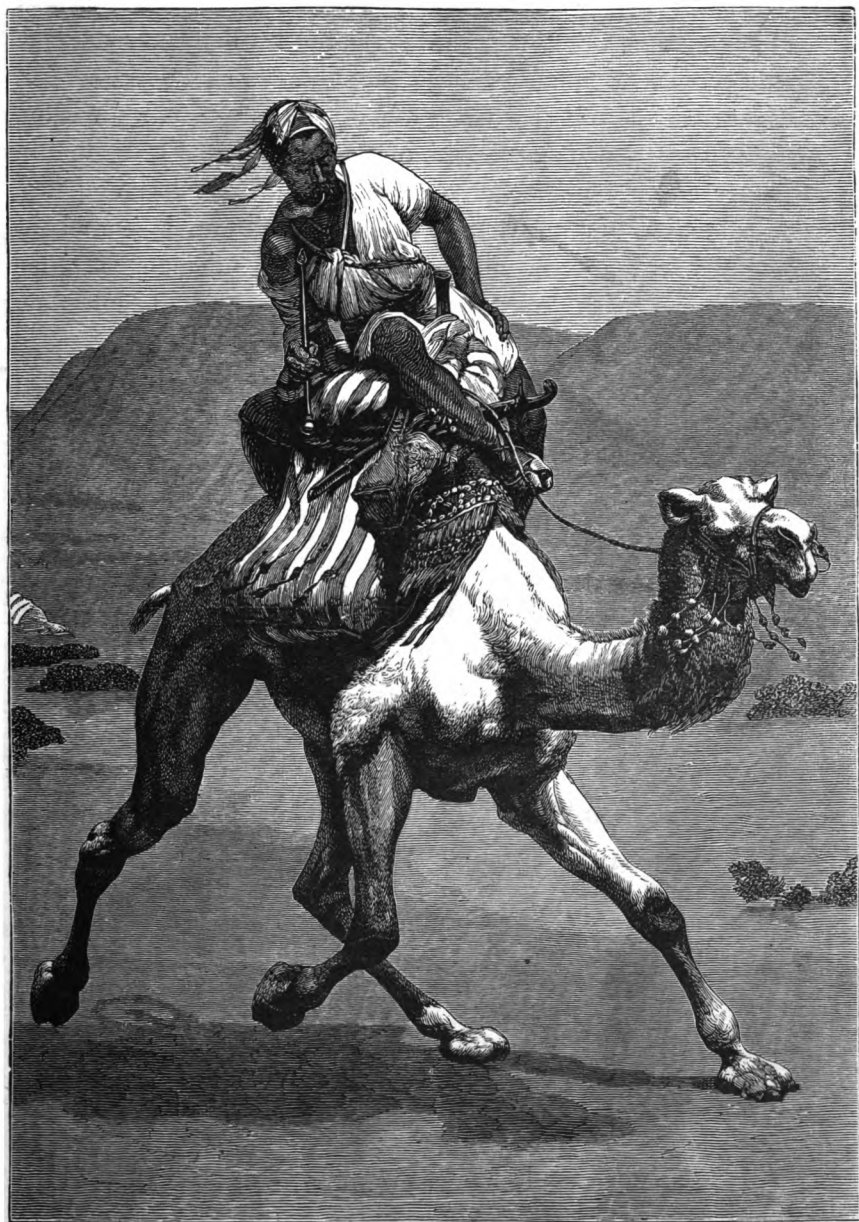
But as soon almost as it is born, the keepers bend the four legs under the stomach. Then they cover the animal with a carpet, on the borders of which they place stones, so that the camel cannot get up.

The trainers leave it thus for some time without letting it suck, so that it early acquires the habit of rarely drinking. The owner does not allow it to carry burdens before it is four years old.

When the beasts feel they are well loaded, you must not think of loading them any more. If you do this, they will lose courage. They will shake the head, and start up. If they are overladen, they will utter a sad cry.

The camel has one great fault: it is spiteful, and becomes dangerous to those who drive it roughly. When it can catch its enemy, it will take him by its teeth, drop him on the ground, and stamp him to death. The phrase "camel's temper" denotes in the East an unforgiving man.

The camel has a singular power for detecting the position of pools of water. A camel has rushed to one headlong, when the driver was not aware of its presence.



THE CAMEL OF THE DESERT.

It appears to have been the first animal that was reduced to the service of man. That it was domesticated from the earliest times is put beyond doubt by the continual mention made of it in the oldest books of the Bible.

There are two species of the camel, one having two humps, the other only one. The one-humped camel is commonly called the dromedary. Some camels of this species travel with great speed, and are especially adapted to the saddle.

The picture shows us a saddle-dromedary striding over the desert with its noiseless steps, while its rider smokes his pipe at his ease.

ALFRED SELWYN.



BABY'S ANSWER.

"TELL me how high the baby is,"

Mamma said, with smile and kiss.

"So high!" the baby said,

With dimpled hands held o'er his head:

"*That's* how high the baby is!"

"Tell me how dear the baby is,

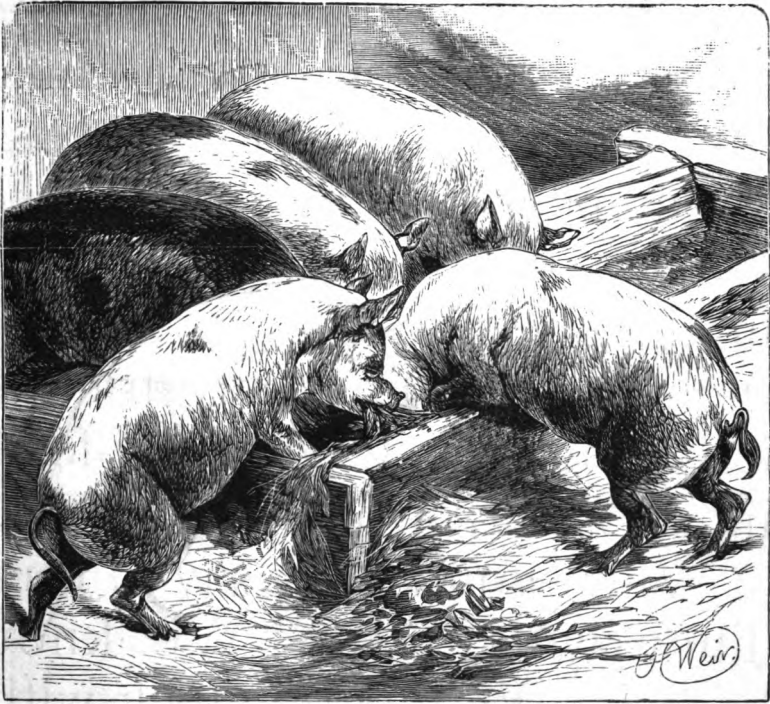
Curly-locks, come, tell me this!"

Baby's laughter rang out clear,

"Just a *heartful*, mamma dear, —

That's how dear the baby is!"

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.



FEEDING-TIME.

FIVE pigs at their dinner!
What a scene! We wish we
could make them stop for a
few minutes. But it cannot
be done,

You two there! Why are

you putting your paws into the trough? Do you care nothing for the laws of politeness? What peculiar pigs!

I would like to check their fury. I would like to say to them, "Look here, my friends, it is not yet the time for feeding. Wait a while."

What would they say to this? They would say, "We know better. We have a clock within us that tells the true time. Don't worry about us. We shall come out all right."

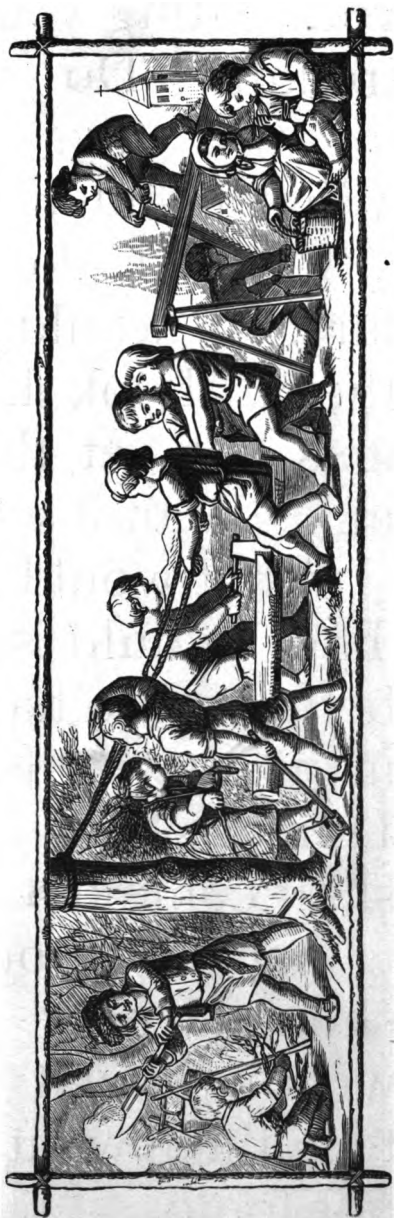
And so I should have to yield, should I not? For the "clock within" must be obeyed. It tells them what to do and what not to do.

A. B. C.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

UP let a house be builded
So it shall please us well ;
First let us trust in heaven,
In God who keepeth all.
Wood-cutters, fell me oak-
trees,
And fir-trees in the wood,
That from your blows alter-
nate
The valley may resound.

Carpenters, too, don't fail
now
Your ready work to do :
Saw off the beams, and shape
them,
And with the hatchet hew.
Be sure to make them neatly,
And fit them close and well ;
Then join, as if by magic,
The building with the
beams.





Brickmakers, you are needed !

With zeal now move the
hand;

Be sure the clay is ready,
Let it be truly burnt.

Then let us dig the well
here,

And fix aright the roof,
That we may water welcome
When we would mortar
make.

Come here, then, with your
trowels,

Ye of the mason's guild,
Come, with your wits about
you,

And plaster with good will.
Make, with your best en-
deavor,

The walls so fast and
broad:

And hold well to your labor —
And do not waste the time.

Music hear I approaching,
 And joyful, joyful cries :
 Come, now, the crowns are
 chosen,
 The work-feast has begun.
 Who shineth high to-day,
 Rejoices, pleases best :
 Come, now, belovéd crafts-
 men,
 Empty for me this cask !

There stands the
 house! we enter,
 God trusting, freely
 in :

What good so far befalls us
 Shall God be thanked for
 still.

The firelight has spared us,
 The storm-wind kissed the
 roof :

Peace moulds our inner dwell-
 ing,

With joy and fair reward !





THE BOY AND THE CAT.

CHARLES had a cat, but it was of the roving sort. One day he took his bowl of bread and milk, and put it on a chair. Then he called, "Muff, Muff!"

Muff did not require to be called twice. She came run-

ning, and put her two front-paws on the rung of the chair. Charles held up his spoon, and said, "You must beg now!"

Poor Muff did not quite know what to do. She had never before been told to beg. But she was willing. And so, when Charles repeated his order, "Beg, beg!" Muff did all that a cat could: she mewed.

"Ah! that is right," said Charles. "Now you shall have some bread and milk." So he got a saucer, and put into it the bread and milk. Muff was greatly pleased, and purred lustily while she ate and lapped.

As for Charles, he too was pleased to see how well the cat had understood him. She was quite proud of her cleverness. "I will not forget that the next time," thought she. And she didn't.

LITTLE MARY.

A FAIRY-STORY.



THERE was once upon a time a little maiden whose name was Mary. Her parents were both dead. A bad old man, who called himself her uncle, had taken her to live with him in an old wood.

One evening she failed to do some little thing he wanted. He struck her, and sent her hungry to bed. The moon shone in upon her, and caressed her with its beams. "Ah! thou good moon," said Mary, "help me."

Then all at once she looked up, and saw a snow-white mouse nodding to her. It sat upright on her bed-cover. It could talk quite well. "What have you to say to me?" asked little Mary.

"This only have I to say," said the mouse, "you must eat of this root: it will make you as small as I am. Do not be afraid. The result will not be bad. Come with me."

"That I cannot do," said Mary. "To do that I must make myself as thin as a sausage."

Then sprang up a little black mouse, and brought a root. The white mouse told her to eat it. She did so. Then the



room swam round, and, when she came to herself, she was in a pretty little bed.

But oh, how small! "Now, take hold of my tail, Mary," said the white mouse. She did so, and the next minute found herself in a little hole where the odor was not agreeable: it was made up of bacon-rind and old cheese. That was mouse-perfume.

A moonbeam shone into what seemed to Mary quite a large room; but it was really only as large as a bandbox. This was the family mansion. It was plain, from the moving about, that they were preparing for a ball.

The room was lighted with glow-worms. On the wall sat the music-mouse. "We have a mouse in the wood who will make the music," said the white mouse. "His charge is twenty paws' full of tallow, and four walnuts. He will not work for less."

Of the grand ball we will not speak. It passed off in fine style. The little music-mouse sang much as a bird twitters. When they had done dancing, they had supper. It was of bacon-rind and old cheese; and the dessert was of walnuts and tallow.

Then the white mouse said, "Now, Mary, I will take you to the dwarfs, and they know a root that will make you large again."

As they ran through the path in the wood, they heard a dog barking, and Mary said, "Ah, the bad men have sent the dog after us!"

"Hide yourself, Mary: I cannot help you," said the white mouse, as it vanished. Mary ran through the high grass, but lost her footing, and fell into the brook. The dog, not being able to find her, ran off.

She was stunned by the fright and the shock; but, when she came to herself, found that she was in a water-lily. She took it to be a golden bed with white walls.

As she sat there rocking, she saw a staring frog. Drawing herself behind a flower-leaf, she heard a voice say, "Mount, Mary, and we will flee from danger;" and she got on a dragon-fly's back. The frog opened his red mouth, and put out his long tongue, but could do no harm.

The dragon-fly flew away with her to a little island. "I thank thee, good dragon-fly," said Mary; and on that island she staid a whole summer. The insects and animals loved her, and did all they could to make her life happy. The birds flew around her and sang their sweetest songs. The

bee came and left her a drop of honey, and the dragon-fly would give her frequent rides on his back.

When her clothes were worn out, she made new ones out of flower-leaves. The dry blue-bell made her a very pretty coat, and for a cap she wore a red flower on her head. Her clothes she sewed with a wasp-sting and cobweb.

Many were the adventures which little Mary had to pass through before she became a princess. One day a dwarf, to whom she had been made known, gave her a flower with a root on it to taste. "How sweet!" she said. But the next moment she was changed; she had become herself again.

This was in her sixteenth year. She was on the mainland, and the prince was out hunting. Every thing was propitious. A beautiful roe came, and she got on his back. He took her to the prince. With her golden hair and her lovely face she charmed him at once.

And what of the wedding? I can only say that the dwarf who had befriended her was among the guests. He and his friends were present. They made a deal of noise for such little fellows; and there was a report that they got almost too merry drinking the healths of the prince and princess. But this report has not been confirmed.

IDA FAY (From the German.)



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